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REVISED EDITION.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

VOLUME XVIII.

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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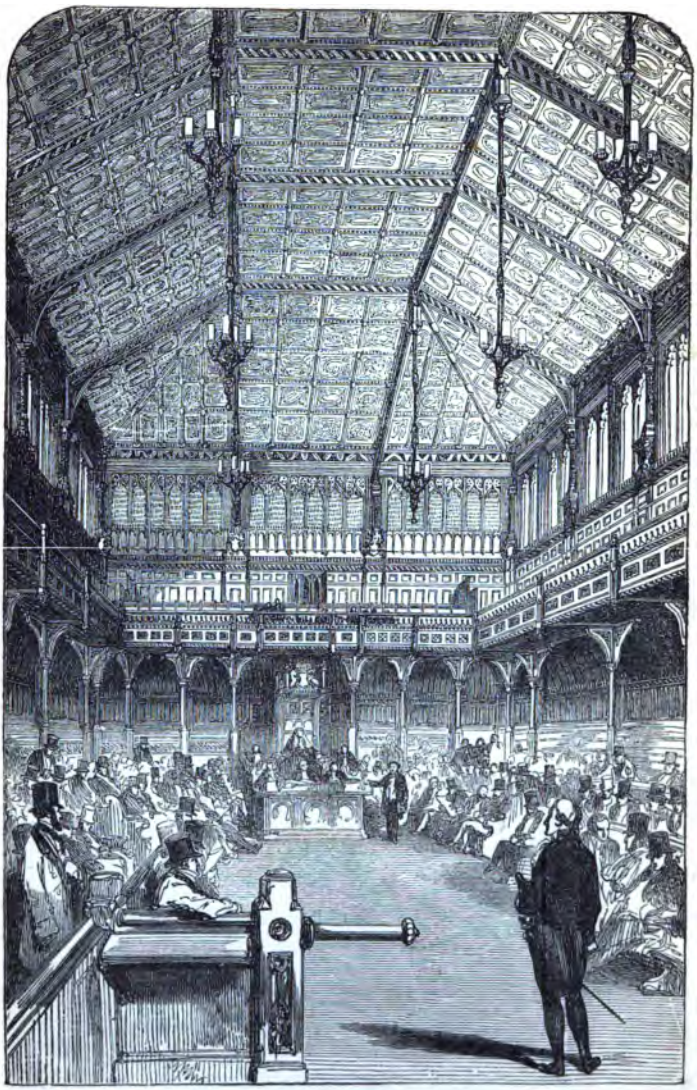

INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—See No. 143.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. XVIII.

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THE extraordinary industry and ability displayed in the acquisition of languages by the subject of the present memoir, affords one of the best examples of what persevering diligence may usefully accomplish. William Jones was born in London, September 20, 1746. He lost his father when only three years of age, and the care of his education fell on his mother, a lady of uncommon endowments. While yet in infancy, he was a miracle of industry, and shewed how strongly he was inspired with the love of knowledge. It is related of him that, when he was only three or four years of age, if he applied to his mother for information upon any subject, her constant answer to him was: 'Read, and you will know.' He

thus acquired a passion for books, which only grew in strength with increasing years. At the close of his seventh year, he was placed at the school at Harrow, and in 1764 he entered University College, Oxford. Unlike the majority of youths at these educational establishments, young Jones devoted his whole mind to his studies, his voluntary exertions always exceeding in amount his prescribed task. Such was his activity at school, that one of his masters was wont to say of him, 'that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches.' At this time he was frequently in the habit of devoting whole nights to study, when he would generally take coffee or tea to ward off sleep—a practice, however, which was anything but commendable. He had already, merely to divert his leisure hours, commenced the study of the law; and it is mentioned that he would often amuse and surprise his mother's legal acquaintance by putting cases to them from an abridgment of Coke's *Institutes*, which he had read and mastered.

The leaning of Jones's genius seems to have been towards the study of languages. It may be very frequently remarked, that individuals who possess the knack of acquiring languages seldom have a genius for anything else; but such does not appear to have been the case with respect to Jones, whose intellect grasped at several of the most important departments of human knowledge and polite learning. While at Oxford, he became desirous of studying the Oriental languages, and he supported a native of Aleppo, at his own expense, to instruct him in the pronunciation of the Arabic tongue. The Greek and Latin languages he was already master of. During the college vacations, he embraced the opportunity of learning riding and fencing, and to read all the best authors in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. To these accomplishments he found leisure to add dancing, the use of the broadsword, music, and the art of playing on the Welsh harp, the instrument of the country of his forefathers.

While engaged in these various studies, he did not allow himself to rest in the pursuit of the object he had in view—namely, a fellowship, in order to spare his mother the expense of his education. Not succeeding to his wish in obtaining this object of his ambition, he accepted, in 1765, the office of tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer; and, some time afterwards, he obtained a fellowship also. He availed himself of a residence at the German Spa, with his pupil, in 1767, to acquire the German language, and on his return translated into French a Persian Life of Nadir Shah, brought over in manuscript by the king of Denmark, at the request of the under-secretary of the Duke of Grafton. Another tour to the continent with his pupil and family followed, which occupied his time until 1770, when his tutorship ceasing, he entered himself as a law student in the Temple. He did not, however, wholly sacrifice literature to

his professional pursuits; but on the appearance of the Life and Works of Zoroaster, by Anquetil du Perron, he vindicated the university of Oxford, which had been attacked by that writer, in an able pamphlet in the French language, which he wrote with great elegance. He also published, in 1772, a small collection of poems, chiefly from the poets of Asia, and was the same year elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1774 appeared his work *De Poesi Asiatica*, containing commentaries on Asiatic poetry in general, with metrical specimens in Latin and English. He was soon after called to the bar, and, in 1776, made a commissioner of bankrupts. About this time his correspondence with his pupil evinced the manly spirit of constitutional freedom by which he was actuated; and to his feelings on the American contest he gave vent in a spirited Latin *Ode to Liberty*. In 1778 appeared his translation of the *Orations of Isæus*, with a prefatory discourse, notes, and commentary, which, for elegance of style and profound critical and historical research, excited much admiration.

In the meantime he rapidly advanced in professional reputation, although his opinion of the American contest stood in the way of his progress to legal honours. The tumults of 1780 induced him to write a pamphlet on the *Legal Mode of Suppressing Riots;* and in the following winter he completed a translation from the Arabic of seven poems of the highest repute. He also wrote the much-admired ode, commencing *What constitutes a State?* These pursuits did not prevent a professional *Essay on the Law of Bailments*. He distinguished himself, in 1782, among the friends to a reform in parliament, and also became a member of the Society for Constitutional Information. The same year he drew up a *Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government;* for the publication of which the Dean of St Asaph, afterwards his brother-in-law, had a bill of indictment preferred against him for sedition. Upon this event he sent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then chief-justice of Chester, owning himself the author, and defending his positions. On the accession of the Shelburne administration, through the influence of Lord Ashburton, he obtained, what had long been the object of his ambition, the appointment of judge in the Supreme Court of Judicature, Bengal, to which he was nominated in March 1783, and knighted.

Jones (now Sir William) arrived at Calcutta in September 1783. Here a new and extensive field of action opened to him. While filling the office of judge in the Supreme Court of Bengal, and loaded with professional duties of the most laborious nature, he contrived to do more than ever in the study of general literature and philosophy. He had scarcely arrived in the country, when he exerted himself to establish a society in Calcutta on the model of the Royal Society of London, of which he officiated as president as long as he lived, enriching its Transactions every year with the most elaborate

and valuable disquisitions in every department of Oriental philology and antiquities.

Almost his only time for study now was during the vacation of the courts; and here is the account, as found among his papers, of how he was accustomed to spend his day during the long-vacation in 1785. In the morning, after writing one letter, he read several chapters of the Bible, and then studied Sanscrit grammar and Hindu law; the afternoon was given to the geography of India, and the evening to Roman history; when the day was closed by a few games at chess, and the reading of a portion of Ariosto.

Already, however, his health was beginning to break down under the climate, and his eyes had become so weak, that he had been obliged to discontinue writing by candle-light. But nothing could prevent him from pursuing the studies he loved, while any strength remained to him. Even while confined by illness to his couch, he taught himself botany; and it was during a tour he was advised to take for the recovery of his health, that he wrote his learned *Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*, as if he had actually so disciplined his mind that it adopted labour like this almost for a relaxation.

His health, after a time, was partially restored; and we find him again devoting himself both to his professional duties and his private studies with more zeal and assiduity than ever. When business required his attendance daily in Calcutta, he resided at a country-house on the banks of the Ganges, about five miles from the city. 'To this spot,' says his amiable and intelligent biographer, Lord Teignmouth, 'he returned every evening after sunset, and in the morning rose so early, as to reach his apartments in town, by walking, at the first appearance of dawn. The intervening period of each morning, until the opening of court, was regularly allotted and applied to distinct studies.' At this time his hour of rising used to be between three and four.

During the vacation of the court he was equally occupied. Writing from Crishna, his vacation residence, in 1787, he says: 'We are in love with this pastoral cottage; but though these three months are called a vacation, yet I have no vacant hours. It rarely happens that favourite studies are closely connected with the strict discharge of our duty, as mine happily are: even in this cottage I am assisting the court by studying Arabic and Sanscrit, and have now rendered it an impossibility for the Mohammedan or Hindu lawyers to impose upon us with erroneous opinions.' It was these constant exertions, in truth, that gave its chief enjoyment to his life. In connection with this pursuit, he employed his active mind in planning the compilation of a complete digest of the Hindu and Mohammedan laws, with a view to the better administration of justice among the natives. This work he did not live to finish, but its subsequent accomplishment was entirely owing to his recommendation and primary labours.

His object in this instance was to secure a due attention to the rights of the natives; and he shewed himself equally jealous of those of the British inhabitants, by opposing an attempt to supersede the trial by jury.

In 1789 he gave to the world the translation of an Indian drama entitled *Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring*. His translation of the Ordinances of Menu, the famous Hindu lawgiver, appeared early in 1794, and is very interesting to the student of ancient manners and opinions. This eminent and admirable man, however, at last fell a sacrifice to an undue zeal in the discharge of his duty and his pursuits in literature. In April 1794 he was seized at Calcutta with an inflammation of the liver, which terminated his life on the 27th of the same month, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

It was by a persevering observance of a few simple maxims that Sir William Jones was principally enabled to accomplish what he did. One of these was, never to neglect an opportunity of improvement; another was, that whatever had been attained by others, was attainable by him, and that therefore the real or supposed difficulties of any pursuit formed no reason why he should not engage in it, and with perfect confidence of success. 'It was also,' says his biographer, Lord Teignmouth, 'a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties which were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination what he had once deliberately undertaken. But what appears to me,' adds his lordship, 'more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents so much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of his time to particular occupations, and a scrupulous adherence to the distribution which he had fixed; hence all his studies were pursued without interruption or confusion.'

Few men have died more regretted, or whose loss to the world of letters was more deeply felt, than Sir William Jones, who, as a linguist, has scarcely ever been surpassed. His acquaintance with the history, philosophy, laws, religion, science, and manners of nations was most extensive and profound. As a poet, too, he would probably have risen to great eminence, if his ardour to transplant foreign beauties, and his professional and multifarious pursuits, had allowed him to cultivate his own invention with sufficient intensity. His private character was estimable in all the domestic relations, and he was equally liberal and spirited in public life.

The memory of Sir William Jones received many testimonies of respect both in England and India. The directors of the East India Company voted him a monument in St Paul's Cathedral, and a statue in Bengal; but the most effectual monument of his fame was raised by his widow, who published a splendid edition of his works, in six volumes quarto, 1799, and also, at her own expense, placed a fine marble statue of him, executed by Flaxman, in the antechamber of University College, Oxford.

The life of one who perished in the attempt to emulate this distinguished Oriental scholar, forms the succeeding biographic sketch.

DR JOHN LEYDEN.

THE subject of this brief memoir will be long distinguished among those whom the elasticity and ardour of genius have raised to distinction from an obscure and humble origin. John Leyden was the son of a person whose vocation was little above that of a day-labourer, and who had been some time settled upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, Roxburghshire, in the south of Scotland. He was born at the village of Denholm, on the 8th of September 1775, and bred, like other children in the same humble line of life, to such country labour as suited his strength.

About a year after his birth, the parents of Leyden removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Tofts, which was then held by Mr Andrew Blithe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm, his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage, which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life. Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress, his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to shew itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testament.

Thus Leyden was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public place of education; and as the death of his first teacher, William Wilson, schoolmaster at Kirktown, soon after took place, the humble studies of the future poet, antiquary, and Orientalist were adjourned till the subsequent year (1786), when a Mr W. Scott taught the same school. But the sacred fire had already caught to the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its

supply. The ardent and unutterable longing for information of every description, which characterised John Leyden as much as any man who ever lived, was now roused, and upon the watch. The rude traditionary tales and ballads of the once warlike district of Teviotdale were the readiest food which offered itself to this awakening appetite for knowledge. These songs and legends became rooted in his memory; and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood, and cherished in youth, gave an eccentric and romantic tincture to his mind; and many, if not all, of the peculiarities of his manner and habits of thinking may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a Borderer of former times.

Other sources of information now began to offer themselves, scanty, indeed, compared to those which are accessible to thousands of a more limited capacity, but to Leyden as invaluable as an iron spike or a Birmingham knife would have been to Alexander Selkirk during his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez. At a country school he acquired some smattering of the Latin language, principally through his own extraordinary efforts, for he had none to assist him in his juvenile exercises; and to this early dependence on himself he imputed the wonderful facility which he afterwards possessed in the acquisition of languages. As is nearly always the case when an aptitude for learning is shewn by a boy in the ranks of the peasantry in Scotland, the parents of young Leyden determined to rear their son up to the Church of Scotland, though without any means whatever of pushing him forward. Mr Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, became now his instructor in Latin. It does not appear that he had any Greek tutor; nevertheless, he probably had acquired some knowledge of the elements of that language before he attended the college of Edinburgh in 1790, for the purpose of commencing his professional studies. The late worthy and learned professor, Andrew Dalzell, used to describe, with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercises. The rustic, yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed, on this first occasion, the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from shewing strong reasons, adapted to their comprehension,

and affecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds.

Leyden was now at the fountain-head of knowledge, and avenged himself of former privations, by quaffing it in large draughts. He not only attended all the lectures usually connected with the study of theology, but several others, especially some of the medical classes—a circumstance which afterwards proved important to his outset in life, although at the time it could only be ascribed to his restless and impatient pursuit after science of every description. Admission to these lectures was easy, from the liberality of the professors, who throw their classes gratuitously open to young men educated for the church—a privilege of which Leyden availed himself to the utmost extent. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

But though he soon became particularly distinguished by his talents as a linguist, few departments of science altogether escaped his notice. He investigated moral philosophy with the ardour common to all youths of talent who studied ethics under the auspices of Professor Dugald Stewart, with whose personal notice he was honoured. He became a respectable mathematician, and was at least superficially acquainted with natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. These various sciences he acquired in different degrees, and at different times, during his residence at college. They were the fruit of no very regular plan of study. Whatever subject interested his mind at the time, attracted his principal attention till time and industry had overcome the difficulties which it presented, and was then exchanged for another pursuit.

The vacations which our student spent at home were employed in arranging, methodising, and enlarging the information which he acquired during his winter's attendance at college. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodations abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to perform. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk, excepting during divine service, is a place never intruded upon either by casual visitors or for any ecclesiastical purpose.

Books, as well as retirement, were necessary to the progress of Leyden's studies; but these were of difficult attainment, and he subjected himself to the utmost privations to purchase those that could not be borrowed from his friends. The reputation of his prosperous career of learning, however, introduced him to the acquaintanceship of a number of persons of eminence in letters, both in Edinburgh and elsewhere, which tended to advance him in life. In the year 1796, after five or six years spent at the college of Edinburgh, the recommendation of Professor Dalzell procured him the situation of private tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield —a situation which he retained for two or three years. He attended the two young gentlemen under his charge to their studies at the college of St Andrews. Here he had the advantage of the acquaintance of Professor Hunter, an admirable classical scholar, and to whose kind instructions he professed much obligation.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St Andrews, he resided with his pupils in the family of Mr Campbell, where he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal; and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr Campbell's were sure of a hospitable reception. This class began now to extend itself among persons of an older standing than his contemporaries, and embraced several who had been placed by fortune, or had risen by exertions, to that fixed station in society to which his college intimates were as yet only looking forward. His acquaintance with Mr Richard Heber was the chief means of connecting him with several families of the former description. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr Henry Mackenzie, the distinguished author of the *Man of Feeling*, and the Rev. Mr Sydney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh, from all of whom Leyden received flattering attention, and many important testimonies of the interest which they took in his success. By the same introduction he became intimate in the family of Mr Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad romance and Border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception; and by degrees his society extended itself still more widely, and comprehended almost every one who was distinguished for taste or talents in Edinburgh.

The manners of Leyden, when he first entered the higher ranks of society, were very peculiar. He possessed a large share of animal spirits, and he delighted to be accounted a master in out-of-door sports and athletic exertions, to which he was very partial. In company, his manner was animated and unpolished, and he perhaps erred in reckoning at too low a value the forms of a well-bred community—a circumstance which often excited a prejudice against him

on his first appearance. This seems to have arisen from a false idea of sustaining his independence of feeling, and of marking the humility of his origin. He bore, however, with great good-humour all decent raillery on his rough manners, and was often ready to promote such pleasantry by his own example. His temper was, in reality, of an exceedingly gentle nature; and to gratify the slightest wish of a friend, he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches. He also avoided the most fatal errors of men of genius. He was rigidly temperate, and the purity of his morals was attested by the most blameless line of conduct. His temperance even approached to abstinence; and although his pecuniary resources were exceedingly slender, he managed his funds so as to avoid all embarrassment.

In 1800, Leyden was ordained a preacher; but his pulpit appearances were more scholarly than evangelical, and it does not appear that he cared about pursuing the profession of a clergyman. He now engaged himself in procuring materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a task congenial to his poetic temperament. In 1802, he was engaged by Mr Constable to edit the *Scots Magazine*, which he did for five or six months; and this employment was followed by the writing of his *Scenes of Infancy*, a poem exhibiting his own early feelings and recollections, interwoven with the descriptive and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. But all this was but a desultory mode of living. The writing of poetry yields no revenue, and barely furnishes bread to those whose talents are of the loftiest order. The friends of Leyden began now to be anxious for his permanent settlement in life, and he seconded their views. In 1802, he made some overtures to the African Society for undertaking a journey of discovery through the interior of Africa; but from this rash enterprise he was turned by the prospect of promotion in another quarter. A representation was made to a member of the Board of Control, stating the talents and disposition of Leyden, and it was suggested that such a person might be usefully employed in investigating the language and learning of the Indian tribes. The only appointment that could be given in this quarter was, however, that of surgeon's assistant, which could be held by none but a person having a surgical degree, and who could sustain an examination before the Medical Board at the India House.

It was upon this occasion that Leyden shewed, in their utmost extent, his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. He at once intimated his readiness to accept the appointment under the conditions annexed to it; and availing himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible; but

with the powerful assistance of a gentleman of the highest eminence in his profession (the late Mr John Bell of Edinburgh), he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this complicated and most difficult art, as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit, even in the city of Edinburgh, so long famed for its medical school, and for the wholesome rigour adopted in the distribution of degrees. Another Scottish university conferred the degree of M.D. upon him, and he immediately prepared to leave the country. It is not necessary in this sketch to detail the difficulties he encountered before his ultimate departure for India. After some trouble, he procured a passage in the *Hugh Inglis*, in which vessel he sailed in the beginning of April 1803. Having arrived at Madras, he was transferred to the duties of his new profession; but it was speedily demonstrated that his constitution was unfitted for the climate. He was therefore obliged to leave the presidency of Madras, suffering an accumulation of diseases, and reached with difficulty Prince of Wales Island, situated on the coast of Malacca. In this more salubrious spot he resided some time, busily engaging himself in the pursuit of the languages and literature of the East, and in which he soon acquired an extraordinary degree of knowledge, calculated to be extensively beneficial to his countrymen. He also continued to indulge his poetic fancies, and kept up a constant intercourse by letters with a number of his old friends in Europe; and some of his epistles furnish many amusing details of Oriental life and manners, as well as of his own arduous researches.

The health of Leyden being restored, in 1806 he took leave of Prince of Wales Island, regretted by many friends, whom his eccentricities amused, his talents enlightened, and his virtues conciliated. His reception at Calcutta, and the effect he produced upon society, were exceedingly flattering. The efficient and active patronage of Lord Minto—himself a man of letters, a poet, and a native of Teviotdale—was of most essential service to Leyden, and no less honourable to the governor-general. He was appointed a professor in the Bengal college, a promotion suited to his studies; and from this function he was subsequently transferred to fill the office of a judge of the twenty-four purgunnahs of Calcutta. In this capacity he had a charge of police, which jumped well with his odd humour; for the task of pursuing and dispersing the bands of robbers who infest Bengal had something of active and military duty. He also exercised a judicial capacity among the natives, to the discharge of which he was admirably fitted, by his knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. To this office a very considerable yearly income was annexed. This was neither expended in superfluities, nor even in those ordinary expenses which the fashion of the East has pronounced indispensable; for Dr Leyden kept no establishment, gave no entertainments, and was, with the receipt of this revenue, the very same simple, frugal, and temperate student which he had been

at Edinburgh. But, exclusive of a portion remitted home for the most honourable and pious purpose, his income was devoted to the pursuit which engaged his whole soul—to the increase, namely, of his acquaintance with Eastern literature in all its branches. The expense of native teachers of every country and dialect, and that of procuring from every quarter Oriental manuscripts, engrossed his whole emoluments, as the task of studying under the tuition of the interpreters, and deciphering the contents of the volumes, occupied every moment of his spare time. 'I may die in the attempt,' he writes to a friend; 'but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer!' The term was soon approaching when these regrets were to be bitterly called forth, both from his Scottish friends, and from all who viewed with interest the career of his ardent and enthusiastic genius, which, despising every selfish consideration, was only eager to secure the fruits of knowledge, and held for sufficient reward the fame of having gathered them.

In 1811, an expedition having been formed to proceed to the island of Java, Leyden accompanied the governor-general and the forces for the purpose of investigating the manners, language, and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island, and partly also because it was thought his extensive knowledge of the Eastern dialects and customs might be useful in settling the government of the country, or in communicating with the independent princes in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days, on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.

Thus died John Leyden, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, precisely at the period when every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opening to his penetrating research. His great abilities, his prospects of benefiting his fellow-creatures, his stores of Eastern learning, were all in a moment quenched and sunk in death: a catastrophe the more lamentable, from having been

produced by a culpable degree of rashness and disregard of personal suffering.

The poetical remains of Leyden were collected and given to the public in 1821, and in some instances exhibit a power of numbers which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry. Besides his poetical works, he compiled and translated the *Commentaries of Baber*, from the Turki language, a work of great interest to those who love the study of Indian antiquities, and which was published in 1826 for the benefit of his aged father.

The remains of Leyden, honoured with every respect by Lord Minto, repose in a distant land, far from the green-sod graves of his humble ancestors at Hazeldean, to which he bids an affecting farewell in a solemn passage concluding his *Scenes of Infancy*. His language is that of nature, moved by the kindly associations of country and of kindred affections. But little recks it where our bodies rest and exhale into their primitive elements. The best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge; the best monument, the regret of the worthy and the wise.*

Another, and perhaps a still more interesting example of precocious diligence in acquiring languages, is found in the subject of the succeeding sketch.

DR ALEXANDER MURRAY.

THIS eminent linguist and scholar, who, from the lowly condition of a shepherd-boy, raised himself to the situation of Professor of Oriental Languages in the university of Edinburgh, was born on the 22d of October 1775, at a place called Dunkitterick, in Galloway, in the south of Scotland, where his father followed the profession of a shepherd, and reared a large family in humble comfort and respectability. The following is a condensation of the narrative which Murray has written of himself, and which appeared in the *Literary History of Galloway:*

'Sometime in autumn 1781, my father bought a catechism for me, and began to teach me the alphabet. As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and he throughout the winter drew the figures of the letters to me in his *written* hand, on the board of an old wool-card, with the black end of an extinguished heather stem or root snatched from the fire. I

* The above article is chiefly condensed from a memoir of Leyden, written by Sir Walter Scott for the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, and republished in the cheap and elegant series of his Miscellaneous Prose Works.

soon learned all the alphabet in this form, and became writer as well as reader. I wrote with the board and brand continually. Then the catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easier parts of it. I daily amused myself with copying, as above, the *printed* letters. In May 1782, he gave me a small psalm-book, for which I totally abandoned the catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces, and concealed in a hole of a dike. I soon got many psalms by memory, and longed for a new book. Here difficulties arose. The Bible, used every night in the family, I was not permitted to open or touch. The rest of the books were put up in chests. I at length got a New Testament, and read the historical parts with great curiosity and ardour. But I longed to read the Bible, which seemed to me a much more pleasant book, and I actually went to where I knew an old loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it away piecemeal. I perfectly remember the strange pleasure I felt in reading the history of Abraham and of David. I liked mournful narratives, and greatly admired Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Lamentations. I pored on these pieces of the Bible in secret for many months, for I durst not shew them openly; and as I read constantly, and remembered well, I soon astonished all our honest neighbours with the large passages of Scripture I repeated before them. I have forgot too much of my biblical knowledge; but I can still rehearse all the names of the patriarchs from Adam to Christ, and various other narratives seldom committed to memory.

'My father's whole property was only two or three scores of sheep, and four muirland cows, his reward for herding the farm of Kitterick for Mr Alexander Laidlaw in Clatteranshaws, on the other side of the Dee. He had no debts, and no money. We lived in a wild glen, five or six miles from Minigaff, and more from New Galloway. All his sons had been bred shepherds; he meant to employ me in that line; and he often blamed me for laziness and uselessness, because I was a bad and negligent herd-boy. The fact was, I was always a weakly child; not unhealthy, but not stout. I was short-sighted, a defect he did not know, and which was often the occasion of blunders when I was sent to look for cattle. I was sedentary, indolent, and given to books, and writing on boards with coals. In 1783, my fame for wondrous reading and a great memory was the discourse of the whole glen. But my father could not pay the expenses of lodging and wages for me at any school. In harvest 1783, William Cochrane, a brother of my mother, returned from England, where he had made a few hundred pounds as a travelling merchant. He came to visit our family, and being informed of my genius, as they called it, undertook to place me next spring at New Galloway school, and to lodge me in the house of Alexander Cochrane, my grandfather, then alive, and dwelling about a mile from New Galloway. This simple expedient might have occurred to my parents, but I never heard them propose it; the idea of school wages

frightened them from employing it. I was brought to New Galloway about the 26th of May 1784, and for a month made a very awkward figure in the school, then taught by Mr William Gordon: he read English well, and had many scholars. Mr Gillespie, who is almost my equal in years, being born in 1775 or 1776, was then reading the rudiments of Latin. My pronunciation of words was laughed at, and my whole speech was a subject of fun. But I soon gained impudence; and before the vacation in August, I often stood dux of the Bible class. I was in the meantime taught to write copies, and use paper and ink.

'In spring 1785, I was put to assist as a shepherd-boy the rest of the family. I was still attached to reading, printing of words, and getting by heart ballads, of which I procured several. I had seen the ballad of *Chevy Chase* at New Galloway, and was quite enraptured with it. About this time, and for years after, I spent every sixpence that friends or strangers gave me on ballads and penny histories. I carried bundles of these in my pockets, and read them when sent to look for cattle on the banks of Loch Greanoch, and on the wild hills in its neighbourhood. Those ballads that I liked most were *Chevy Chase, Sir James the Rose, Jamie and Nancy*, and all heroic and sorrowful ditties. This course of life continued through 1785, 1786, and 1787. In that time I had read, or rather studied daily, *Sir David Lindsay, Sir William Wallace, The Cloud of Witnesses, The Hind let Loose*, and all the books of piety in the place. My fame for reading and a memory was loud, and several said I was "a living miracle." I puzzled the honest elders of the church with recitals of Scripture, and discourses about Jerusalem, &c. &c. In 1787 and 1788, I borrowed from John Kellie, then in Tenotrie, and still residing, I believe, in Minigaff, Salmon's *Geographical Grammar*, and L'Estrange's version of Josephus. I got immense benefit from Salmon's book. It gave me an idea of geography and universal history, and I actually recollect at this day almost everything it contains. I learned to copy its maps, but I did not understand the scale. In 1788, or early in 1789, Basil, Lord Dear, came to attend a committee of the gentlemen on the line of road between New Galloway and Newton-Stewart. He had made a map of the whole valley of Palneur from Dee to Cree, which map he lost on the moors near Kitterick. It was found and given to me, and I practised drawing plans of the glen of Palneur, correcting and printing the names of places according to my own fancy.

'As I could read and write, I was engaged by the heads of two families in Kirkowen parish to teach their children. The name of the one was Robert Milligan, and the other was Alexander Milroy, laird of Morfad, an old and singular man, who had young grandchildren. I taught these pupils during the winter of 1787-8, but got acquainted with few books. I received copies of the numeration and multiplication tables from one M'William, a boy of my own age, and

a brother-teacher. I returned home in March 1788. My fees were fifteen or sixteen shillings. Part of this I laid out on books, one of which was the *History of the Twelve Cæsars*, translated from Suetonius; another, Cocker's Arithmetic, the plainest of all books, from which in two or three months I learned the four principal rules of arithmetic, and even advanced to the rule of three, with no additional assistance, except the use of an old copy-book of examples, made by some boy at school, and a few verbal directions from my brother Robert, the only one of all my father's sons, by his first marriage, that remained with us. He was then a cattle-dealer on a small scale. In June 1788, I made a visit to Minigaff, and got from old John Simpson, a cart-wright, and a great reader, the loan of several volumes of Ruddiman's *Weekly* or *Monthly Magazine* during 1773, 1774, and 1775, and an old, ill-written, and superstitious history of the *Four Monarchies, of the Popes, the Kings of England*, &c. My memory now contained a very large mass of historical facts and ballad poetry, which I repeated with pleasure to myself, and the astonished approbation of the peasants around me. On the 26th of May 1789, my father and his family left Kitterick, and came to herd in a place called Drigmorn, on Palkill Burn, four miles from Minigaff. He was engaged by Mr Ebenezer Wilson, now residing in Barncauchla. A prospect now opened of my attending Minigaff school. I set out by myself, and arrived in Minigaff village, where my friend, John Simpson, lived, and where Mr Cramond, schoolmaster of Minigaff, dwelt. I think he lodged in Simpson's house. Mr Cramond received me, and I travelled every day from Drigmorn to Minigaff. I read some English, but applied chiefly to writing and arithmetic. In the course of the summer I ran over Dilworth's Arithmetic. But I was not in stout health, and the distance from school was great, and I generally attended only three days in the week. My teacher allowed this. I made the most of these days: I came about an hour before the school met; I pored on my arithmetic, in which I am still a proficient; and I regularly opened and read all the English books, such as the *Spectator*, *World*, &c. brought by the children to school. I seldom joined in any play at the usual hour, but read constantly. It occurred to me that I might get qualified for a merchant's clerk. I therefore cast a sharp look towards the method of book-keeping, and got some idea of its forms by reading Hutton in the school, and by glancing at the books of other scholars. When the vacation came on, I was obliged to quit school. At Martinmas 1789, I was engaged by three families in the moors of Kells and Minigaff to teach their children.

'A little before Whitsunday 1790, I returned home to Drigmorn. My father had been engaged to herd in Barncauchla, a farm within two miles of Minigaff village, to which farm we removed on the 26th of May 1790. I had now easy access to school, and went regularly. As I now understood writing and accounts, in imitation of other lads

in the country, I wished to add to these a little French. These were the sum-total of qualifications deemed necessary for a clerk intending to go to the West Indies or America.

'I had, in 1787 and 1788, often admired and mused on the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in every language found in Salmon's Grammar. I had read in the magazines and *Spectator*, that Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, and Newton were the greatest of mankind. I had been early informed that Hebrew was the first language, by some elders and good religious people. In 1789, at Drigmorn, an old woman who lived near shewed me her psalm-book, which was printed with a large type, had notes on each page, and likewise what I discovered to be the Hebrew alphabet, marked letter after letter in the 119th psalm. I took a copy of these letters, by printing them off in my old way, and kept them.

'I borrowed from one Jack M'Bride, at Bridgend of Cree, Chambaud's *Rudiments of French Grammar*. About the 30th of May 1790, I set to work on it. My indulgent master gave me whole pages of lessons; and in less than a fortnight I began to read lessons in the second volume of the *Diable Boiteux*, a book which he gave me. Robert Kerr, a son of William Kerr in Risque, was my friend and companion. He, in preparation for Grenada, whither he soon went, had for some time read French. His grammar was Boyer's, and the book which he read in, an old French New Testament. There was another grammar in the school, read by Robert Cooper, son of Mr Cooper, late tenant in Clarie. In the middle of the days I sat in the school and compared the nouns, verbs, &c. in all these books; and as I knew much of the New Testament by memory, I was able to explain whole pages of the French to Kerr, who was not diligent in study. About the 15th of June, Kerr told me that he had once learned Latin for a fortnight, but had not liked it, and still had the Rudiments beside him. I said: "Do lend me them; I wish to see what the nouns and verbs are like, and whether they resemble our French." He gave me the book; I examined it for four or five days, and found that the nouns had changes on the last syllable, and looked very singular. I used to repeat a lesson from the French Rudiments every forenoon in school. On the morning of the midsummer fair of Newton-Stewart, I set out for school, and accidentally put into my pocket the Latin Grammar instead of the thin French Rudiments. On an ordinary day, Mr Cramond would have chid me for this, but on that festive morning he was mellow, and in excellent spirits—a state not good for a teacher, but always desired in him by me, for he was then very communicative. With great glee he replied, when I told him my mistake, and shewed the Rudiments: "Gad, Sandy, I shall try thee with Latin!" and he accordingly read over to me no less than two of the declensions. It was his custom with me to permit me to get as long lessons as I pleased, and never to fetter me by joining me to a class. There was at that time in the school a

class of four boys advanced as far as the pronouns in Latin grammar. They ridiculed my separated condition. But before the vacation in August, I had reached the end of the Rudiments, knew a good deal more than they, by reading at home the notes on the foot of each page, and was so greatly improved in French, that I could read almost any French book at opening of it. I compared French and Latin, and riveted the words of both in my memory by this practice. When proceeding with the Latin verbs, I often sat in the school all mid-day, and pored on the first pages of Robert Cooper's Greek Grammar, the only one I had ever seen. He was then reading Livy, and learning Greek. By help of his book I mastered the letters; but I saw the sense of the Latin rules in a very indistinct manner. Some boy lent me an old Corderius, and a friend made me a present of Eutropius. I got a common vocabulary from my companion Kerr. I read to my teacher a number of colloquies, and before the end of July was permitted to take lessons in Eutropius. There was a copy of Eutropius in the school that had a literal translation. I studied this last with great attention, and compared the English and Latin. When my lesson was prepared, I always made an excursion into the rest of every book, and my books were not like those of other schoolboys, opened only in one place, and where the lesson lay. The school was dissolved in the harvest. After the vacation I returned to it a week or two, to read Eutropius. A few days before the vacation, I purchased from an old man, named William Shaw, a very bulky and aged edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary. This was an invaluable acquisition to me. It had all the Latin words, and the corresponding Greek and Hebrew, likewise a plan of ancient Rome, and a dictionary of proper names. I had it for eighteenpence, a very low price. With these books I went off, about Martinmas, to teach the children of Robert Kerr, tenant in Garlarg, English reading, writing, arithmetic, and Latin. In his house I found several more books, Ruddiman's Grammar—the most obscure of all works that ever were offered to children for their instruction, a book on which I laboured much to no great purpose—Cæsar, and Ovid. I employed every moment in pondering over these books. I literally read the dictionary throughout. My method was to revolve the leaves of the letter A, to notice all the principal words, and their Greek synonyms, not omitting a glance at the Hebrew; to do the same by B, and so on through the book. I then returned from X and Z to A, and in these winter months I amassed a large stock of Latin and Greek vocables. From this exercise I took to Eutropius, Ovid, and Cæsar, or at times to Ruddiman's Grammar. The inverted order often perplexed me, and I frequently mistook, but also frequently discerned, the sense. The wild fictions of Ovid have had charms for me ever since. I was not a judge of simple and elegant composition; but when any passage contained wild, sublime, pathetic, or singular expressions, I both felt, and tenaciously remembered

them. Here I got another book, which from that time has influenced and inflamed my imagination. This was *Paradise Lost*, of which I had heard, and which I was eager to see. I had the use of it for a year, until I replaced it with one of my own. I account my first acquaintance with *Paradise Lost* an era in my reading.

'About Whitsunday 1791, I returned to school, able to read Eutropius, Ovid, Cæsar, and Ruddiman's Grammar, in an intelligent, but not very correct style. I certainly knew a great deal of words and matters, but my prosody was bad, and my English neither fluent nor elegant. I found the young class reading Ovid and Cæsar, and afterwards Virgil. I laughed at the difficulty with which they prepared their lessons, and often obliged them by reading them over, to assist the work of preparation. My kind master never proposed that I should join them. He knew, indeed, that my time at school was uncertain; and he not only remitted a great part of my fees, but allowed me to read any book which I pleased. I studied his humour, and listened to his stories about his college life in the university of Aberdeen, where he had been regularly bred, and where he had been the class-fellow of Dr Beattie.

'I found my schoolfellow, Robert Cooper, reading Livy, the Greek Grammar, and the Greek New Testament. A few days before going to school this season, I had formed an acquaintance with John Hunter, a miner under Mr George Muir, and who lived in the High Row of the Miners' Village, at Mr Heron's lead-mines. This man and his family had come from Leadhills. He shewed me many civilities, and gave me the use of the following books, that had belonged to a brother of his, then deceased: *Luciani Dialogi, cum Tabula Cebetis*, Greek and Latin; a Greek New Testament; Homer's *Iliad*, Greek and Latin, in two small volumes; *Buchanani Historia Rerum Gest. Scoticarum;* and *Buchanani Opera Poetica.* The first portion of my wages had gone to Dumfries or Edinburgh to buy Moore's Greek Grammar and *Schrevelii Lexicon.* I got the grammar, but I forget how I obtained the lexicon. My master allowed me to pass over Cæsar, Ovid, Virgil, and Sallust, of which last, however, I borrowed copies, and read them privately, or at times with the young class. Dr George Muir was one of the young class, and my intimate friend. After I had read my own lessons, I almost always read along with him his lesson in Virgil and Sallust. But Mr Cramond permitted me to read Livy along with Robert Cooper, and Buchanan's History by myself. Robert Cooper was indolent, and I was proud to see that I had overtaken him, and could repeat the Greek Grammar and read Greek in the New Testament with more ease. He was given to *taw*, but I joined in no sports, but sat all day in the school. My amusement consisted in reading the books of history and poetry brought to school by the other scholars. At home I attacked Homer, and attempted to translate him by the help of the Latin translation. In June 1791, we were allowed to read

a daily lesson in the first book and volume of the *Iliad*, which we prepared in the school. But I kept the second volume at home, and pored on it till I fairly became, in an incorrect way, master of the sense, and was delighted with it. I remember that the fate of Hector and Sarpedon affected me greatly; and no sensation was ever more lively than what I felt on first reading the passage which declares that "Jupiter rained drops of blood on the ground, in honour of his son Sarpedon, who was to fall far from his country." My practice was to lay down a new and difficult book, after it had wearied me; to take up another—then a third—and to resume this rotation frequently and laboriously. I always strove to seize the sense; but when I supposed that I had succeeded, I did not weary myself with analysing every sentence.

'In July 1791, I found my Greek knowledge increase. I began to translate sentences into Greek, by help of certain phrases at the end of Schrevelius. And so far as I remember, I, during that summer or autumn, attempted to introduce myself to your notice by letters in Greek and Latin. The Greek one was short, and no doubt very inaccurate likewise, but less exceptionable. From that time you began to give me the use of books, and good advice as to my future behaviour and studies, which in my situation were very desirable. I had from you the loan of Longinus, the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, a volume of Cicero's *Orations*, which I read with great delight, and some others. All that summer and harvest were devoted to hard and continued reading, which was not limited to works in Greek and Latin, but extended to the history and poetry in the several books. I carried Homer in my pocket abroad, and studied him with great diligence.

'I had long possessed the Hebrew letters, and knew the meanings of many words. I was now determined to learn that language. I sent for a Hebrew Grammar to Edinburgh, by the man who rode post. He brought me Robertson's Grammar, and the first edition of that book, which contains the Arabic alphabet in the last leaf. Mr Cramond, to whom I shewed it in September 1791, at the time when I received it, informed me that he once was able to read Hebrew, but that he had now forgotten it entirely. I had for a long time known the alphabet; I found the Latin easy and intelligible; I soon mastered the points; and in the course of a month, got into the whole system of Jewish grammar. On an accidental visit to New Galloway, I was told by John Heron, a cousin of mine, and father to Robert Heron, author of several works, that he could give me a small old lexicon belonging to his son. This present was to me astonishingly agreeable. It contained, besides the words and their Latin interpretations, the book of Ruth in the original. When I came home, some person informed me that a relation of Mr Wilson's, in Auchinleck, then living in Minigaff village, had in her possession a Hebrew Bible, the property of her brother, Mr William

Wilson, a dissenting clergyman in Ireland. She consented to let me have the use of it for several months. It was a small edition in several volumes, I forget from which press. I made good use of this loan: I read it throughout, and many passages and books of it a number of times.

'I returned to school in the summer of 1792, and read Latin and Greek, rather for practice than in a rudimental way. The fault of our teacher was a slovenly inattention to grammatical minutiæ, which hurt my future appearance at college, and is more or less the evil of all country schools. In return for this, he was kind, familiar, and communicative. His foible was the love of drink. He had nobody to prepare a comfortable meal for him in his little way, and he went to the alehouse in order to avoid the wearisomeness and inattention which distressed him at home. You know he at length became unfit for any public situation. Yet had I been placed under a more formal and regular master, I should never have been able to make a respectable progress; for the broken state of my time would have compelled me to wait on children in low and young classes, in order to get by memory every part of the Rudiments; and every absent winter, and inaccuracy in reading, would have been a pretext for beginning me anew in the rudiments and grammar. All the accurate men have this way of thinking. Mr Dalzell, the professor of Greek, rebuked me severely for looking into Plato and Aristophanes in my first year at college. I received his admonitions, but still persisted in reading those writers. Desultory study is no doubt a bad thing; but a lad whose ambition never ceases, but stimulates him incessantly, enlarges his mind and range of thought by excursions beyond the limits of regular forms.

'In 1792 I read portions of Homer, Livy, Sallust, and any other author used in the school. In the autumn of 1792 my companion, Cooper, left the school, and went, I believe, to Glasgow university. I could not imitate him for want of funds. In the winter of 1792–3, I engaged myself with Thomas Birkmyre, miller, of Minigaff Mill, and taught his children during that season till March 1793. My wages were only thirty shillings [for the half year], but my object was to get a residence near Newton-Stewart, and to have liberty of going, in the winter forenights, to a school taught by Mr Nathaniel Martin in Bridgend of Cree. Several young lads attended it with a view to exercise themselves in reading English poetry, and in spending their hours agreeably. Martin had been at Edinburgh, and possessed many new books, such as the *Bee*, Duncan's Cicero, some of the best English Collections, and so forth. In the mill I got *Gulliver's Travels* and Clarke's *Evidences of Christianity*. I did not understand the one, nor care much for the other. My companions at the night-school were William Gifford, lately a writer's first clerk in Edinburgh; one Thomas Baird, a clerk to a tobacconist; John Mackilwraith, son-in-law to John M'Kie, lately merchant in

Castle Douglas. John Mackilwraith was an old friend, for his father-in-law was tenant of Kitterick in 1783. From him I got the loan of Baillie's English Dictionary, which I studied, and learned from it a vast variety of useful matters. I gained from it the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, the Anglo-Saxon paternoster, and many words in that venerable dialect.

'In 1791, I had the loan of a stray volume of the *Ancient Universal History* from my neighbour school-fellows, the Maclurgs, who lived in Glenhoash, below Risque. It contained the history of the ancient Gauls, Germans, Abyssinians, and others. It included a very incorrect copy of the Abyssinian alphabet, which, however, I transcribed, and kept by me for future occasions. I was completely master of the Arabic alphabet, by help of Robertson's Grammar, in the end of which (first edition) it is given in the most accurate manner.

'In the autumn of 1792, about the time I went to the mill, I had, in the hour of ignorance and ambition, believed myself capable of writing an epic poem. For two years before, or rather from the time that I had met with *Paradise Lost*, sublime poetry was my favourite reading. Homer had encouraged this taste, and my school-fellow, George Muir, had lent me, in 1791, an edition of *Ossian's Fingal*, which is, in many passages, a sublime and pathetic performance. I copied Fingal, as the book was lent only for four days, and carried the manuscript about with me. I chose Arthur, general of the Britons, for my hero, and during 1792–3 wrote several thousands of blank verses about his achievements. This was my first attempt in blank verse. In 1790, I had purchased the *Grave*, a poem by Blair, and committed it almost entirely to memory.

'I passed the summer of 1793 at home, and in long visits to my friends in Newton-Stewart and other parts. During that summer I began to translate from Buchanan's poetical works, his *Fratres Franciscani*. I made an attempt to obtain the situation of teacher of the school of Mochrum; but the Rev. Mr Steven, minister of that parish, who received me very kindly, told me that it was promised, and that my youth would be objected to by the heritors and parish. In 1791, I bought for a trifle a manuscript volume of the lectures of Arnold Drackenburg, a German professor, on the Lives and Writings of the Roman Authors, from Livius Andronicus to Quintilian. This was a learned work, and I resolved to translate and publish it. I remained at home during the winter of 1793–4, and employed myself in that task. My translation was neither elegant nor correct. My taste was improving; but a knowledge of elegant phraseology and correct diction cannot be acquired without some acquaintance with the world, and with the human character in its polished state. The most obscure and uninteresting parts of the *Spectator*, *World*, *Guardian*, and Pope's works were those that described life and manners. The parts of those works which I then read with rapture

were accounts of tragic occurrences of great but unfortunate men, and poetry that addressed the passions.

'Early in 1794, I resolved to go to Dumfries, and present my translation to the booksellers there. As I had doubt respecting the success of a *History of the Latin Writers*, I likewise composed a number of poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and most of them very indifferent. I went to Dumfries in June 1794, and found that neither of the two booksellers there would undertake to publish my translation; but I got a number of subscription papers printed, in order to promote the publication of the poems. I collected, by myself and friends, four or five hundred subscriptions. At Gatehouse, a merchant there, an old friend, gave me a very curious and large printed copy of the Pentateuch, which had belonged to the celebrated Andrew Melvin, and the Hebrew Dictionary of Pagninus, a huge folio. During the visit to Dumfries, I was introduced to Robert Burns, who treated me with great kindness; told me that if I could get out to college without publishing my poems, it would be better, as my taste was young and not formed, and I would be ashamed of my productions when I could write and judge better. I understood this, and resolved to make publication my last resource. In Dumfries I bought six or seven plays of Shakspeare, and never read anything, except Milton, with more rapture and enthusiasm. I had seen his poems before.

'During this summer, my friend M'Harg being in Edinburgh, employed as a hawker, or itinerant dealer in tea and other articles, described my situation to James Kinnear, a journeyman printer, a very respectable man, who informed him that if I could be brought to town, Dr Baird and several other gentlemen would take notice of me. In consequence of this communication, I arrived in Edinburgh at the beginning of November 1794.'

Such is Dr Murray's singular narrative, on which any comment would but weaken the impression which it is calculated to convey. On his arrival in Edinburgh, he was kindly received by Mr Kinnear. The only letter of introduction which he brought to town was one from Mr Maitland to Dr Baird, who received him with great kindness. Too much praise cannot be paid to these two gentlemen for their generous conduct, particularly as they were strangers to each other, and were actuated solely by the motive of bringing into notice indigent merit, and opening to a young man of extraordinary promise a wider field for the cultivation of his genius and talents. Nor was Murray unworthy of the patronage of these respectable individuals. On the first day after his arrival in town, he underwent an examination in presence of Dr Baird, Dr Finlayson, and Dr Moodie; and, to use the language of one of his examinators, he read freely, and also explained and analysed accurately, a passage of French, an ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew psalm. In consequence of his uncommon acquirements, not only the direct advantages

of the college were procured to him without expense, but such pecuniary aid was extended to him as was necessary for the effectual prosecution of his studies. At the end of two years he obtained a bursary from the town; and about that time he began to support himself by carrying on private teaching. Dr Baird continued through life his faithful friend and patron.

Dr Murray, after this period, prosecuted a successful career as a man of letters. In 1806 he undertook the ministerial charge of the parish of Urr, in his native county, which he resigned in 1812, on being appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Edinburgh. Unfortunately, the weakly constitution of this extraordinary genius sunk under the fatigues of his first session, and he died, universally and deeply lamented, April 15, 1813. An elegant monument, commemorative of his life and talents, was some years afterwards erected by subscription near the place of his nativity.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THIS extraordinary man, who, from being originally an operative weaver, became, by his own unaided exertions, one of the most celebrated ornithologists of his day, was born in Paisley on the 6th of July 1766. His father was a distiller, poor in fortune, though said to have been endowed with an active and sagacious mind. He was so unfortunate as to lose his mother at the early age of ten, and was left without the tender and judicious care which a mother alone can give. On attaining his thirteenth year, he was bound apprentice for three years to his brother-in-law, to learn the business of a weaver, and on the expiry of this term, continued to work as a journeyman for four years more.

The employment of a weaver was by no means congenial to the disposition and propensities of the future ornithologist; but as his father, though a highly respectable man in character, was in very indifferent circumstances, young Wilson had no choice left, but was compelled to adopt that which was readiest and most easily attained. It is much to his credit, however, that though he must have felt—indeed it is certain that he did feel, and that at a very early age—that he was fitted for higher things, he yet diligently laboured at the humble but honourable calling to which his destiny had appointed him, and never allowed such feelings to interrupt his industry. At this period of his life he indulged in a predilection for poetical composition, and wrote several pieces which appeared in the *Glasgow*

Advertiser; but in these juvenile attempts he was not very successful, nor was he ever, at any after period, fortunate in this department of literature, though his poetical productions are certainly not without very considerable merit.

Having continued at the loom, as already said, for four years as a journeyman weaver, at the end of this period he abandoned the business, to accompany his brother-in-law, who had commenced travelling merchant or pedler, in a tour through the eastern districts of Scotland—an employment which, though it could scarcely claim any sort of precedence in point of rank over that which he had left, he yet gladly embraced, as it at once released him from the confinement and dull monotony of his former occupation, and permitted him to indulge in one of his strongest propensities, which was to ramble over hill and dale, and to enjoy, unfettered and unrestrained, the beauties of his native land. With such a disposition, it is not to be wondered at that, as a pedler, he made much greater progress in the study of nature, and perhaps of man, and in the extending of his ideas, than in the improvement of his fortunes. The acquisition of money was no object with him, and of course, as it was not sought, it was not found.

At this time Burns was in the zenith of his fame, and Wilson, tempted by his success, resolved to publish his poems—the accumulated pieces of preceding years—and in 1789, contracted with a printer in Paisley for this purpose, but was obliged to abandon the idea for the time, for want of means to carry it into effect. He, however, published them some time afterwards, with the title of *Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious*, at his own risk, after having in vain endeavoured to procure subscribers, and carried them about with him in his hawking expeditions, but met with little or no success in the sale of them. Finding that he could make nothing of either poetry or traffic, he returned once more to his loom, at which he was again quietly seated, when he learned that a debating society in Edinburgh had proposed for discussion the question, whether Fergusson or Allan Ramsay had done most honour to Scottish poetry. Seized with an ambition to distinguish himself on this occasion, he borrowed from a friend the poems of Fergusson, which he had never read before, and in a few days produced a poem, which he entitled the *Laurel Disputed*, and in which he awarded the palm to Fergusson. With this poem in his pocket, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and recited it before the audience assembled to hear the discussion. Before he left Edinburgh, he also recited in public two other poems, and acquired by all a considerable degree of respect and favour. He likewise contributed occasionally, about this time (1791), to a periodical work called the *Bee*. But though Wilson's poetical efforts procured him some reputation, they did nothing for him in the way of advancing his worldly interests. The volume of poems which he published in 1789, at which period he was only twenty-three years of

age, went through two small editions in octavo, but without yielding the author any pecuniary advantage. His literary reputation was, nevertheless, considerably increased by the publication of his *Watty and Meg*, a poem in the Scottish dialect, and of such decided merit, that it was universally ascribed to Burns on its first appearance, which was in 1791. It is a droll and satirical description of a drunken husband and scolding wife, and shews that the author possessed a fund of broad humour.

Having soon after this embroiled himself in some serious disputes which took place in his native town between the operative weavers and their employers, by writing some severe personal satires on certain individuals of the latter class, he found his residence in Paisley no longer compatible with his comfort or happiness, and therefore determined on proceeding to America. But before taking his departure, he called on those persons whom he had satirised, expressed his sorrow for what he had done, and solicited their forgiveness. This circumstance is a pleasing proof of the generosity of his nature —that which follows, a very striking one of the determination of his character. Although he had resolved on going to America, he did not possess a single shilling wherewith to pay his passage. To supply this desideratum, he instantly abandoned every other pursuit, and for four months laboured with incessant industry at his loom, confining the expense of his living during this time to one shilling in the week. The result of this perseverance and rigid economy was, that at the end of the period named, he found himself in possession of the requisite sum, but nothing more. With this he set out for Portpatrick on foot, crossed to Belfast, and there engaged a passage to America; and he arrived at New York on the 14th of July 1794, with only a few shillings in his pocket, and even these were borrowed from a fellow-passenger.

Up till this period, and indeed for several years after, Wilson exhibited no indications of a genius or even predilection for that particular department of natural history in which he afterwards acquired so brilliant a name; but it is said that, immediately after landing in America, and while proceeding from the place of his disembarkation to Newcastle, his attention was strongly excited by the specimens of the feathered inhabitants of the New World which he met with, and that he was particularly delighted with the splendour of the plumage of a red-headed woodpecker which he shot by the way. Whether or not his genius received on this occasion that bent which afterwards led to such splendid results, it is certain that he always retained a lively recollection of the feelings of surprise and delight with which he for the first time contemplated the beauties of the American woodpecker.

For many years after his arrival in America, Wilson's condition underwent but little improvement. He found there nearly the same difficulties to contend with, and prospects nearly equally cheerless,

with those he had left behind him in his native land. The first employment he obtained was with a copperplate printer in Philadelphia; but this he soon relinquished, and betook him to his original trade, weaving. This he again resigned for the pack; but his success as a pedler was not sufficient to induce him to continue it, and he abandoned it also, and commenced teacher; making his first experiment in this laborious and somewhat precarious profession near the town of Frankford in Pennsylvania. While in this situation, he in a great measure repaired the defects of his early education, by close and unremitting study in various departments of science and knowledge; and, as has often been the case, by instructing others, he taught himself. He afterwards removed to Milestown, where he remained for several years, adding a little to the limited income arising from his school, by surveying land for farmers.

At the end of this period he applied for and obtained the appointment of schoolmaster of the Union School in the township of Kingsessing, within a few miles of Philadelphia; and it is from this period that his history in the pursuit of the bird creation commences, although he yet entertained that branch of natural history only in common with others, and by no means confined his studies to the feathered tribes. His attention was equally engrossed by a host of other animals; and his apartment, as described by himself, had the appearance of Noah's ark, being crowded with opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, and other animals. Finding his ignorance of drawing a serious drawback in his new pursuit, he applied to the acquisition of this art with such diligence and determination of purpose, that he in a very short time succeeded in obtaining a command of the pencil that enabled him to sketch from nature with great fidelity and spirit. It was not, however, till the year 1803 that Wilson conceived the magnificent design of his *American Ornithology*, and even then his ideas on the subject fell very far short of the great work he afterwards achieved. At this period he contemplated little more than 'making a collection of the finest American birds,' as he himself writes to a friend in Paisley. Having mentioned his intention to some of his American friends, they endeavoured to dissuade him from prosecuting it, and, with a sincere regard for his interest, pointed out to him the formidable difficulties which he would have to encounter, and which appeared to them insurmountable. But they spoke in vain. Wilson's ardour and enthusiasm was more than a match for their prudence; and trusting to his own resources, he quietly but resolutely proceeded with his design; although—and it is a curious fact—when he began his stupendous work on *American Ornithology*, he did not know even the names of more than three or four of the American birds. But from this moment he devoted himself with a zeal and energy to the accomplishment of his enterprise which removed all obstacles as fast as they presented

themselves, and swept away all difficulties as straws are swept away by the stream.

In October 1804, with his gun on his shoulder, he made the first of that series of perilous journeys through the wilds of America which he found it necessary to perform to obtain an accurate and intimate knowledge of the birds of the forest; and amidst privations and hardships which few men but himself would have voluntarily encountered, he completed a journey of twelve hundred miles on foot, through deep snows, boundless forests, deep and dangerous rivers, and over wild and desolate mountains. But the experience of this perilous and painful excursion, instead of damping his ardour, had the effect only of increasing it. In the spring of the following year, he had completed drawings of twenty-eight rare birds, and about this time also made an attempt to acquire the art of engraving on copper, thinking, in the devotedness of his enthusiasm, that he might, by diligence and perseverance, soon attain such a proficiency in this art as would enable him to execute the plates for his contemplated work; and he actually completed two: but when he had got this length, he became dissatisfied with the result of his labours, and abandoned the pursuit. At this period the general aspect of his affairs, and those, in particular, which related to his undertaking, were exceedingly gloomy. He was without means and without money, and was persevering in a course which his friends thought an imprudent one, and was therefore without even words of encouragement to cheer him on his way. But neither these disheartening considerations, nor any other, could deter him from prosecuting his great design. So far from being discouraged by the difficulties which surrounded him, he declared that he would proceed with his plan even if it should cost him his life; and, in that noble spirit which belongs to true genius alone, exclaimed: 'I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished!'

At the close of the year 1805, he made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed to take part in an exploratory expedition which the American government was then about to send to the valley of the Mississippi. He addressed his application on this occasion to President Jefferson, stating to that functionary what he had done in the prosecution of his intended work on American ornithology, and representing the advantages which the being permitted to accompany the party would afford him in furthering his views. To this communication—from what cause is now unknown—he obtained no reply, and of course did not join the expedition. Soon after this, more cheering prospects presented themselves to the enterprising ornithologist. A Mr Samuel F. Bradford, a publisher in Philadelphia, who was about to print an edition of Rees's *Cyclopædia*, engaged Wilson, on what the latter himself called liberal terms, to superintend the publication of that work. But this connection presented another inducement to Wilson, and one which had infinitely greater attractions.

for him than any which related to his own personal advantage. This was the prospect it afforded him of procuring a publisher for his work; and so far he was not disappointed. On his explaining the nature and object of his undertaking, Mr Bradford readily consented to become his publisher; and in September 1808, the first volume of *American Ornithology* appeared, one of the most splendid books by far which had then emanated from the American press; but unfortunately the price was, though necessarily, much too high for a country comparatively in its infancy, and which had not then had time to turn its attention to the arts or sciences, or to acquire a sufficient taste for them to encourage such an expensive appeal on their behalf. The price of the work, when completed, was to be one hundred and twenty dollars. It is not, therefore, at all surprising to find that, even a considerable time after its publication, its ingenious, but in this respect certainly injudicious author could only boast of forty-one names on his list of subscribers. This number, however, he afterwards increased to two hundred and fifty, by travelling through the country, and visiting the different towns in quest of patrons; but these, he himself says, were obtained 'at a price worth more than five times the amount;' and they no doubt were so, if wounded feelings, fatigue of body and mind, and all the humiliations to which such a mission must of necessity have frequently subjected him, be taken into the account. From this tour he returned to New York in March 1809.

Two hundred copies only of the first volume of the *Ornithology* had been printed, but it was now thought advisable to throw off three hundred more; which was accordingly done: and in the meantime Wilson assiduously employed himself in preparing the second volume for the press, although he neither had yet benefited to the extent of a single dollar by the publication of his work, nor was likely to do so. The second volume appeared in January 1810; and immediately after its appearance, the author set out on another tour in quest of support and patronage. This time he penetrated into the western part of the States, or valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. At Pittsburg, he succeeded beyond his expectations in getting subscribers; and after ascertaining that the roads were such as to render a land journey impossible, he bought a small boat, which he named the *Ornithologist*, intending to proceed in it down the Ohio to Cincinnati, a distance of more than five hundred miles. Some advised him not to undertake the journey alone; but he had made up his mind, and only waited, exploring the woods in the interval, till the ice had left the stream. At length the time arrived for his departure on this inland voyage. His provision consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial, given him by a gentleman in Pittsburg: one end of the boat was occupied by his trunk, great-coat, and gun; and he had a small tin vessel, with which to bale his boat, and to drink the water of the Ohio. Thus equipped, he

launched into the stream. The weather was calm, and the river like a mirror, except where fragments of ice were floating down. His heart expanded with delight at the novelty and wildness of the scene. The song of the red-bird in the deep forests on the shore, the smoke of the various sugar-camps rising gently along the mountains, and the little log-huts which here and there opened from the woods, gave an appearance of life to a landscape which would otherwise have been lonely and still. He could not consent to the slow motion of the river, which flowed two miles and a half an hour; he therefore stripped himself for the oar, and added three miles and a half to his speed. Our traveller's lodgings by night were less tolerable than his voyage, as he went down the desolate stream. The first night was passed in a log-cabin, fifty-two miles below Pittsburg, where he slept on a heap of straw.

Having reached Cincinnati, he there got a few subscribers for his work, and then proceeded to Louisville, where he sold his boat. He next walked a distance of seventy-two miles to Lexington, whence he travelled to Nashville, exploring on his journey some of the remarkable caverns of Kentucky. He had thoughts of extending his tour to St Louis; but after considering that it would detain him a month, and add four hundred miles to his journey, without perhaps adding a single subscriber to his list, he gave up the plan, and prepared for a passage through the wilderness towards New Orleans. He was strongly urged not to undertake it, and a thousand alarming representations of hardship and danger were set before him; but, as usual, he gave fears to the winds, and quietly made preparations for the way. He set out on the 4th of May, on horseback, with a pistol in each pocket, and a fowling-piece belted across his shoulder. During this adventurous journey he suffered severely from the heat of the sun and all the changes of the weather. His exposure by night and day brought on an illness which he with difficulty surmounted. He had occasion to travel among the Indians, who, it seems, treated him with great kindness; and though dreadfully worn out with fatigue, he enjoyed the journey very much. He reached New Orleans on the 6th of June, and shortly after embarked in a vessel for New York, and from thence he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he arrived on the 2d of August 1810.

Wilson now applied himself with unwearied industry to the preparation of the third volume of his *Ornithology*. At this time, he says that the number of birds which he had found, and which had not been noticed by any other naturalist, amounted to forty. Between this period and 1812 he made several other journeys throughout the country, partly with the view of promoting the sale of his publication, and partly to procure materials for his study, an object which he never lost sight of—seldom travelling, whatever might be the immediate or ostensible cause of his changing place, without his fowling-piece.

In the year above named, he received a gratifying proof of the estimation in which his merits were beginning to be held. This was his being chosen a member of the Society of Artists of the United States; and in the spring of the following year, he was admitted to the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. But this extraordinary man was not destined to see either the completion of his meritorious labours, or to enjoy the triumph of achieving all that he designed. The excessive labour and fatigue of both body and mind to which he had for many years subjected himself, gradually undermined his constitution, and prepared it to yield to the first act of indiscretion to which it should be exposed; and this, unfortunately, now very soon occurred.

While sitting one day with a friend, he caught a glimpse from the window of a rare bird, for which he had long been vainly looking out. The instant he saw it, he seized his gun, rushed out of the house in pursuit of it, and after an arduous chase, during which he swam across a river, succeeded in killing it; but he succeeded at the expense of his life. He caught a violent cold; this was followed by dysentery, which carried him off after an illness of ten days. He died on the morning of the 23d August 1813, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the cemetery of the Swedish church in Southwark, Philadelphia. A plain marble monument, with an inscription, intimating his age, the place and date of his birth, and of his death, marks the place of his sepulture.

Wilson had completed the seventh volume of his *Ornithology* before he died, and was engaged, when seized with his last illness, in collecting materials for the eighth. At this he laboured with an assiduity and unintermitting industry which called forth the remonstrances of his friends. His reply, while it seems to indicate a presentiment of his premature fate, is at the same time characteristic of his extraordinary enthusiasm and diligence. 'Life is short,' he would say on these occasions, 'and nothing can be done without exertion.' Nor is a wish, which he repeatedly expressed to a friend some time before his death, less characteristic of his amiable nature and deep admiration of the works of his Creator. This wish was, that he might be buried *where the birds might sing over his grave.*

His person is described as having been tall and handsome, rather slender than robust; his countenance expressive and thoughtful, and his eye intelligent. Unfortunately for himself, the speculation in which he engaged with so much ardour yielded him no remuneration; for he had committed the serious error of issuing his work on too expensive a scale. From the publication he derived no profits whatever; and the heavy expenses he had to incur in his journeys, as well as his ordinary outlays, were only paid by the wages he received in the capacity of colourer of his own plates. Of the many active men whose biographies are before the public, there is not, perhaps,

one whose life presents such a heroic resolution in the pursuit of science as Wilson. Although this most indefatigable genius did not live to enjoy the reward of his diligence, he certainly anticipated what has come to pass—that his work would always be regarded as a subject of pride by his adopted country, as it certainly is by the country which gave him birth, and would secure a high degree of honour for him whose name it bears.

EXCURSION TO THE OREGON.

THE continent of North America is about three thousand miles across, from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west; and, after an interval of more than three centuries since the discovery and settlement of the country, the civilised races, who are chiefly of English origin, have still left the western half of the continent very sparsely, if at all, occupied. The progress of encroachment in the western wilderness, however, is now exceedingly rapid. Since the deliverance of the New England and other states from British control, the Anglo-Americans have evinced a singularly energetic spirit of migration towards what was, ninety years ago, an almost unknown land. Crossing the Alleghany range of mountains, from the Atlantic or old settled states, they have taken possession of the valley of the Mississippi, a tract as large as all Europe; and after reaching the head-waters of the Missouri and other tributaries of the Mississippi, have crossed the Rocky Mountains—'the Great Backbone of America,' as they have not inaptly been called—and taken possession of the basin of the Columbia, on the Pacific, a region known at the time of the following narrative as the Oregon; and southward from this have raised up in a few years the flourishing state of California.

This extension of the boundaries of civilisation over a country hitherto abandoned to roaming tribes of Indians and herds of wild animals, is one of the most remarkable facts in social history. Since the beginning of the present century, the population of the United

States has increased from four millions to thirty-eight millions; and if the same rate of increase were to continue, by the close of the century the population would be about three hundred millions, all speaking the English language, and possessing institutions resembling our own. Yet, although the extension of the Anglo-American settlements has been comparatively rapid, it has not been effected without numerous difficulties. Those who first penetrated into the wilderness were usually parties of fur-traders; and by these hardy pioneers, and the volunteer travellers who accompanied them, the way may be said to have been in some measure paved for the more formal visits of surveyors, and the new occupants of the country. The journeys of these pioneering parties were attended with many dangers. The setting out of an expedition resembled a caravan of pilgrims sallying forth across the African deserts; civilisation was for months, perhaps for years, left behind; no vestige of house or road was seen on the apparently interminable wastes; journeying was performed only on horseback during the day, while repose was enjoyed in tents pitched for the night; a constant outlook must be kept for prowling wild beasts, or the not less stealthy steps of the Pawnee Loup Indian: in short, all was wild nature, romantic enough, perhaps, to untamed minds, but, as we can imagine, altogether unendurable by persons accustomed to the quiet and orderly life of cities. Strange as it seems, however, there were highly cultivated individuals who, inspired by a love of science, or for the mere sake of sport, voluntarily made part of the fur-trading bands, consenting to remain for years from home, friends, and the world of refinement.

Believing that the account of one of these romantic expeditions cannot but be acceptable to our readers, we offer in the present sheet the history of an excursion performed some thirty-five years ago by Mr Townsend, an enthusiastic ornithologist, and his friend Professor Nuttall, of Howard University, an equally zealous botanist.* Being desirous of increasing the existing stock of knowledge in the departments of science to which they were respectively attached, these gentlemen agreed to accompany a body of traders, commanded by a Captain Wyeth, to the Columbia River and adjacent parts. The traders belonged to an association called the Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company, and on this occasion they designed to fix a permanent branch establishment in the west.

On the evening of the 24th of March 1834, the two friends arrived in a steamboat at St Louis, on the Missouri, from Pittsburg. At St Louis, the last great town within the settlements, they furnished themselves with several pairs of leathern pantaloons, enormous overcoats, and white wool hats with round crowns, fitting tightly to the head, and almost hard enough to resist a musket-ball. Leaving their baggage to come on with the steamer, about three

* The materials for the present account are drawn from *An Excursion to the Rocky Mountains*, by J. K. Townsend; a work published at Philadelphia in 1839.

hundred miles farther up the Missouri, Mr Townsend and his friend set off to amuse themselves by walking and hunting leisurely through that distance, which is composed chiefly of wide flat prairies, with few and remotely situated habitations of the frontier settlers.

One of the first indications of their approach to a wild country was the spectacle of a band of Indians of the Saque tribe, who were removing to new settlements. The men were fantastically painted, and the chief was distinguished by a profuse display of trinkets, and a huge necklace made of the claws of the grisly bear. The decorations of one of the women amused the two travellers. She was an old squaw, to whom was presented a broken umbrella. The only use she made of this prize was to wrench the plated ends from the whalebones, string them on a piece of wire, take her knife from her belt, with which she deliberately cut a slit of an inch in length along the upper rim of her ear, and insert them in it. The sight was as shocking to the feelings as it was grotesque; for the cheeks of the vain being were covered with blood as she stood with fancied dignity in the midst of twenty others, who evidently envied her the possession of the worthless baubles.

While pushing forward on the borders of the wilderness, the travellers one day arrived at the house of a kind of gentleman-settler, who, with his three daughters, vied in shewing kindness to their visitors. 'The girls,' says Mr Townsend, 'were very superior to most that I had seen in Missouri, although somewhat touched with the awkward bashfulness and prudery which generally characterise the prairie maidens. They had lost their mother when young, and having no companions out of the domestic circle, and consequently no opportunity of aping the manners of the world, were perfect children of nature. Their father, however, had given them a good plain education, and they had made some proficiency in needlework, as was evinced by numerous neatly worked samplers hanging in wooden frames round the room.' Some little curiosity and astonishment was excited in the minds of the unsophisticated girls when they were informed that their two guests were undertaking a long and difficult journey across the prairies—one of them for the purpose of shooting and stuffing birds, the other for the purpose of obtaining plants to preserve between leaves of paper; but at last they began to perceive that probably there was some hidden utility in these seemingly idle pursuits; and the last words of the eldest Miss P—— to our ornithologist at parting were: 'Do come again, and come in May or June, for then there are plenty of prairie-hens, and you can shoot as many as you want, and you must stay a long while with us, and we'll have nice times. Good-bye; I'm so sorry you're going.' Miss P——, in promising an abundance of prairie-hens, evidently did not perceive in what respect an ornithologist differed from a sportsman; but her invitation was kindly meant; and Mr Townsend promised, that if ever he visited

Missouri again, he would go a good many miles out of his way to see her and her sisters. The next resting-place which our traveller describes was very different from Mr P——'s comfortable and cheerful house. It was a *hotel*, for which a pigsty would have been a more appropriate name. Everything and everybody were dirty, disobliging, and disagreeable; and after staying one night, the travellers refusing the landlord's invitation to *liquorise* with him, departed without waiting for breakfast.

In the case of our travellers, however, one of the last impressions left upon them before fairly entering the wilderness was of a more agreeable and suitable description. 'In about an hour and a half,' says Mr Townsend, 'we arrived at Fulton, a pretty little town, and saw the villagers in their holiday clothes parading along to church. The bell at that moment sounded, and the peal gave rise to many reflections. It might be long ere I should hear the sound of the "church-going bell" again. I was on my way to a far, far country, and I did not know that I should ever be permitted to revisit my own. I felt that I was leaving the scenes of my childhood—the spot which had witnessed all the happiness I ever knew, the home where all my affections were centered. I was entering a land of strangers, and would be compelled hereafter to mingle with those who might look upon me with indifference, or treat me with neglect.'

The travellers, tired of their long journey on foot, waited at a small village on the Missouri till their companions and baggage should come up. The steamer arrived on the 9th of April; and the two pedestrians having gone on board, it was soon puffing up the river at the rate of seven miles an hour. In four days they reached the small town of Independence, the outermost Anglo-American post, and disembarking, they began to prepare for their long and venturesome journey. Mr Townsend here introduces a description of the company, about fifty in all.

There were amongst the men to compose the caravan a great variety of dispositions. Some, who had not been accustomed to the kind of life they were to lead, looked forward to it with eager delight, and talked of stirring incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Others, who were more experienced, seemed to be as easy and unconcerned about it as a citizen would be in contemplating a drive of a few miles into the country. Some were evidently reared in the shade, and not accustomed to hardships; many were almost as rough as the grisly bear, and not a little proud of their feats, of which they were fond of boasting; but the majority were strong able-bodied men. During the day, the captain kept all his men employed in arranging and packing a vast variety of goods for carriage. In addition to the necessary clothing for the company, arms, ammunition, &c., there were thousands of trinkets of various kinds, beads, paint, bells, rings, and such-like trumpery, intended as presents for the Indians, as well as objects of trade with them.

The bales were usually made to weigh about eighty pounds, of which a horse was to carry two. Captain Wyeth insured the good-will and obedience of the men by his affable but firm manner, and shewed himself every way suitable for his very important mission. In the company there were also five missionaries, the principal of whom, Mr Jason Lee, was 'a tall and powerful man, who looked as though he were well calculated to buffet difficulties in a wild country.' Before setting out, they were joined also by Mr Milton Sublette, a trader and trapper of several years' standing, who intended to travel a part of the way with them. Mr Sublette brought with him about twenty trained hunters, 'true as the steel of their tried blades,' who had more than once gone over the very track which the caravan intended to pursue—a reinforcement which was very welcome to Captain Wyeth and his party.

THE CARAVAN SETS OUT.

On the 28th of April, at ten o'clock in the morning, all things being prepared, the caravan, consisting of seventy men and two hundred and fifty horses, began its march towards the west. All were in high spirits, and full of hope of adventure; uproarious bursts of merriment and gay and lively songs constantly echoed along the line of the cavalcade. The road lay over a vast rolling prairie, with occasional small spots of timber at the distance of several miles apart, and this was expected to be the complexion of the track for some weeks. For the first day and night the journey was agreeable, but on the second day a heavy rain fell, which made the ground wet and muddy, soaked the blanket bedding, and rendered camping at night anything but pleasant. The description given of a nightly camp is interesting. 'The party is divided into messes of eight men, and each mess is allowed a separate tent. The captain of a mess (who is generally an "old hand") receives each morning rations of pork, flour, &c. for his people, and they choose one of their body as cook for the whole. Our camp now consists of nine messes, of which Captain Wyeth's forms one, although it contains only four persons besides the cook. When we arrive in the evening at a suitable spot for encampment, Captain Wyeth rides round a space which he considers large enough to accommodate it, and directs where each mess shall pitch its tent. The men immediately unload their horses, and place their bales of goods in the direction indicated, and in such manner as in case of need to form a sort of fortification and defence. When all the messes are arranged in this way, the camp forms a hollow square, in the centre of which the horses are placed and staked firmly to the ground. The guard consists of from six to eight men, is relieved three times each night, and so arranged that each gang may serve alternate nights. The captain of a guard (who is generally also the captain of a mess) collects his people at the

appointed hour, and posts them around outside the camp in such situations that they may command a view of the environs, and be ready to give the alarm in case of danger. The captain cries the hour regularly by a watch, and *all's well* every fifteen minutes, and each man of the guard is required to repeat this call in rotation, which if any one should fail to do, it is fair to conclude that he is asleep, and he is then immediately visited and stirred up. In case of defection of this kind, our laws adjudge to the delinquent the hard sentence of walking three days. As yet, none of our poor fellows have incurred this penalty, and the probability is, that it would not at this time be enforced, as we are yet in a country where little molestation is to be apprehended; but in the course of another week's travel, when thieving and ill-designing Indians will be out, lying on our trail, it will be necessary that the strictest watch be kept; and for the preservation of our persons and property, that our laws shall be rigidly enforced.'

For about a fortnight the caravan proceeded without any very remarkable incident occurring. The cook of the mess to which Mr Townsend belonged decamped one night, having no doubt become tired of the expedition, and determined to go back to the settlements. The man himself was little missed; but he had taken a rifle, powder-horn, and shot-pouch along with him, and these articles were precious. In a few days after, three other men deserted, likewise carrying rifles with them. In the course of the fortnight the caravan passed through several villages of the Kaw Indians, with whom they traded a little, giving bacon and tobacco in exchange for hides. These Indians do not appear, on the whole, to have been very favourable specimens of the American aborigines. The men had many of them fine countenances, but the women were very homely. The following is a description of one of their chiefs: 'In the evening the principal Kanzas chief paid us a visit in our tent. He is a young man about twenty-five years of age, straight as a poplar, and with a noble countenance and bearing; but he appeared to me to be marvellously deficient in most of the requisites which go to make the character of a *real* Indian chief, at least of such Indian chiefs as we read of in our popular books. I begin to suspect, in truth, that these lofty and dignified attributes are more apt to exist in the fertile brain of the novelist than in reality. Be this as it may, *our* chief is a very lively, laughing, and rather playful personage; perhaps he may put on his dignity, like a glove, when it suits his convenience.'

On the 8th of May the party had a misfortune in the loss of Mr Milton Sublette, who, owing to a fungus in one of his legs, was obliged to return to the settlements. On the afternoon of next day, the party crossed a broad Indian trail, bearing northerly, supposed to be about five days old, and to have been made by a war-party of Pawnees. Hoping to escape these formidable enemies of the white man, the party pushed on, but not without occasional mishaps; at

one time the horses ran away, and had to be chased for a whole night, and even when the labour of the chase was over, three were irrecoverably lost; at another time half of the party were drenched crossing a wide creek full of black mud, which the men had to flounder through on horseback. The weather, too, was becoming intolerably warm. They had frequently been favoured with fresh breezes, which made it very agreeable; but the moment these failed, they were almost suffocated with intense heat. Their rate of travelling was about twenty miles per day, which in this warm weather, and with heavily burdened horses, was as much as could be accomplished with comfort to the travellers and their animals.

The general aspect, however, of the country through which they were travelling was exceedingly beautiful. 'The little streams are fringed with a thick growth of pretty trees and bushes, and the buds are now swelling, and the leaves expanding, to "welcome back the spring." The birds, too, sing joyously amongst them—grosbeaks, thrushes, and buntings—a merry and musical band. I am particularly fond of sallying out early in the morning, and strolling around the camp. The light breeze just bends the tall tops of the grass on the boundless prairie, the birds are commencing their matin carollings, and all nature looks fresh and beautiful. The horses of the camp are lying comfortably on their sides, and seem, by the glances which they give me in passing, to know that their hour of toil is approaching, and the patient kine are ruminating in happy unconsciousness.'

One morning the scouts came in with the intelligence that they had found a large trail of white men bearing north-west. Captain Wyeth and his party concluded that this was another caravan belonging to a rival trading company, and that it had passed them noiselessly in the course of the night, in order to be beforehand with them in traffic with the Indian tribes through which they were passing. The party grumbled a little at the unfriendly conduct of the rival caravan in stealing a march upon them; but consoled themselves by making the reflection, that competition is the soul of commerce, and that, in the same circumstances, they would, in all probability, have acted in the same way. While discussing the affair at breakfast, three Indians, of a tribe called the Ottos, made their appearance. These visitors were suspected of being concerned in the loss of the three horses mentioned above; but as the crime could not be brought home to them by any kind of evidence, they were received in a friendly manner; and, as usual, the pipe of peace was smoked with them.

'While these people,' says Mr Townsend, 'were smoking the pipe of peace with us after breakfast, I observed that Richardson, our chief hunter (an experienced man in this country, of a tall and iron frame, and almost child-like simplicity of character, in fact an exact counterpart of Hawk-eye in his younger days), stood aloof, and

refused to sit in the circle, in which it was always the custom of the *old hands* to join.

'Feeling some curiosity to ascertain the cause of this unusual diffidence, I occasionally allowed my eyes to wander to the spot where our sturdy hunter stood looking moodily upon us, as the calumet passed from hand to hand around the circle, and I thought I perceived him now and then cast a furtive glance at one of the Indians who sat opposite to me, and sometimes his countenance would assume an expression almost demoniacal, as though the most fierce and deadly passions were raging in his bosom. I felt certain that hereby hung a tale, and I watched for a corresponding expression, or at least a look of consciousness, in the face of my opposite neighbour; but expression there was none. His large features were settled in a tranquillity which nothing could disturb, and as he puffed the smoke in huge volumes from his mouth, and the fragrant vapour wreathed and curled around his head, he seemed the embodied spirit of meekness and taciturnity.

'The camp moved soon after, and I lost no time in overhauling Richardson, and asking an explanation of his singular conduct. "Why," said he, "that *Injen* that sat opposite to you is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendezvous with letters for St Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte River—just a short distance beyond us here—I fell in with about a dozen Ottos. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I therefore felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse, and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me, and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlements. No; I should have nothing; and if I did not start off immediately, they would throw me under the ice of the river. And," continued the excited hunter, while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage, "that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognised me, and knew very well the reason why I would not smoke with him. I tell you, sir, if ever I meet that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning, I 'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever; and I again declare, that if ever an opportunity offers, I will kill that man." "But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?" "To be sure they did, and my blankets, and everything I had, except my clothes." "But how did you subsist

until you reached the settlements? You had a long journey before you." "Why, set to trappin' prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head." I should remark that his hair was so long that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders. "But squirrels in winter, Richardson! I never heard of squirrels in winter." "Well, but there was plenty of them, though; little white ones, that lived among the snow."' Such is a trait of human nature in these far western regions.

On the 18th of May the party reached the Platte River, one of the streams which pour their waters into the Missouri. Wolves and antelopes were abundant in the neighbourhood of the river, and herons and long-billed curlews were stalking about in the shallows, searching for food. The prairie is here as level as a race-course, not the slightest undulation appearing throughout the whole extent of vision in a northerly and westerly direction; but to the eastward of the river, and about eight miles from it, was seen a range of high bluffs, or sand-banks, stretching away to the south-east till lost in the far distance. The travellers were not less struck with the solemn grandeur of the apparently boundless prairie, than with the sight of its surface, which was in many places incrusted with an impure salt, seemingly a combination of the sulphate and muriate of soda: there were also seen a number of little pools, of only a few inches in depth, scattered over the plain, the water of which was so bitter and pungent, that it seemed to penetrate into the tongue, and almost to take the skin from the mouth. Next morning the party were alarmed with the appearance of two men on horseback, hovering on their path at a great distance. On looking at them with a telescope, they were discovered to be Indians, and on their approach it was found they belonged to a large band of the Grand Pawnee tribe, who were on a war excursion, and encamped at about thirty miles' distance. Having got rid of these suspicious visitors, the party moved rapidly forward in an altered direction, and did not slacken their pace till twelve o'clock at night. After a brief rest, they again went on, travelling steadily the whole day, and so got quite clear of the Grand Pawnees.

The travellers were now proceeding across one of the large central prairies of North America, and were, as they reckoned, within three days' journey of the buffalo region; that is, the region haunted by herds of buffalo. The uninitiated of the party, who for a good many days past had been listening to the spirit-stirring accounts given by the old hunters of their sport in the buffalo region, began to grow impatient for the first sight of this animal, the tenant of the prairies. At length, on the afternoon of the 20th, they came in sight of a large gang of the long-coveted buffalo. They were grazing on the opposite side of the Platte, as quietly as domestic cattle; but as they neared them, the foremost *winded* the travellers, and started back, and the whole herd followed in the wildest confusion, and

were soon out of sight. There must have been many thousands of them. Towards evening a large band of elk came on at full gallop, and passed very near the party. The appearance of these animals produced a singular effect upon the horses, all of which became restive, and about half of the loose ones broke away, and scoured over the plain in full chase after the elk. Captain Wyeth and several of his men went immediately in pursuit of them, and returned late at night, bringing the greater number. Two had, however, been lost irrecoverably. By an observation, the latitude was found to be 40 degrees 31 minutes north, and the computed distance from the Missouri settlements about 360 miles.

The day following, the party saw several small herds of buffalo on their side of the river. Two of the hunters started out after a huge bull that had separated himself from his companions, and gave him chase on fleet horses. Away went the buffalo, and away went the men as hard as they could dash; now the hunters gained upon him, and pressed him hard; again the enormous creature had the advantage, plunging with all his might, his terrific horns often ploughing up the earth as he spurned it under him. Sometimes he would double, and rush so near the horses as almost to gore them with his horns, and in an instant would be off in a tangent, and throw his pursuers from the track. At length the poor animal came to bay, and made some unequivocal demonstrations of combat, raising and tossing his head furiously, and tearing up the ground with his feet. At this moment a shot was fired. The victim trembled like an aspen leaf, and fell on his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, started again as fast as before. Again the determined hunters dashed after him, but the poor bull was nearly exhausted; he proceeded but a short distance, and stopped again. The hunters approached, rode slowly by him, and shot two balls through his body with the most perfect coolness and precision. During the race—the whole of which occurred in full view of the party—the men seemed wild with the excitement which it occasioned; and when the animal fell, a shout rent the air which startled the antelopes by dozens from the bluffs, and sent the wolves howling from their lairs.

This is the most common mode of killing the buffalo, and is practised very generally by the travelling hunters: many are also destroyed by approaching them on foot, when, if the bushes are sufficiently dense, or the grass high enough to afford concealment, the hunter, by keeping carefully to leeward of his game, may sometimes approach so near as almost to touch the animal. If on a plain without grass or bushes, it is necessary to be very circumspect; to approach so slowly as not to excite alarm, and when observed by the animal, to imitate dexterously the clumsy motions of a young bear, or assume the sneaking prowling attitude of a wolf, in order to lull suspicion. The Indians resort to another stratagem, which

is perhaps even more successful. The skin of a calf is properly dressed, with the head and legs left attached to it. The Indian envelops himself in this, and with his short bow and a brace of arrows ambles off into the very midst of a herd. When he has selected such an animal as suits his fancy, he comes close alongside of it, and without noise passes an arrow through its heart. One arrow is always sufficient, and it is generally delivered with such force that at least half the shaft appears through the opposite side. The creature totters, and is about to fall, when the Indian glides around, and draws the arrow from the wound, lest it should be broken. A single Indian is said to kill a great number of buffalos in this way before any alarm is communicated to the herd.

Towards evening, on ascending a hill, the party were suddenly greeted by a sight which seemed to astonish even the oldest amongst them. The whole plain, as far as the eye could discern, was covered by one enormous mass of buffalo. The scene, at the very least computation, would certainly extend ten miles, and in the whole of this great space, including about eight miles in width from the bluffs to the river-bank, there was apparently no gap in the incalculable multitude. It was truly a sight that would have excited even the dullest mind to enthusiasm. The party rode up to within a few hundred yards of the edge of the herd before any alarm was communicated; then the bulls, which are always stationed around as sentinels, began pawing the ground and throwing the earth over their heads; in a few moments they started in a slow clumsy canter, but as the hunters neared them, they quickened their pace to an astonishingly rapid gallop, and in a few minutes were entirely beyond the reach of their guns, but were still so near that their enormous horns and long shaggy beards were very distinctly seen. Shortly after encamping, the hunters brought in the choice parts of five that they had killed.

Of the animals belonging to those vast herds which the hunters kill, only a small portion is usually taken for food. Mr Townsend and two of his associates having killed a bull buffalo, they proceeded to cut it up in the following approved manner: The animal was first raised from his side where he had lain, and supported upon his knees, with his hoofs turned under him; a longitudinal incision was then made from the nape or anterior base of the hump, and continued backward to the loins, and a large portion of the skin from each side removed; these pieces of skin were placed upon the ground, with the under surface uppermost, and the fleeces, or masses of meat taken from along the back, were laid upon them. These fleeces, from a large animal, will weigh perhaps a hundred pounds each, and comprise the whole of the hump on each side of the vertical processes (commonly called the hump ribs), which are attached to the vertebræ. The fleeces are considered the choice parts of the buffalo, and here, where the game is so abundant,

nothing else is taken, if we except the tongue and an occasional marrow-bone. This, it must be confessed, appears like a useless and unwarrantable waste of the goods of Providence; but when are men economical, unless compelled to be so by necessity? The food of the hunters consists for months of nothing but this kind of buffalo-meat, roasted, and cold water—no bread of any kind. On this rude fare they enjoyed the best health, clear heads, and high spirits.

One night shortly after their first encounter with the buffalo, Mr Townsend entering his tent about eleven o'clock, after having served as a supernumerary watch for several hours, was stooping to lay his gun in its usual place at the head of his couch, when he was startled by seeing a pair of eyes, wild and bright as those of a tiger, gleaming from a dark corner of the lodge, and evidently directed upon him. 'My first impression,' he says, 'was that a wolf had been lurking around the camp, and had entered the tent in the prospect of finding meat. My gun was at my shoulder instinctively, my aim was directed between the eyes, and my finger pressed the trigger. At that moment a tall Indian sprang before me with a loud *wah!* seized the gun, and elevated the muzzle above my head; in another instant a second Indian was by my side, and I saw his keen knife glitter as it left the scabbard. I had not time for thought, and was struggling with all my might with the first savage for the recovery of my weapon, when Captain Wyeth and the other inmates of the tent were aroused, and the whole matter was explained, and set at rest in a moment. The Indians were chiefs of the tribe of Pawnee Loups, who had come with their young men to shoot buffalo: they had paid an evening visit to the captain, and, as an act of courtesy, had been invited to sleep in the tent. I had not known of their arrival, nor did I even suspect that Indians were in our neighbourhood, so could not control the alarm which their sudden appearance occasioned me. These Indians,' continues Mr Townsend, 'were the finest-looking of any I had seen. Their persons were tall, straight, and finely formed; their noses slightly aquiline, and the whole countenance expressive of high and daring intrepidity. The face of the taller one was particularly admirable, and Gall or Spurzheim, at a single glance at his magnificent head, would have invested him with all the noblest qualities of the species. I know not what a physiognomist would have said of his eyes, but they were certainly the most wonderful I ever looked into—glittering and scintillating constantly, like the mirror-glasses in a lamp-frame, and rolling and dancing in their orbits as though possessed of abstract volition.'

APPROACH TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

As the party, leaving the Pawnees and the buffalo behind, began to approach the mountain district, the country altered its appearance greatly for the worse. They were now on a great sandy waste,

forming a kind of upper table-land of North America—a region without a single green thing to vary and enliven the scene, and abounding in swarms of ferocious little black gnats, which assail the eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth of the unhappy traveller. It is necessary, however, to pursue a route in this direction, in order to find accessible passes through the Rocky Mountains, which are impenetrable more to the north-west. Making the best of their way over the inhospitable desert, and fortunately escaping any roving bands of unfriendly Indians, the cavalcade struck through a range of stony mountains, called the Black Hills, and in a few days afterwards came in sight of the Wind River Mountains, which form the loftiest land in the northern continent, and are at all times covered with snow of dazzling whiteness. From the great height above the level of the sea which the party had attained, the climate was found to be cold, even although in summer; the plains were covered only by the scantiest herbage; and frequently there was great difficulty in obtaining a supply of water for the camp. The painfulness of the journey, therefore, was now extreme, both for man and beast.

Occasionally, however, a green spot did occur, where the jaded horses were allowed to halt, to roam about without their riders, and to tumble joyfully on the verdant sward; and as these *oases* always abounded in birds and plants, our two naturalists were loath to leave them. Nor was their journey through the inhospitable region of the hills devoid of incidents to vary the monotony of the way, and provoke hearty laughs from the whole party. One afternoon, one of the men had a somewhat perilous adventure with a grisly bear. He saw the animal crouching his huge frame among some willows which skirted the river, and, approaching on horseback to within twenty yards, fired upon him. The bear was only slightly wounded by the shot, and, with a fierce growl of angry malignity, rushed from his cover, and gave chase. The horse happened to be a slow one, and for the distance of half a mile the race was severely contested—the bear frequently approaching so near the terrified animal as to snap at his heels; while the equally terrified rider, who had lost his hat at the start, used whip and spur with the most frantic diligence, frequently looking behind, from an influence which he could not resist, at his rugged and determined foe, and shrieking in an agony of fear: 'Shoot him! shoot him!' The man, who was a young hunter, happened to be about a mile behind the main body, either from the indolence of his horse or his own carelessness; but as he approached the party in his desperate flight, and his pitiable cries reached the ears of the men in front, about a dozen of them rode to his assistance, and soon succeeded in diverting the attention of his pertinacious foe. After the bear had received the contents of all the guns, he fell, and was soon despatched. The man rode in among his fellows, pale and haggard from overwrought feelings, and was probably effectually cured of a propensity for meddling with grisly bears.

On the 19th of June, the party arrived on the Green River, or Colorado of the west, which they forded, and encamped upon a spot which was to form a rendezvous for all the mountain companies who left the States in spring, and also the trappers who come from various parts with furs collected by them during the previous year.

Our traveller relates a misfortune which happened to him here. Having sallied forth with his gun, and wandered about for several hours shooting birds, he found, on returning to the camp, that his party had quitted the spot. In pursuing their track, he had to swim his horse across a deep and swift stream. After coming up with the party, he was congratulating himself on his escape from being drowned, when he found that he had lost his coat. 'I had felt,' he says, 'uncomfortably warm when I mounted, and had removed the coat and attached it carelessly to the saddle; the rapidity of the current had disengaged it, and it was lost for ever. The coat itself was not of much consequence after the hard service it had seen, but it contained the second volume of my journal, a pocket compass, and other articles of essential value to me. I would gladly have relinquished everything the garment held, if I could but have recovered the book; and although I returned to the river, and searched assiduously until night, and offered large rewards to the men, it could not be found.'

The loss of his journal, however, was not the only bad consequence of his river adventure. The ducking he had received brought on a fever, which confined him to his tent for several days. It was well for him that they had now arrived at the rendezvous where the caravans always make some stay before proceeding on the remainder of their journey. Still, according to Mr Townsend's account of the encampment, it was scarcely the best hospital for an invalid. As there were several other encampments stationed on the spot—among others that of the party of rival traders which had passed Captain Wyeth's party on the road—the encampment was constantly crowded with a heterogeneous assemblage of visitors. 'The principal of these are Indians of the Nez Percé, Banneck, and Shoshoné tribes, who come with the furs and peltries which they have been collecting at the risk of their lives during the past winter and spring, to trade for ammunition, trinkets, and fire-water. There is, in addition to these, a great variety of personages amongst us; most of them calling themselves white men, French-Canadians, half-breeds, &c., their colour nearly as dark, and their manners wholly as wild, as the Indians with whom they constantly associate. These people, with their obstreperous mirth, their whooping, and howling, and quarrelling, added to the mounted Indians, who are constantly dashing into and through our camp, yelling like fiends, the barking and baying of savage wolf-dogs, and the incessant cracking of rifles and carabines, render our camp a perfect bedlam. A more unpleasant situation for an invalid could scarcely be conceived. I am confined closely to the

tent with illness, and am compelled all day to listen to the hiccoughing jargon of drunken traders, and the swearing and screaming of our own men, who are scarcely less savage than the rest, being heated by the detestable liquor which circulates freely among them. It is very much to be regretted that at times like the present there should be a positive necessity to allow the men as much rum as they can drink; but this course has been sanctioned and practised by all the leaders of parties who have hitherto visited these regions, and reform cannot be thought of now. The principal liquor in use is alcohol diluted with water. It is sold to the men at *three dollars* the pint! Tobacco, of very inferior quality, such as could be purchased in Philadelphia at about ten cents per pound, here fetches two dollars! and everything else in proportion. There is no coin in circulation, and these articles are therefore paid for by the independent mountain-men in beaver-skins, buffalo robes, &c.; and those who are hired to the companies have them charged against their wages. I was somewhat amused by observing one of our newly-hired men enter the tent and order, with the air of a man who knew he would not be refused, twenty dollars' worth of rum and ten dollars' worth of sugar, to treat two of his companions who were about leaving the rendezvous.'

At the rendezvous a number of men belonging to Captain Wyeth's party left it to join returning parties; but the diminution of numbers thus occasioned was made up for by the accession of about thirty Indians—Flatheads, Nez Percés, and others, with their wives, children, and dogs. These Indians joined the party in order to enjoy the benefit of its convoy through the tract of country infested by the Blackfeet Indians—a fierce and warlike race, the terror both of Indians and whites. Here also the party was joined by two English gentlemen roaming the prairies for amusement. At length, on the 2d of July, the party bade adieu to the rendezvous, packed up their movables, and journeyed along the bank of the river. The horses were much recruited by the long rest and good pasture, and, like their masters, were in excellent spirits for renewing the route across the wilderness.

They had now reached the confines of the Rocky Mountains, from which originate the upper tributaries of the Missouri on the one side, and those of the Columbia on the other. The plains in this high region are more rugged and barren than in the lower territories, and occasionally present evidences of volcanic action, being thickly covered with masses of lava and high basaltic crags. The principal vegetation on the hills consists of small cedars, while on the plains nothing flourishes but the shrubby wormwood or sage. Mr Townsend had an opportunity, in these melancholy wastes, of becoming acquainted with a variety of animals, particularly birds. He met with flocks of a beautiful bird, called the cock of the plain (*Tetrao urophasianus*), which was so very tame, or rather so little

accustomed to evil treatment, as to mingle familiarly with the cavalcade, and to suffer itself to be knocked down by whips.

On the 10th of July, the party encamped near the Blackfeet River, a small sluggish stagnant stream which empties itself into the Bear River. Here they had a rather stirring adventure with a grisly bear. 'As we approached our encampment,' says Mr Townsend, 'near a small grove of willows on the margin of the river, a tremendous grisly bear rushed out upon us. Our horses ran wildly in every direction, snorting with terror, and became nearly unmanageable. Several balls were instantly fired into him, but they only seemed to increase his fury. After spending a moment in rending each wound (their invariable practice), he selected the person who happened to be nearest, and darted after him; but before he proceeded far, he was sure to be stopped again by a ball from another quarter. In this way he was driven about amongst us for perhaps fifteen minutes, at times so near some of the horses that he received several severe kicks from them. One of the pack-horses was fairly fastened upon by the fearful claws of the brute, and in the terrified animal's efforts to escape the dreaded gripe, the pack and saddle were broken to pieces and disengaged. One of our mules also lent him a kick in the head while pursuing it up an adjacent hill, which sent him rolling to the bottom. Here he was finally brought to a stand. The poor animal was so completely surrounded by enemies that he became bewildered; he raised himself upon his hind-feet, standing almost erect, his mouth partly open, and from his protruding tongue the blood fell fast in drops. While in this position he received about six more balls, each of which made him reel. At last, as in complete desperation, he dashed into the water and swam several yards with astonishing strength and agility, the guns cracking at him constantly. But he was not to proceed far; for just then Richardson, who had been absent, rode up, and fixing his deadly aim upon him, fired a ball into the back of his head, which killed him instantly. The strength of four men was required to drag the ferocious brute from the water; and upon examining his body, he was found completely riddled; there did not appear to be four inches of his shaggy person, from the hips upward, that had not received a ball; there must have been at least thirty shots fired at him, and probably few missed; yet such was his tenacity of life, that I have no doubt he would have succeeded in crossing the river but for the last shot in the brain. He would probably weigh at the least six hundred pounds, and was about the height of an ordinary steer. The spread of the foot laterally was ten inches, and the claws measured seven inches in length. This animal was remarkably lean; when in good condition he would doubtless much exceed in weight the estimate I have given. Richardson and two other hunters in company killed two in the course of the afternoon, and saw several others.'

Although it was known that parties of Blackfeet were hanging on

the route of the caravan, our travellers fortunately escaped being attacked by these dreaded Indians; and on the 14th, having reached the banks of the fine large Shoshoné or Snake, also called Lewis River, they came to a halt for the purpose of erecting a fort, according to their instructions, and also of enjoying a rest of a fortnight or three weeks before renewing their journey. Nearly four months had now elapsed since they had commenced their expedition, and there were various evidences that they were approaching its close. The Snake River, on the banks of which they were encamped, pours its waters directly into the Columbia, and as they tried to form some idea of the great Oregon River from the size of its tributary, it became evident that they were approaching the western shore of the vast North American continent.

Food, however, was becoming scarce, the stock of dried buffalo-meat being nearly exhausted; and therefore, while the majority of the party should remain to build a fort on the banks of the Snake River, it was resolved that a hunting-party of twelve persons should start on the back track to shoot buffalo, and return to the fort in eight or nine days with the fruits of their diligence. To this party Mr Townsend attached himself. The hunters were successful in procuring buffalo, on which they now entirely fed, besides bringing a quantity in a dried state to the camp. Exposed constantly to the pure air, and having abundant exercise, the appetites of the party were most ravenous. Rising in the morning with the sun, they kindled a fire and roasted their breakfast, which consisted of from one to two pounds of meat. At ten o'clock they lunched on meat; at two they dined on meat; at five they supped on meat; at eight they had a second supper of meat; and during the night, when they awoke, they took a snatch at any meat within reach. Their food was thus entirely meat, without bread or any other article except water, which was their sole beverage. On this plain and substantial fare they enjoyed robust health.

Having heard that a ball in the middle of the forehead was never known to kill a buffalo, Mr Townsend determined to try the experiment. Accordingly, one evening, seeing a large bull close at hand, he sallied forth with the utmost caution in the direction of his victim. 'The unwieldy brute,' he says, 'was quietly and unsuspiciously cropping the herbage, and I had arrived to within ten feet of him, when a sudden flashing of the eye and an impatient motion told me that I was observed. He raised his enormous head and looked around him, and so truly terrible and grand did he appear, that I must confess I felt awed, almost frightened, at the task I had undertaken. But I had gone too far to retreat; so, raising my gun, I took deliberate aim at the bushy centre of the forehead, and fired. The monster shook his head, pawed up the earth with his hoofs, and making a sudden spring, accompanied by a terrific roar, turned to make his escape. At that instant the ball from the second barrel

penetrated his vitals, and he measured his huge length upon the ground. In a few seconds he was dead. Upon examining the head, and cutting away the enormous mass of matted hair and skin which enveloped the skull, my large bullet of twenty to the pound was found completely flattened against the bone, having carried with it, through the interposing integument, a considerable portion of the coarse hair, but without producing the smallest fracture. I was satisfied; and taking the tongue—the hunter's perquisite—I returned to my companions.'

Some of the party had seen Blackfeet Indians skulking about, and the effect was to put the hunters more on their guard. They were now certain that their worst enemies, the Blackfeet, were around them, and that they only waited for a favourable opportunity of making an attack. It was felt that these savage wanderers were not there for nothing, and that the greatest care was necessary to prevent a surprise.

The Blackfeet is a sworn and determined foe to all white men, and he has often been heard to declare that he would rather hang the scalp of a pale-face to his girdle, than kill a buffalo to prevent his starving. The hostility of this dreaded tribe is, and has for years been, proverbial. They are, perhaps, the only Indians who do not fear the power, and who refuse to acknowledge the superiority of the white man; and though so often beaten in conflicts with them, even by their own mode of warfare, and generally with numbers vastly inferior, their indomitable courage and perseverance still urges them on to renewed attempts; and if a single scalp is taken, it is considered equal to a great victory, and is hailed as a presage of future and more extensive triumphs.

It must be acknowledged, however, that this determined hostility does not originate solely in savage malignity, or an abstract thirst for the blood of white men; it is fomented and kept alive from year to year by incessant provocatives on the part of white hunters, trappers, and traders, who are at best but intruders on the rightful domain of the red man of the wilderness. 'Many a night,' adds our traveller, 'have I sat at the camp-fire and listened to the recital of bloody and ferocious scenes, in which the narrators were the actors, and the poor Indians the victims; and I have felt my blood tingle with shame, and boil with indignation, to hear the diabolical acts applauded by those for whose amusement they were related. Many a precious villain and merciless marauder was made by these midnight tales of rapine, murder, and robbery; many a stripling, in whose tender mind the seeds of virtue and honesty had never germinated, burned for an opportunity of loading his pack-horse with the beaver-skins of some solitary Blackfeet trapper, who was to be murdered and despoiled of the property he had acquired by weeks and perhaps months of toil and danger.'

The proximity of the Blackfeet caused the old hunters to recollect

their former adventures in the same neighbourhood; and one evening, as the party sat around the camp-fire, wrapped in their warm blankets, these old hunters became talkative, and related their individual adventures for the general amusement. The best story was one told by Richardson of a meeting he once had with three Blackfeet Indians. He had been out alone hunting buffalo, and towards the end of the day was returning to the camp with his meat, when he heard the clattering of hoofs in the rear, and upon looking back, observed three Indians in hot pursuit of him. To lighten his horse, he immediately threw off the meat he carried, and then urged the animal to his utmost speed, in an attempt to distance his pursuers. He soon discovered, however, that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon him, and that in a few minutes more he would be completely at their mercy, when he hit upon an expedient as singular as it was bold and courageous. Drawing his long scalping-knife from the sheath at his side, he plunged the keen weapon through his horse's neck, and severed the spine. The animal dropped instantly dead, and the determined hunter, throwing himself behind the fallen carcass, waited calmly the approach of his sanguinary pursuers. In a few moments one Indian was within range of the fatal rifle, and at its report his horse galloped riderless over the plain. The remaining two then thought to take him at advantage by approaching simultaneously on both sides of his rampart; but one of them happening to venture too near in order to be sure of his aim, was shot to the heart by the long pistol of the white man at the very instant that the ball from the Indian's gun whistled harmlessly by. The third savage, being wearied of the dangerous game, applied the whip vigorously to the flanks of his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Richardson set about collecting the trophies of his singular victory. He caught the two Indians' horses, mounted one, and loaded the other with the meat which he had discarded, and returned to his camp with two spare rifles and a good stock of ammunition.

Having now procured a sufficient quantity of buffalo-meat, the hunting-party set out on its return to the fort, and arrived there on the 25th, after nine days' absence. Their return had been anxiously expected, and 'I could well perceive,' says Mr Townsend, 'many a longing and eager gaze cast upon the well-filled bales of buffalo-meat as our mules swung their little bodies through the camp. My companion, Mr Nuttall, had become so exceedingly thin that I could scarcely have known him; and upon my expressing surprise at the great change in his appearance, he heaved a sigh of inanity, and remarked that I "would have been as thin as he, if I had lived on old bear for two weeks, and short allowance of that." I found, in truth, that the whole camp had been subsisting during our absence on little else than two or three grisly bears which had been killed in the neighbourhood; and with a complacent glance at my own rotund and cow-fed person, I wished my poor friend better luck for the future.'

Another travelling company had encamped on the banks of the Snake River during the absence of the hunting-party. It consisted of thirty men, thirteen of them Indians, Nez Percés, Chinooks, and Kayouse, the remainder French-Canadians and half-breeds. Mr M'Kay, the leader of this company, was the son of Mr Alexander M'Kay, one of the early adventurers across the prairies, the tragical story of whose massacre by the Indians on the north-west coast is told by Washington Irving in his *Astoria*. Mr Townsend gives an interesting description of this company and its captain. 'On the evening of the 26th,' he says, 'Captain Wyeth, Mr Nuttall, and myself supped with Mr M'Kay in his lodge. I am much pleased with this gentleman; he unites the free, frank, and open manners of the mountain man with the grace and affability of the Frenchman. But above all, I admire the order, decorum, and strict subordination which exists among his men; so different from what I have been accustomed to see in parties composed of Americans. Mr M'Kay assures me that he had considerable difficulty in bringing his men to the state in which they now are. The free and fearless Indian was particularly difficult to subdue; but steady determined perseverance and bold measures, aided by a rigid self-example, made them as clay in his hand, and has finally reduced them to their present admirable condition. If they misbehave, a commensurate punishment is sure to follow. In extreme cases, flagellation is resorted to, but it is inflicted only by the hand of the captain; were any other appointed to perform this office on an Indian, the indignity would be deemed so great that nothing less than the blood of the individual could appease the wounded feelings of the savage. After supper was concluded, we sat down on a buffalo robe at the entrance of the lodge to see the Indians at their devotions. The whole thirteen were soon collected at the call of one whom they had chosen for their chief, and seated with sober sedate countenances around a large fire. After remaining in perfect silence for perhaps fifteen minutes, the chief commenced a harangue in a solemn and impressive tone, reminding them of the object for which they were thus assembled—that of worshipping the "Great Spirit who made the light and the darkness, the fire and the water," and assured them that if they offered up their prayers to him with but "one tongue," they would certainly be accepted. He then rose from his squatting position to his knees, and his example was followed by all the others. In this situation he commenced a prayer, consisting of short sentences, uttered rapidly but with great apparent fervour, his hands clasped upon his breast, and his eyes cast upwards with a beseeching look towards heaven. At the conclusion of each sentence, a choral response of a few words was made, accompanied frequently by low moaning. The prayer lasted about twenty minutes.

'After its conclusion, the chief, still maintaining the same position of his body and hands, but with his head bent to his breast,

commenced a kind of psalm or sacred song, in which the whole company presently joined. The song was a simple expression of a few sounds, no intelligible words being uttered. It resembled the words *Ho-ha-ho-ha-ho-ha-ha-a*, commencing in a low tone, and gradually swelling to a full, round, and beautifully modulated chorus. During the song the clasped hands of the worshippers were moved rapidly across the breast, and their bodies swung with great energy to the time of the music. The chief ended the song by a kind of swelling groan, which was echoed in chorus. It was then taken up by another, and the same routine was gone through. The whole ceremony occupied perhaps an hour and a half; a short silence then succeeded, after which each Indian rose from the ground, and disappeared in the darkness with a step noiseless as that of a spectre. I think I never was more gratified by any exhibition in my life. The humble, subdued, and beseeching looks of the poor untutored beings who were calling upon their heavenly Father to forgive their sins, and continue his mercies to them, and the evident and heartfelt sincerity which characterised the whole scene, was truly affecting and very impressive.

'The next day being the Sabbath, our good missionary, Mr Jason Lee, was requested to hold a meeting, with which he obligingly complied. A convenient shady spot was selected in the forest adjacent, and the greater part of our men, as well as the whole of Mr M'Kay's company, including the Indians, attended. The usual forms of the Methodist service, to which Mr Lee is attached, were gone through, and were followed by a brief but excellent and appropriate exhortation by that gentleman. The people were remarkably quiet and attentive, and the Indians sat upon the ground like statues. Although not one of them could understand a word that was said, they nevertheless maintained the most strict and decorous silence, kneeling when the preacher kneeled, and rising when he rose, evidently with a view of paying him and us a suitable respect, however much their own notions as to the proper and most acceptable forms of worship might have been opposed to ours. A meeting for worship in the Rocky Mountains is almost as unusual as the appearance of a herd of buffalo in the settlements. A sermon was perhaps never preached here before, but for myself I really enjoyed the whole scene: it possessed the charm of novelty, to say nothing of the salutary effect which I sincerely hope it may produce.'

After having completed the fort, and raised the American flag upon it, the party on the 6th of August recommenced their journey westward, leaving some men in charge of the building. The company consisted now but of thirty men, several Indian women, and one hundred and sixteen horses. Having left most of the fresh buffalo-meat brought in by the hunting-party in the fort for the subsistence of the small garrison, they had to be contented with the old dry meat they had carried for many weeks in their hampers, varied with

the flesh of a grisly bear, or any such animal which good fortune might send across their path. Nor was this the worst, for on the very day after leaving the fort, having travelled from sunrise over an arid plain covered with jagged masses of lava and twisted wormwood bushes, and where not a drop of water was to be seen, they began to suffer dreadfully from thirst. Every man kept a bullet or smooth stone in his mouth, mumbling it to provoke the saliva. At last one of the men, a mulatto, 'cast himself resolutely from his horse to the ground, and declared that he would lie there till he died; "there was no water in this horrid country, and he might as well die here as go farther." Some of us tried to infuse a little courage into him, but it proved of no avail, and each was too much occupied with his own particular grief to use his tongue much in persuasion; so we left him to his fate.

'Soon after nightfall, some signs of water were seen in a small valley to our left, and upon ascending it, the foremost of the party found a delightful little cold spring; but they soon exhausted it, and then commenced, with axes and knives, to dig it out and enlarge it. By the time that Mr Nuttall and myself arrived, they had excavated a large space, which was filled to overflowing with muddy water. We did not wait for it to settle, however, but throwing ourselves flat upon the ground, drank until we were ready to burst. The tales which I had read of suffering travellers in the Arabian deserts then recurred with some force to my recollection, and I thought I could, though in a very small measure, appreciate their sufferings by deprivation, and their unmingled delight and satisfaction in the opportunity of assuaging them.

'Poor Jim, the mulatto man, was found by one of the people who went back in search of him lying where he had first fallen, and, either in a real or pretended swoon, still obstinate about dying, and scarcely heeding the assurances of the other that water was within a mile of him. He was, however, at length dragged and carried into camp, and soused head foremost into the mud-puddle, where he drank until his eyes seemed ready to burst from his head, and he was lifted out, and laid dripping and flaccid upon the ground.'

The ground over which the party was travelling was becoming more and more rugged and rocky. They entered a defile between the mountains, about five hundred yards wide, covered like the surrounding country with pines; and as they proceeded, the timber grew so closely, added to a thick undergrowth of bushes, that it appeared almost impossible to proceed with their horses. The farther they advanced the more their difficulties seemed to increase; obstacles of various kinds impeded their progress—fallen trees, their branches tangled and matted together; large rocks and deep ravines; holes in the ground, into which their animals would be precipitated without the possibility of avoiding them; and a hundred other difficulties.

After travelling for six miles through this defile, two of the party, Captain Wyeth and the experienced hunter Richardson, set out to explore the foreground, and look for a pass through the mountains. They returned next morning with the mortifying intelligence that no pass could be found. They had climbed to the very summit of the highest peaks above the snow and the reach of vegetation, and the only prospect they had was a confused mass of huge angular rocks, over which a wild goat could scarcely make his way. The captain also had a narrow escape from being dashed to pieces during the excursion. He was walking on a ridge which sloped from the top at an angle of about forty degrees, and terminated at its lower part in a perpendicular precipice of a thousand or twelve hundred feet. He was moving along in the snow cautiously, near the lower edge, in order to attain a more level spot beyond, when his feet slipped and he fell. Before he could attempt to fix himself firmly, he slid down the declivity till within a few feet of the frightful precipice. At the instant of his fall, he had the presence of mind to plant the rifle which he held in one hand, and his knife which he drew from the scabbard with the other, into the snow, and as he almost tottered on the verge, he succeeded in checking himself, and holding his body perfectly still. He then gradually moved, first the rifle and then the knife, backward up the slanting hill behind him, and fixing them firmly, drew up his body parallel to them. In this way he moved slowly and surely until he had gained his former position, when, without further difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the more level land.

Disappointed in finding a pass through the mountains at this point, the party altered the bearing of their route, and at last they came upon the remains of a recent encampment of Indians. Following the trail of these Indians, they entered a valley similar to that which they had just explored, and terminating in a path over the mountains. Mr Townsend thus describes their toilsome march across these heights. 'The commencement of the alpine path was, however, far better than we had expected, and we entertained the hope that the passage could be made without difficulty or much toil; but the farther we progressed, the more laborious the travelling became. Sometimes we mounted steep banks of intermingled flinty rock and friable slate, where our horses could scarcely obtain a footing, frequently sliding down several feet on the loose broken stones. Again we passed along the extreme verge of tremendous precipices at a giddy height, where at almost every step the stones and earth would roll from under our horses' feet, and we could hear them strike with a dull leaden sound on the craggy rocks below. The whole journey to-day, from the time we arrived at the heights until we had crossed the mountain, has been a most fearful one. For myself, I might have diminished the danger very considerably by adopting the plan pursued by the rest of the company, that of walking and

leading my horse over the most dangerous places; but I have been suffering for several days with a lame foot, and am wholly incapable of such exertion. I soon discovered that an attempt to guide my horse over the most rugged and steepest ranges was worse than useless, so I dropped the rein upon the animal's neck, and allowed him to take his own course, closing my eyes and keeping as quiet as possible in the saddle. But I could not forbear starting occasionally when the feet of my horse would slip on a stone, and one side of him would slide rapidly towards the edge of the precipice; but I always recovered myself by a desperate effort, and it was fortunate for me that I did so.'

The party continued its march for several days through this rugged and inhospitable region, coming into occasional contact with parties of the Snake Indians, and subsisting on the kamas, a kind of root resembling the potato, which is found in the prairie; on cherries, berries, and small fruit, which they found growing on bushes; and also on an occasional chance prize of animal food. 'At about daylight on the morning of the 20th,' says Mr Townsend, 'having charge of the last guard of the night, I observed a beautiful sleek little colt, of about four months old, trot into the camp, whinnying with great apparent pleasure, and dancing and curveting gaily amongst our sober and sedate band. I had no doubt that he had strayed from Indians, who were probably in the neighbourhood; but as here every animal that comes near us is fair game, and as we were hungry, not having eaten anything of consequence since yesterday morning, I thought the little stranger would make a good breakfast for us. Concluding, however, that it would be best to act advisedly in the matter, I put my head into Captain Wyeth's tent, and telling him the news, made the proposition which had occurred to me. The captain's reply was encouraging enough—"Down with him, if you please, Mr Townsend; and let us have him for breakfast." Accordingly, in five minutes afterwards a bullet sealed the fate of the unfortunate visitor, and my men were set to work, making fires and rummaging out the long-neglected stew-pans, while I engaged myself in flaying the little animal, and cutting up his body in readiness for the pots.

'When the camp was aroused about an hour after, the savoury steam of the cookery was rising and saluting the nostrils of our hungry people with its fragrance, who, rubbing their hands with delight, sat themselves down upon the ground, waiting with what patience they might for the unexpected repast which was preparing for them. It was to me almost equal to a good breakfast to witness the pleasure and satisfaction which I had been the means of diffusing through the camp. The repast was ready at length, and we did full justice to it; every man ate until he was filled, and all pronounced it one of the most delicious meals they had ever assisted in demolishing. When our breakfast was concluded, but little of

the colt remained; that little was, however, carefully packed up and deposited on one of the horses, to furnish at least a portion of another meal.'

In the afternoon of the same day, after a long march, they procured three small salmon from some Indians who were fishing on the Mallade River; and these, cooked along with a grouse, a beaver, and the remains of the pony, made a very savoury mess. 'While we were eating, we were visited by a Snake chief, a large and powerful man, of a peculiarly dignified aspect and manner. He was naked, with the exception of a small blanket which covered his shoulders, and descended to the middle of the back, being fastened around the neck with a silver skewer. As it was pudding-time with us, our visitor was of course invited to sit down and eat; and he, nothing loath, deposited himself at once upon the ground, and made a remarkably vigorous assault upon the mixed contents of the dish. He had not eaten long, however, before we perceived a sudden and inexplicable change in his countenance, which was instantly followed by a violent ejectment of a huge mouthful of our luxurious fare. The man rose slowly and with great dignity to his feet, and pronouncing the single word *shekum* (horse), in a tone of mingled anger and disgust, stalked rapidly out of the camp, not even wishing us a good-evening. It struck me as a singular instance of accuracy and discrimination in the organs of taste. We had been eating of the multifarious compound without being able to recognise by the taste a single ingredient which it contained; a stranger came amongst us, who did not know, when he commenced eating, that the dish was formed of more than one item, and yet in less than five minutes he discovered one of the very least of its component parts.'

The neighbourhood of these Snake Indians was not very agreeable to our travellers for many reasons. Mr Townsend paid a visit to their camp, and the description he gives of it does not lead one to conceive a high idea of savage life. 'Early in the morning,' he says, 'I strolled into the Snake camp. It consists of about thirty lodges or wigwams, formed generally of branches of trees tied together in a conic summit, and covered with buffalo, deer, or elk skins. Men and little children were lolling about the ground all around the wigwams, together with a heterogeneous assemblage of dogs, cats, some tamed prairie wolves, and other *varmints*. The dogs growled and snapped when I approached, the wolves cowered and looked cross, and the cats ran away and hid themselves in dark corners. They had not been accustomed to the face of a white man, and all the quadrupeds seemed to regard me as some monstrous production, more to be feared than loved or courted. This dislike, however, did not appear to extend to the bipeds, for many of every age and sex gathered around me, and seemed to be examining me critically in all directions. The men looked complacently at me;

the women, the dear creatures, smiled upon me; and the little naked pot-bellied children crawled around my feet, examining the fashion of my hard shoes, and playing with the long fringes of my leathern inexpressibles. But I scarcely know how to commence a description of the camp, or to frame a sentence which will give an adequate idea of the extreme filth and horrific nastiness of the whole vicinity.

'Immediately as I entered the village, my olfactories were assailed by the most vile and mephitic odours, which I found to proceed chiefly from great piles of salmon entrails and garbage, which were lying festering and rotting in the sun around the very doors of the habitations. Fish, recent and half-dried, were scattered all over the ground under the feet of the dogs, wolves, and children; and others which had been split, were hanging on rude platforms erected within the precincts of the camp. Some of the women were making their breakfast of the great red salmon eggs as large as peas, and using a wooden spoon to convey them to their mouths. Occasionally, also, by way of varying the repast, they would take a huge pinch of a drying fish which was lying on the ground near them. Many of the children were similarly employed, and the little imps would also have hard contests with the dogs for a favourite morsel, the former roaring and blubbering, the latter yelping and snarling, and both rolling over and over together upon the savoury soil. The whole economy of the lodges, and the inside and outside appearance, was of a piece with everything else about them—filthy beyond description; the very skins which covered the wigwams were black and stiff with rancid salmon fat, and the dresses (if dresses they may be called) of the women were of the same colour and consistence from the same cause. These dresses are little square pieces of deer-skin, fastened with a thong around the loins, and reaching about half-way to the knees; the rest of the person is entirely naked. Some of the women had little children clinging like bull-frogs to their backs, without being fastened, and in that situation extracting their lactiferous sustenance from the breast, which was thrown over the shoulders. It is almost needless to say that I did not remain long in the Snake camp; for although I had been a considerable time estranged from the abodes of luxury, and had become somewhat accustomed to at least a partial assimilation to a state of nature, yet I was not prepared for what I saw here. I never had fancied anything so utterly abominable, and was glad to escape to a purer and more wholesome atmosphere.'

The party again toiled on, every day's march bringing them sensibly nearer the end of their journey. On the 2d of September they reached the Utalla River, and here Captain Wyeth and two men left them to go on to the Walla-Walla fort, a little way distant. Now that our travellers were to enter once more into civilised society, they began to feel a little anxiety about their toilet; and Mr

Townsend's description of the preparations they made on the occasion is rather amusing. 'As we were approaching so near the abode of those in whose eyes we wished to appear like fellow-Christians, we concluded that there would be a propriety in attempting to remove at least one of the heathenish badges which we had worn throughout the journey; so Mr Nuttall's razor was fished out from its hiding-place in the bottom of his trunk, and in a few minutes our encumbered chins lost their long-cherished ornaments; we performed our ablutions in the river, arrayed ourselves in clean linen, trimmed our long hair, and then arranged our toilet before a mirror with great self-complacence and satisfaction. I admired my own appearance considerably (and this is probably an acknowledgment that few would make), but I could not refrain from laughing at the strange party-coloured appearance of my physiognomy, the lower portion being fair like a woman's, and the upper brown and swarthy as an Indian.'

ARRIVAL AT THE COLUMBIA.

'About noon of the 3d of September,' continues our traveller, 'we struck the Walla-Walla river, a pretty stream of fifty or sixty yards in width, fringed with tall willows, and containing a number of salmon, which we can see frequently leaping from the water. The pasture here being good, we allowed our horses an hour's rest to feed, and then travelled over the plain until near dark, when, on ascending a sandy hill, the noble Columbia burst upon our view. I could scarcely repress a loud exclamation of delight and pleasure as I gazed upon the magnificent river flowing silently and majestically on, and reflected that I had actually crossed the vast American continent, and now stood upon a stream that poured its waters directly into the Pacific. This, then, was the great Oregon, the first appearance of which gave Lewis and Clark so many emotions of joy and pleasure, and on this stream our indefatigable countrymen wintered after the toils and privations of a long and protracted journey through the wilderness. My reverie was suddenly interrupted by one of the men exclaiming from his position in advance: "There is the fort." We had in truth approached very near without being conscious of it. There stood the fort on the bank of the river; horses and horned cattle were roaming about the vicinity, and on the borders of the little Walla-Walla we recognised the white tent of our long-lost missionaries. These we soon joined, and were met and received by them like brethren. Mr Nuttall and myself were invited to sup with them upon a dish of stewed hares which they had just prepared, and it is almost needless to say that we did full justice to the good men's cookery. They told us that they had travelled comfortably from Fort Hall without any unusual fatigue, and, like ourselves, had no particularly stirring adventures. Their

route, although somewhat longer, was a much less toilsome and difficult one, and they suffered but little for want of food, being well provided with dried buffalo-meat, which had been prepared near Fort Hall.'

At Walla-Walla, the party broke up into sections, some intending to reach Fort Vancouver in one way, some in another. The missionaries had engaged a large barge to convey them from Walla-Walla directly to Vancouver, down the Columbia River, and Mr Townsend and Mr Nuttall were anxious to go along with them; but as the barge could not contain so many, they were obliged to travel on horseback to a point about eighty miles farther down the river, where Captain Wyeth engaged to wait for them and procure canoes to convey them to Vancouver. In the course of their land journey down the banks of the river, they passed a village of the Walla-Walla Indians, a tribe so remarkable for their honesty and moral deportment, that their conduct and habits amidst great privations shine in comparison with those of Christian communities. The river in this part is described as about three-quarters of a mile wide —a clear, deep, and rapid stream.

Having reached the appointed spot on the 10th of September, the travellers found the captain waiting with three canoes, each provided with an Indian helmsman; and on the 11th they embarked and commenced their voyage down stream. They had hardly set sail, however, when the wind 'rose to a heavy gale, and the waves ran to a prodigious height. At one moment our frail bark danced upon the crest of a wave, and at the next fell with a surge into the trough of the sea; and as we looked at the swell before us, it seemed that in an instant we must inevitably be engulfed. At such times the canoe ahead of us was entirely hidden from view, but she was observed to rise again like the sea-gull, and hurry on into the same danger. The Indian in my canoe soon became completely frightened: he frequently hid his face with his hands, and sang in a low melancholy voice a prayer which we had often heard from his people while at their evening devotions. As our dangers were every moment increasing, the man became at length absolutely childish, and with all our persuasion and threats we could not induce him to lay his paddle into the water. We were all soon compelled to put in-shore, which we did without sustaining any damage; the boats were hauled up high and dry, and we concluded to remain in our quarters until to-morrow, or until there was a cessation of the wind. In about an hour it lulled a little, and Captain Wyeth ordered the boats to be again launched, in the hope of being able to weather a point about five miles below before the gale again commenced, where we could lie by until it should be safe to proceed. The calm proved, as some of us had suspected, a treacherous one: in a very few minutes after we got under way, we were contending with the same difficulties as before, and again our cowardly helmsman laid

by his paddle and began mumbling his prayer. It was too irritating to be borne. Our canoe had swung round broadside to the surge, and was shipping gallons of water at every dash.

'At this time it was absolutely necessary that every man on board should exert himself to the utmost to head up the canoe and make the shore as soon as possible. Our Indian, however, still sat with his eyes covered, the most abject and contemptible looking thing I ever saw. We took him by the shoulders and threatened to throw him overboard if he did not immediately lend his assistance: we might as well have spoken to a stone. He was finally aroused, however, by our presenting a loaded gun at his breast. He dashed the muzzle away, seized his paddle again, and worked with a kind of desperate and wild energy until he sank back in the canoe completely exhausted. In the meantime the boat had become half-full of water, shipping a part of every surf that struck her; and as we gained the shallows, every man sprang overboard, breast deep, and began hauling the canoe to shore. This was even a more difficult task than that of propelling her with the oars; the water still broke over her, and the bottom was a deep kind of quicksand, in which we sank almost to the knees at every step, the surf at the same time dashing against us with such violence as to throw us repeatedly upon our faces. We at length reached the shore, and hauled the canoe up out of reach of the breakers. She was then unloaded as soon as possible, and turned bottom upwards. The goods had suffered considerably by the wetting; they were all unbaled, and dried by a large fire which we built on the shore.'

For two or three days they were tossed about on the river, now attempting to make way, now forced to land again, and always drenched to the skin. The missionaries and their party, too, who had set out in the barge from Walla-Walla, were in no better plight. On the 14th the three canoes were again loaded, and again made the attempt to proceed; but in a short while one of them was stove, and another greatly damaged, so that they had to be unloaded and drawn out of the water. An effort was now made to procure one or two canoes with a pilot from an Indian village five miles below. This proved a hazardous and fatiguing journey, but was rewarded by getting one canoe and several Indians to assist in the navigation. With this reinforcement, and with the boats mended, the party again attempted the descent of the river. The voyage this time was more fortunate, and next day they all arrived at the fort, which was the end of their journey across the wilderness. The time occupied in this dangerous expedition had been six months and three days. Unharmed by fatigue or accident, with a constitution strengthened by healthful exercise, and a mind buoyant with the novelty of the scenes they had passed through, the travellers felt sincerely thankful to that kind and overruling Providence which had watched over and protected them.

At Fort Vancouver, Mr Townsend left the trading part of the expedition, and procured a passage on board an American vessel, which carried him to the Sandwich Islands, and there he passed the winter months. He afterwards returned to the Columbia and its environs among the Rocky Mountains, to pursue his scientific researches; and his purpose being at length fulfilled, he returned by sea, touching at Valparaiso on the South American coast, and reached home after an absence of three years.

It is gratifying to learn that the researches of the two naturalists were eminently successful. Besides procuring specimens of many rare animals, Mr Townsend discovered, in the course of his expedition, about fifty-four new species, sixteen of which were quadrupeds, and twenty-eight birds. Mr Nuttall also made many important additions to botanical science.

THE OREGON COUNTRY.

This name, at the date of the preceding narrative, embraced that region of the Pacific slopes of the Rocky Mountains lying between the parallels of 42° and 54° N. latitude. The greater part of it is occupied by the basin of the Columbia or Oregon River, and hence the name. It is a disputed point whether the Oregon coast was first discovered by Spanish or by English mariners; and in 1790, the two governments agreed by convention to relinquish the right of exclusive possession. In 1792, a Captain Gray from Boston entered the estuary of the Columbia, naming the river after his ship; and a few months later, Lieutenant Broughton of the British navy actually sailed up the river for 100 miles, and formally took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign George III. The report given by Captain Gray of a mighty river flowing into the Pacific, led to the United States government sending an exploring expedition, under the command of Captains Lewis and Clark, who crossed the Rocky Mountains and explored the valley of the Columbia in 1804–5. In this last year, the North-west Company—an association of Canadian fur-traders, started in rivalry of the Hudson's Bay Company, and afterwards (1821) amalgamated with it—after pushing their posts to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, crossed that range, and established stations on the head-waters of the Columbia and the Fraser rivers. They were speedily followed by the trappers and traders of United States fur-companies; and in 1811, John Jacob Astor, the chief member of one of those companies, established a trading-post at the mouth of the Columbia, and called it Astoria. This forms the title of a work by Washington Irving, in which he gives an account of a visit he made to this region, and describes the wild exciting life of the fur-traders. This station was sold to the British North-west Company in 1814, to prevent its being taken while the United States were at war with England. Shortly after

this, the United States set up a claim to the exclusive possession of the country, founded on priority of discovery, which claim they sought to strengthen by a treaty with Spain, in which Spain ceded to the States her rights of possession in Oregon. Great Britain resisted the claim, and the matter was for a time staved off by a temporary treaty of joint occupation. At last the United States government gave notice of the termination of this agreement, and the dispute threatened to become serious, when the question was compromised by the Ashburton Treaty, as it is called, concluded in 1846, which gave to the United States the entire country up to the parallel of 49°, and the part to the north of that line to Great Britain. The Hudson's Bay Company were allowed to retain their establishments in the part of Oregon assigned to the United States; but they have now retired, we believe, from all but two.

The British portion of the region, called British Columbia, after being held for some time by the Hudson's Bay Company, was, in 1858, established as a crown colony. The large island of Vancouver, which is separated from the mainland only by a narrow channel, was also made into a colony; but in 1866, it was united under one government with British Columbia. The United States share of the country was governed for some time as a 'territory;' but in 1859, the southern part of it, as far as the river Columbia, in 46° N. lat., was erected into a state; and the northern part, between the parallels of 46° and 49°, forms the Territory of Washington.

The chief physical feature of the Oregon country is the Columbia, the only great river on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. It is formed of two main branches: the northern branch, which bears the name of the Columbia throughout, rises in British Columbia, in lat. 50° N., long. 116° W., and flows tortuously, but in the main in a south-west direction, to lat. 46°·5 N., long. nearly 119° W., where it joins the other branch, called the Lewis or Snake River, which rises in lat. 43° N., long. 109° W., not far from the head-waters of the Missouri, and has a mainly north-west course of 900 miles. The united waters flow south to the parallel of 46°, whence the course is almost due west to the Pacific. The length from the mouth to the source of either branch is estimated at 1000 to 1200 miles. Although by far the greater part of the course of the Columbia is within the United States, the navigation is, by treaty, equally open to the British and the Americans. It is not, however, of much importance in that respect. The entrance is made difficult by a surf-beaten bar; and although vessels of 200 or 300 tons can ascend as far as the tide—about 130 miles—the navigation is there arrested by a series of falls and rapids; and above this no kind of vessel can navigate more than twenty or thirty miles together. A range of mountains, called the Cascade range, running from north to south parallel to the coast, divides the state of Oregon and the Washington Territory into two unequal parts. This range is a continuation of the Sierra Nevada

of California, and rises in some of its summits to 10,000—12,000 feet. The country between the mountains and the coast, which is on an average 100 miles wide, has a good soil, with a luxuriant vegetation, the uplands being covered with magnificent timber; the climate is mild, moist, and equable. East of the Cascade range the soil is mostly arid, the vegetation scanty, and extremes of heat and cold are experienced. The mineral wealth is said to be considerable; but the finds of gold cannot compete with those of California and British Columbia.

The gold of this colony forms as yet its chief attraction. It was first discovered in 1856 on the upper course of the Columbia; but the richest diggings which rival those of California are on the Fraser River and its tributaries. In 1861, the yield of gold was estimated at upwards of one and a half millions sterling. The Fraser River flows from north to south through the middle of the colony. The climate is, on the whole, cold and exceedingly variable. Winter lasts from September till May, the temperature being often below zero; even in summer the thermometer has been found to range from 31° to 85°, and again from 85° to 40°, within twenty-four hours. The rivers of the colony, as well as the Columbia and its tributaries, abound in salmon, of which there are said to be a dozen species.

The population of the Oregon country is yet a mere handful. In 1863, British Columbia numbered 63,671, of whom 50,000 were natives. Washington Territory and Oregon state may have by this time a united population of 80,000 or 100,000 whites, with perhaps half as many natives. But the region, although thus sparsely occupied, is capable of becoming the seat of a great state.

THE FRIENDLY ARREST.

I.

ONE morning in the month of November, the Count Stanilaus de Lemberg, who had been lying awake half the night, began to observe the outline of his window faintly glimmering with the new day. His bedstead being unencumbered with curtains, he was enabled to watch the progress of the dawn, as it gradually revealed to him the objects in his room. It reminded him once more that his sleeping-apartment was not furnished in that sumptuous style which a nobleman's bed-chamber is expected to display. His eye passed slowly round the walls, meeting nothing in the circuit of its wanderings but a guitar with one string broken and hanging down, a row of wooden pipes, fantastically carved, and a slouched felt hat. His floor was

paved with octagon-shaped tiles, and was without an inch of carpet: his sole furniture, besides the bed, consisted of a round table, a chair, a washing-stand, a trunk, and a board upon tressels, serving for a work-bench, near the window. Finding nothing very cheerful in the contemplation of these things, Count Stanilaus de Lemberg leaped out of bed, and began to dress himself.

It was very cold, and the morning was slightly misty. The water in his jug was frozen, and his breath had congealed in feathery lines upon the window-pane. His teeth chattered, and his clothes were still damp with walking in the rain on the night before. He opened the door of the German stove, which stood out in the room, with a long tin pipe communicating with the chimney by a hole in the wind-board. 'The porter's wife has omitted to lay my fire ready for lighting,' thought he; but going to the closet to fetch some fagots, he discovered that the woman was not to blame. His stock of wood was exhausted, and no doubt she had refrained, from motives of delicacy, from reminding him of that fact. 'Yes, yes—of course,' he muttered to himself, 'she knows I must be aware of it, and expects me to speak first.'

Of course Count Stanilaus de Lemberg rang for her immediately, and handed her a purse, with instructions to replenish his store of fuel, as a nobleman might be expected to do. No: he merely closed the door of his stove again, and sat himself down upon the edge of his bed to reflect.

He had a great mind to go out for awhile. From his lodging in that abode of decayed gentility, the Quartier St-Germain, to the Luxembourg, was but five minutes' walk; thence to the Pont des Arts, ten minutes; and then he might cross the river, and make a long circuit by the quays; and so home again. He decided upon every street that he would pass through, settling the route beforehand, as in the programme of a royal journey. 'The exercise,' he argued, 'will warm me, and I can work here for an hour or two afterwards without feeling cold again.' The excellence of the idea was obvious; but he did not go.

Underneath his window, in the square courtyard of the old dilapidated mansion in which he occupied a single room on the fourth floor, he could hear the porter's son singing some ditty in an unintelligible provincial dialect, and chopping wood for some of the lodgers. The Polish nobleman was tempted to forget his high birth—of which, indeed, there was very little to remind him—and to go down stairs, and offer to help him in his work. He thought of Peter the Great, and the anecdotes of his humility; and though he had little reverence for the memory of that monarch, he felt that his example would serve as a warrant for the act he contemplated. What could warm one better than half an hour's hard manual labour? How lustily the lad sang! He did not trouble himself with these sickly scruples. His health was good, and he could earn a living; what

more did he want? The young count resolved to go down, and converse with him, in the manner of the Russian monarch. 'Something may be learned,' thought he, 'from every man who has respected his own individuality, and is really an independent being.' Nothing could be more sensible than such a determination; but he did not go.

Upon reflection, it seemed to him more advisable to go on with the work he had been meditating for a fortnight. This was a little model, in red wax, of a design for a silver chalice—for the count had a taste for art; and upon an acquaintance with the works of artists in Paris, which were said to have brought their designers large sums of money, he felt convinced that he might earn an independent living by his talents as an artist. And so he might; but other men of far inferior skill grew rich, while he became poorer and poorer every day. Now he resolved to make an effort at last. But the porter's son had finished chopping the wood, and the city of Paris had got through a considerable portion of its labour for that day, and still Count Stanilaus de Lemberg was idling about his room. He had long ago settled in his mind, that independent labour was honourable to all conditions of men; that a penniless nobleman must starve, beg, or work; that of these three resources, the last was the most creditable. But his tools remained untouched; and his idea was still floating impalpable in the air. He was thinking of Benvenuto Cellini, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Jean of Bologna—of the glories of their works, and the stories of their lives. In this alone he had found more employment than he could exhaust that morning.

Unhappy count! He knew very well what a misfortune was this wavering disposition, and yet it seemed to him impossible to help it. A week's hard application would have given him strength to go on; but he was incorrigible. The sense of having wasted much time compelled him to waste more; for how, with these regrets and self-reproaches on his mind, could he hope to catch that cheerful tone which is the life of an artist at his work—the parent of beautiful images in the mind? The cheerless aspect of his room, the necessities of daily life, the hardships that he had already suffered, all weighed upon him when he took up his tools to work. He knew nothing beautiful could come of a dull, despondent mood; and he threw his tools down again. Then he would take down one of his enormous pipes, and smoke and dream, and lay out plans for future action, never to be realised—nursing himself with a fanciful prosperity, which only left him more despondent when the humour was past, and his miserable situation began to dawn upon him again.

'Not to-day,' said he to himself; 'it is of no use. The sailor must wait for the wind; and so must I wait for the spirit that is to waft me onwards till there comes another calm.'

He took his breakfast of bread, with a small glass of cheap wine,

and reached his slouched hat from the wall. Then having put on his greatcoat, and buttoned it closely over the breast, he lingered a little while longer examining his tools, and finally he went out, shutting the door of his room.

Before he crossed the yard, he stepped into the lodge of the porter's wife, to deposit his key, as the lodgers were accustomed to do. Madame Benoit was there. Whenever the count entered the lodge, she looked at him with such an air of pity and solicitude that he dreaded meeting her. It was very embarrassing. He was afraid that she suspected his poverty; though he hoped not. Poor count! Everybody knew it very well.

'Good-morning, sir,' said she.

'Good-morning,' replied Stanilaus, dropping his eyes, and shrinking towards the door. He was afraid she was going to speak about the wood.

'Is there anything you want to-day?' she asked. 'My boy has very little to do now, and will go anywhere you please.'

'No—thank you: nothing.'

'Let me see,' said she, 'there was something I was going to mention. What was it?' The young nobleman blushed deeply. He felt sure she was going to speak about the wood. He was in agony. 'Ah, well! I shall think of it another day,' said she. A load was taken off his heart. He did not wait another moment. 'Poor child!' exclaimed Madame Benoit, as soon as his back was turned, 'he knew I meant the wood. He must be suffering more than he lets the world see.'

II.

The misery of Stanilaus had indeed that day reached a point to which it had never yet arrived. So long as he had felt no actual want, he had sustained himself with hopes of better days; that very morning, as we have seen, he had been thinking of the great artists of old times instead of his own troubles. But when the sharp air of a wintry day had begun to give him an appetite, and he found himself for the first time to be hungry and penniless, all the gravity of his situation became painfully manifest. The sun came out feebly in the middle of the day, as he was approaching the gardens of the Tuileries. He saw fashionably dressed loungers through the railing walking to and fro there, chatting, exchanging bows of recognition—all looking cheerful. He had not a friend in the whole city. A refugee, he had at first resided in England, whence he had come to Paris with the idea of exercising his talents there, in order to support himself. He felt as if the people who passed him by without a glance were purposely shunning him. As he arrived at the entrance to the gardens, he saw the gate-keeper stop a man in a blouse, and refuse him admission, on the ground of his workman's dress.

Stanilaus involuntarily glanced at the breast of his greatcoat, and saw that it was minus a button, in a spot so conspicuous that it was sure to strike the eye of the gate-keeper at once. His hat was shabby, and he had only one glove. An exaggerated fear of the gate-keeper took possession of his mind. He felt as certain that he would be refused admittance, like the man in the blouse, as of his own existence. Such a humiliation would be unendurable: the bare possibility of it was more than he would risk. He immediately abandoned the purpose that had brought him so far, and turned up one of the side-streets towards the Boulevards.

He lingered about there, looking in the shop-windows, and wandering in the brilliant passages, till it grew dusk, and the mist gathered again, accompanied by a fine rain that penetrated his worn greatcoat. The mud oozed through the thin soles of his boots: he was wretched. The sight of the people waiting in a long line at the doors of the theatres, all intent upon pleasure, irritated him. He passed the house of a celebrated general of the French army, who had evinced much sympathy for the misfortunes of his country. Stanilaus knew that many of his countrymen had stooped to receive alms of him; and, dreading lest his poverty should at last drive him to such a resource, he made a vow that he would never humiliate himself as they had done. He crossed a bridge over the Seine, and lingered awhile looking into its dark current. By its side he traced the dusky outline of a low building. It was the Morgue, where the bodies of persons found dead are exhibited, that their friends may identify them. Stanilaus shuddered for a moment, and then thought with bitterness of how long he might lie there before any one came who knew him. Very weary and faint, he returned, and found, to his great relief, that the porter's wife was not in the lodge. He took his key down from its hook, and stole up stairs. That night he ate a stale loaf he had left on his table, drained his wine-bottle, and smoked the small remainder of his stock of tobacco. But he could not forget his troubles even in sleep.

The next day passed pretty much in the same way. He had raked out from his trunk a design for a time-piece, which he had modelled some time before. It was not exactly equal to his present taste; but he resolved to call upon a jeweller with it, and solicit employment. The jeweller looked at the model, said it was very pretty, and offered to intrust him with some silver-work to be chased, if he could give him a guarantee for its return. Stanilaus could give no guarantee that was satisfactory. The jeweller inquired if he was known to any one in Paris to whom he could refer. Stanilaus knew no one; but he gave his name and address: 'Count Stanilaus de Lemberg, Impasse des Rats, No. 2.' The jeweller looked suspiciously at him. He had only lately been cheated by an impostor, who had represented himself to be a foreign count; he hinted to him his suspicions, and Stanilaus left the shop angrily.

That night he was desolate indeed. He had exhausted everything, and had fasted the whole day. It was dark when he returned. Madame Benoit was in the porter's lodge this time; she gave him his key without saying anything, but her look of compassion was more humiliating to him than ever. He stole up to his room as if he had done some degrading action, and flung himself upon a chair, covering his face with his hands. Nearly an hour after, he arose and lighted his candle. It was burned down to within a couple of inches of the socket. 'It will serve me for to-night,' said he, with a sad smile.

Close to his fireplace he found a basket of charcoal, which kind Madame Benoit had placed there for his fire. It was cheaper than wood, and she reasoned that he might be able to pay for that, and that if he did not, it would be no great loss. Poor Stanilaus was in too bitter a mood to take heart from this proof of a stranger's goodness. The circumstance seemed to him to have a strange significance, in connection with his previous thoughts. A superstitious awe crept upon him, as he knelt down and discovered its contents. He sat down again, and meditated with his face between his hands, till, looking up, he found the candle burned so low that it could not last long. Starting from his chair, he took a book from the mantelpiece, and scribbled some words inside the cover, laying it afterwards upon the table, with a weight upon its leaves to keep it open. Some noise upon the stairs startled him; he went to the door, but the place was still again. He trod about the floor cautiously, as if afraid for some reason that he should be heard moving about there, and excite curiosity. Then he took off the cover of the bed, and laid it along the space at the bottom of the door. The sides of the door were listed, but he locked it, and taking out the key, stuffed the keyhole with his glove. His hand trembled as he held it on the lock. He glanced at the window; the shutters were fastened close.

Now he recollected another door at the bottom of his room. This door had always been fastened since he had lived there. It communicated with other rooms, but these had a separate entrance from the stairs, and the walls of the houses in Paris are built so solidly that he rarely heard any one there. He looked through the keyhole; the place was quite dark. Taking a handkerchief in his hand, he closed this also, and laid some clothes along the floor, as with the other. His step faltered as he returned to the middle of the room; he looked wildly around the walls, as if to make sure that there was no other aperture. A convulsive movement shook his whole body; his fists tightened involuntarily, till his knuckles became white. Some struggle had passed through his mind, but it was over now.

Calmly and deliberately he opened the door of his stove, and took out a little iron cylinder, bored with holes to admit the air. This he filled with pieces of charcoal from the basket, and set it on his table. The wick of the candle had just fallen down into the liquid grease,

and was flickering there, ready to expire. With a steady hand, Stanilaus lighted a match before the flame was gone, and applied it to the charcoal through one of the lower holes of the cylinder. In a few minutes the charcoal ignited. Stanilaus brought his mouth near the aperture, and blew it with his breath; the charcoal crackled, and a thin blue flame came through the holes of the opposite side with a rustling noise. Presently the candle dropped out, the blue flame vanished, and the fire began to burn clear. But Stanilaus continued to blow it, till the red glare shone upon his haggard countenance, and upon the panels of the walls.

III.

A few moments after Count Stanilaus had parted with Madame Benoit to go up into his room, there arrived at the porter's door another lodger to ask for a key. It was a young woman, of perhaps thirty years of age, somewhat slim, and looking tall in the high clogs which she wore to protect herself from the mud of the streets. Her dress was plain, but not without some of the taste of the Frenchwoman, though perhaps a little behind the fashions of the day. She was a brunette, with black eyes, an olive skin, and small ringlets of jet black hair. She folded a large umbrella at the door of the porter's lodge, and set it carefully against the wall, with the ferrule in an earthen pan that stood there, to let the rain drain off. Her clogs she shuffled off beside the door-step.

'Mademoiselle Beatrice,' said Madame Benoit from the interior of the lodge; 'I knew it was you. You are always so punctual.'

'You see,' said Beatrice, 'I have regular habits. I always leave my sister, the Baroness de Lonzac, in the Rue du Faubourg St-Honoré, as the clock strikes nine.'

'Ay,' said Madame Benoit, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'quite late enough for a young woman to work.'

'I am not compelled to stay even till that hour, Madame Benoit,' replied Beatrice haughtily. 'I am not a slave, thank Heaven! But I am, as it were, at home there; and if I can do a little useful needle-work, I am glad to do it. I might live there altogether, if I pleased, but one likes to have a home to one's self.'

'Just what I feel,' replied Madame Benoit, who was always eager to applaud a trite or hackneyed sentiment.

'Independence is a great thing,' continued Beatrice. 'My sister is a good creature, and my niece Julie and I don't quarrel very often; but, after all, I should be nothing but the poor relation, if I had not a little pride.'

'It is very necessary,' said Madame Benoit. 'And yet,' she continued, as if she suddenly recollected an exception to her maxim, 'one may have a foolish pride.'

'Very true,' replied Beatrice carelessly, thinking that the porter's wife referred only to some hypothetical case.

'I was thinking,' she said, 'of that poor gentleman in the next room to yours; he was here just now.'

'Poor fellow!' said Beatrice; 'he looks such a boy, with his fair hair and light moustache.'

'He has seen more of trouble than many an old man, I am sure,' replied Madame Benoit, shaking her head.

'I fancied so,' interrupted Beatrice eagerly; for she had had the curiosity to peep through the keyhole now and then into her neighbour's room. 'I thought once or twice I heard him groan in the night.'

'Very likely,' said the porter's wife. 'To-night, he looked so pale and worn that my heart ached for him. I know he suffers in silence, and dreads lest any one should find it out. If it wasn't for that stupid title, I believe he would find some friend to help him till better days come.'

'Do you think he is really very poor?' inquired Beatrice.

'I am sure of it. He has not a sou. Only the other day,' she continued, shutting the door, and speaking in a lower tone, 'he had not a single fagot in his closet. He must have been aware of it, for he would have been sure to complain of my not laying his fire this cold weather; and he never said a word about it, though I hinted to him that there was something wanting.'

'That is a bad sign,' said Beatrice.

'The thought of it quite tormented me,' said the porter's wife. 'I could not bear to think of his coming home weary, and perhaps hungry, to a cold and cheerless room. I bought him to-day a little charcoal. For three sous, he might burn a little fire every evening; but I dare not hint it to him. I would be glad to help him, if he was not so proud.'

'Ah! it is a sad affair,' said Beatrice, on the threshold; 'but what can one do?' Beatrice unfurled her umbrella, and put on her clogs again to cross the yard, with all the deliberation and precision of a confirmed old maid.

'Good-night, Madame Benoit,' said she.

'Good-night, child,' replied the old woman affectionately.

Beatrice mounted the stairs to her room, and felt at her side for the key of her door, which she usually carried hanging to her waistband with her scissors and other implements. She knew where to put her hand upon it in a moment; the door flew open, and she entered.

The air felt damp, and she lighted her fire, and set her clogs at a moderate distance to dry. Her room was comfortably furnished, and everything was in its place. She had a miniature sleeping-room in the back, which was also remarkable for cleanliness and order. Little bags hung around the walls there, with nails and pegs for

clothes, brushes, hand-brooms, &c.; and she had trunks and drawers in which innumerable articles were stored, any one of which she could go in and find in a moment in the dark.

She had brought in her pocket some slips of newspaper, containing stories, which she meant to read before she went to bed, but she had a little work to finish first; so she got out her housewifes, and wheeling her padded arm-chair up to the fire, set her candle beside her on the table. 'An arm-chair is comfortable,' said Beatrice, sinking into it with an exclamation of fatigue.

She sat working very quietly, till the logs upon her fire were burned through, and glowing under a white ash. She was thinking of her neighbour in the adjoining room; she distinguished his footstep walking about. 'If that door would open,' thought she, 'I would go in and put a few things there for him in his absence. He would never suspect who had done it. Perhaps in his troubles he would never think about it, or fancy they came out of the clouds, in answer to his prayers.' Shading the candle with her hand, to throw a shadow on the door, she could see a faint light gleaming through his keyhole. She knew by this that he had not gone to bed yet; but the room had become very quiet. 'I wonder what he is doing,' thought she; 'writing, I daresay—putting down all his misfortunes in a diary, or writing a letter to some friends, if he has any. I would like to know.' She rose and walked over to the door, to peep through the keyhole. 'He would consider me curious indeed, if he saw me, thought she, as she stooped to bring her eye nearer. But the place was quite dark—so dark, that she fancied that something had got into the keyhole. She took her candle from her table, and looked in by the light; to her surprise, she saw that something had been thrust into the aperture. Beatrice blushed, and hurried back to her chair; she suspected that he knew of her having watched him before. 'I saw the light there a moment ago,' thought she. 'He must have heard me, and determined to balk my curiosity.'

The thought of being detected in such an unfeminine proceeding, which she would never have ventured on but from the conviction that no one could possibly know it but herself, agitated Beatrice so much that she could not go on with her work. She blamed herself severely for her imprudence; she thought that she would never be able to meet the count upon the stairs again, without betraying by her manner that she knew of his discovery, and the means he had taken to protect himself from prying eyes. Suddenly, as she was looking into the gloomy embers of her fire, and musing on these things, she was struck with a faint, sickly smell of burning wood in the room. She fancied at first that the wind was blowing down her chimney, and beating back the fumes of her fire. She went to her windows, and drawing back the curtains, opened both of them to let in the fresh air, and make a current towards the chimney. The wind blew in freshly, carrying her curtains up to the ceiling and

dropping them again, and scattering her newspaper leaves about the floor; but the odour increased; and now Beatrice discovered that it was strongest in the direction of the door of the count's apartment. Instantly she recollected that Madame Benoit had placed some charcoal in his room. This, and what she had heard of his misery, explained to her in a moment the true meaning of his closing an aperture that might admit the air. Beatrice did not hesitate; she flew at the door, and rapped violently on the panel—the room was quite silent—she turned the handle of the lock, and pushed against the door with all her strength, but without moving it. Grown desperate, she planted her feet against the angle, and flung her whole weight against it. The door yielded a little, and finally broke in, throwing her upon the floor with violence. A poisonous vapour poured from the room, so strong that she could scarcely stand upon the threshold. She staggered a moment; but the wind from her window, and the agitation of the curtains, increased by her opening another door, were clearing the place rapidly. She seized a water-jug, and rushing into Stanilaus's room, flung its contents upon the little cylinder of charcoal, which was glowing from top to bottom. The count was sitting upon a chair, his face lying flat upon the table. She raised him, and sprinkled him with the water; and having opened the window of his room, in a few moments the air had become quite pure.

Stanilaus moaned: Beatrice was preparing to fetch a surgeon, but he was evidently reviving; and she knew how his pride would be wounded, if he recovered and found that his attempt at self-destruction had been noised abroad. She determined to tend him herself, and, if possible, to keep the circumstance secret.

Stanilaus moved his arm, and continued to moan now and then. She untied his neckcloth, and he opened his eyes, and closed them again, once or twice. He muttered something in a foreign language, which Beatrice could not understand. Once he opened his eyes wide, and stared at her; but he seemed too languid to be surprised at her presence. At length he leaned forward, and burying his face in his hands, that rested on his knees, wept and sobbed like a child.

'Come,' said Beatrice, holding him by the arm, 'lean upon me. You must lie down. You will be better by and by.' Beatrice raised him up, and supported him as he tottered towards the bed, upon which he flung himself. He continued to mutter there for some time, till at last he ceased, and began to breathe regularly. Taking up the light, Beatrice approached the bedside, and saw that he had fallen asleep. Her quick eye noted the nakedness of his room, and read the tale it told. On the table she discovered the book he had left there open, with its inscription, which she read as follows: 'I am Count Stanilaus de Lemberg. I die by my own hands. Let all I possess in this room be sold to pay the rent I shall owe, and to

defray the expenses of my burial. I have no friends or relations who need be informed of my end. May God pardon me! I have suffered much!—STANILAUS.'

'Poor creature!' exclaimed Beatrice, as she finished reading with the tears trickling down her cheeks.

IV.

Beatrice sat up with her charge that night. She made him some broth in her room, and came in to work by his table till he should awake. Several hours after, she took up the candle again, and found his eyes open. 'You are quite safe, and getting better,' said she; 'do not be alarmed.'

Stanilaus laid his hand upon the back of hers, and shuddered.

'Do you know me?'

'Yes, yes; I know you,' he replied faintly. 'You are Mademoiselle'——

'Beatrice,' she suggested. She saw that he remembered her.

'God bless you!' exclaimed Stanilaus with fervour.

'Never let us speak of these sad things,' said Beatrice.

Stanilaus grasped her hand firmly, and smiled with an expression of gratitude.

He took the soup she had prepared, and afterwards fell asleep again. Beatrice sent an excuse to her sister the baroness the next day, and resolved to stay by her charge till his recovery was complete. She set his room in order, for the confusion was an eyesore to her. In hanging up his coat, she discovered immediately the missing button, and remembered that she had one among some odds and ends in a drawer. She sewed it on, and repaired the button-holes and edges here and there. She thought Stanilaus was asleep; but he was watching her.

'You are very good,' said he. Beatrice coloured.

'I know you have no mother or sister to do such things,' she replied.

'I had a sister once,' said Stanilaus.

'And where is she?'

'Dead.'

'And your mother?'

'Dead also. I have no relatives. My father died in Siberia, where the Russians sent him into exile. I am the last of my family.'

'What did they send him into exile for?' inquired Beatrice.

'Because he loved his country.'

'The monsters!' exclaimed Beatrice, entering into the spirit of his narrative, like a child listening to a story read aloud. She began to feel a stronger interest in the unfortunate Pole. He told her the history of his life. It was simple. After his father's death, the emperor of Russia had permitted young Stanilaus to return to

Poland, and study in the Gymnasium at Cracow. Here he made progress, and was installed as Professor of Fine Arts. But the young count was restless, and burning to avenge the murder of his father and the wrongs of his country. In the year 1833, he organised and headed a revolt of the students under him. The insurrection failed, and he escaped to England, whence he had come to France, in the hope of finding employment.

'What can you do?' asked Beatrice.

'I can design groups and figures, to be worked in silver or other metals, like the one you see half-finished there.'

'But you can't work them?' said Beatrice.

'Not very well,' replied the count. 'My hand wants practice.'

'We must see what can be done,' said Beatrice.

As soon as the count recovered, Beatrice advised him to make at once one or two groups, and leave the rest to her. Stanilaus set about them immediately; but he would loiter a good deal preparing his tools, and softening the wax for the models. Sometimes, when he had half-finished one, he would be dissatisfied with it, and destroy it. Beatrice soon discovered his failing. Each night when she returned, she tapped at his room-door, and inquired what progress he had made. If he had been loitering great part of the day, he would generally begin to work hard before she came home, in order to have some result to shew. His deliverer became his taskmaster. He came into her room sometimes to work there; but one day, Beatrice suspecting that he had been idling, refused to let him in.

'Beatrice,' said he, speaking through the door.

'I am busy to-night,' said Beatrice; 'I must be alone.'

'Pray, let me in, Beatrice,' said the count.

'No,' she replied; 'I am firm. When you are here, we talk, and neither of us gets any work done. This will not do.'

'Beatrice,' said Stanilaus—'my dear Beatrice, pray, let me in to-night; I will work to-morrow like a slave.'

'Not to-night,' said Beatrice; 'I am firm.' And Stanilaus was compelled to return to his bench, and work there alone.

Another time she found him smoking one of his enormous pipes, with his work untouched before him.

'This is very bad indeed,' said Beatrice. 'You are nothing but an idle fellow!'

'Don't be angry, Beatrice,' said Stanilaus; 'I could not work to-day. I was in no mood for it.'

'Shame upon you for saying so!' replied his protector, really angry.

'You don't understand, Beatrice. I can't work unless I am in a happy humour.'

'What is the matter?' asked Beatrice.

'I have been thinking of Poland and old times to-day,' he said. 'Indeed, I could not work. Oh, you don't know how heavy my heart is at times!'

'You never think of these things,' said Beatrice, 'but when you smoke. Come in and sup, and talk with me to-night.'

The next morning, Beatrice, who had appointed herself keeper of the stores, portioned out a small quantity of tobacco, and locked the rest in a drawer. Stanilaus saw her, and laughed secretly at her precautions.

Beatrice took care to conceal her intimacy with the count. She had lived a strange, retired life in her rooms, and had few friends. Once or twice she had compelled her neighbour to return precipitately into his room upon hearing a knock at her door; but this did not occur often. Beatrice knew no one in the house, which was a large mansion, with two wings and several entrances to staircases round its courtyard. In her apartments she was as much shut out from the world as if she had been alone in the house. The porter's wife, she knew, did not suspect her secret; for she had told her as a piece of news, of the apparent improvement in the count's fortunes, and of his eccentric fancy for arranging his own room. Stanilaus completed his models. The principal one was a group representing the meeting of Jacob and Rachel with her flocks beside the well. Beatrice had already obtained an introduction to the sculptors in gold—Messrs Corbin and Engelhart—whose artistic works were famous throughout Europe; and one morning she departed on her mission.

'Whose idea is this?' inquired Engelhart, examining it.

'It is the work of a young friend of mine,' said Beatrice, anxiously awaiting his answer.

'It is the conception of a true artist,' said Engelhart, shewing it to his partner. Corbin examined it, and inquired if she had another. Beatrice, who had wisely brought more than one, set the others before them.

'Perfect!' exclaimed the two artists. 'As fresh and natural as life. Can your artist work well with the graver?'

'Ah!' said Beatrice, a little discouraged; 'he says he wants practice.'

'Let him come to us,' replied Engelhart. 'In a twelvemonth he will become the best man we have.'

Slowly and tantalisingly, Beatrice told the young artist her story that night. Poor Stanilaus's troubles seemed to him now to be passed away for ever.

'What do I not owe to you, my dear Beatrice?' said he; 'you have made me a new man!'

'Do not talk of that,' said Beatrice. 'The past must be forgotten now.'

That night she allowed her protégé to idle. He put out his pipe, which Beatrice always insisted upon his doing, before entering her room, and came and played at dominoes with her beside the fire.

The next day he signed an agreement to serve Engelhart as his

pupil for twelve months. He earned no money at first; but Beatrice believed in his ultimate success with a faith that nothing could shake, and she supplied him with money out of the savings of her life. Stanilaus had many scruples about accepting it, but he had no alternative, unless he renounced all his prospects, and he felt assured of being able to repay her with interest. Beatrice, being a woman of business, did not forget to take written acknowledgments for all sums when they had reached a certain amount; and for that purpose she always paid a visit to M. Rivet, an old merchant whom she knew, who drew up the acknowledgments in legal form.

V.

The Baroness de Lonzac, sister of Beatrice, had always been looked up to by the latter as the fortunate member of her family; and in course of time, though she had sufficient pride to prevent any one treating her as a domestic, she had quietly settled down into the position of a poor relation. The baron, who had served as a general in the army of Napoleon, had married the baroness for her beauty, for she had no fortune. When the baron married her, he was in the height of his prosperity, and Beatrice, who was but a girl then, was taken by the baron and baroness under their protection. Within the last ten years, however, the fortunes of the baron had shewn evident signs of decay. His splendid establishment had been relinquished for a small house and grounds. It was said that the baron's estates were heavily mortgaged, and that he was a ruined man; but he continued to be known as a man about town, and things had remained pretty nearly in the same state for ten years. Beatrice never knew the full extent of the baroness's troubles. To her, the house in the Faubourg St-Honoré appeared a magnificent mansion, and her sister a happy woman. The faded furniture and old-fashioned articles in their saloon were, in her eyes, something that any one might covet. Yet the change in their circumstances had not altogether escaped her. She had heard of the baron's recklessness, and she knew that money was not so plentiful as it used to be. Upon the first indications of this change, Beatrice had privately taught herself the business of a milliner; and finally she proposed to the baroness to relieve her of the expense of her support. But, in truth, Beatrice, who was always actively employed with her needle, saved for her sister much more than the cost of her board, or the amount of the small income she allowed her; and Beatrice, being convinced of this, and by no means anxious to leave the home to which she had been so long accustomed, allowed herself to be persuaded to abandon her intention.

Beatrice had kept the secret of her friendship for Stanilaus. Nearly a twelvemonth had passed since he had placed himself with Engelhart, and neither the baroness nor her daughter Julie had ever

heard of him. One evening, as Beatrice was sitting at work in the saloon, the baroness spoke of the recent marriage of a young lady whom they knew. Julie, who was sitting at the piano, turned to Beatrice and said: 'You see it is only we two who are neglected.'

Julie was nearly ten years younger than her aunt, and though she had included herself in her remark, Beatrice felt piqued at it. 'I had three offers of marriage before I was your age,' said she.

Julie laughed, shaking her flaxen curls, and looking back over her shoulder, as her fingers lingered on the key-board. 'I knew you would say that, Beatrice,' said she.

'And how do you know I have no lover now?' asked Beatrice.

'Oh, I am sure I do not know,' replied Julie. 'Have you?'

'Perhaps.'

'Is he young?'

'Yes; only twenty-six. But he looks younger still, and I am thirty last birthday.'

'And is he pretty well?'

'No, poor fellow,' replied Beatrice seriously. 'He is very fair, and delicate.'

'And who is he?'

'He is a Polish count.'

'Pooh!' said Julie; 'all the Poles are counts. And his name?'

'Stanilaus de Lemberg,' replied Beatrice, emphasising each syllable.

The baroness laughed loudly. 'What an imagination you have, Beatrice!' said she. 'Any one might believe you.'

'It is all true,' said Beatrice; 'except that he is not quite a lover.'

'Only a friend,' said Julie.

'And yet more than a friend,' replied Beatrice. 'See; this is his present. He carved it himself.' And she produced a gold seal, richly worked with figures.

Julie sprang from the music-stool, and came to examine it with her mother. 'Did he do this?' inquired Julie.

'Yes,' said Beatrice. 'He is a great artist—a genius. If the baron would only introduce him to some of his friends, it would make his fortune.'

'I would give anything to see him,' said Julie.

'Let him come to see the baron,' said Madame de Lonzac. 'I am sure he would do what he could for a friend of yours.'

Beatrice was delighted with the prospect of Stanilaus's advancement in his profession. She told him what had passed that night, except the raillery of her niece.

'And your niece admired my work?' said Stanilaus.

His words pained her, she scarcely knew why. Her voice trembled as she replied in the affirmative; but Stanilaus was too deeply engrossed by his thoughts to note it. The next day Stanilaus borrowed a group of his workmanship from Engelhart's. Beatrice

conveyed this to the baron, who shewed it to some friends after a dinner at his uncle the marshal's; and the baron desired to see the young artist.

Beatrice's heart was heavy that night. A vague dread of some approaching misfortune kept her awake till daylight. She would not confess to herself the real nature of her fears. Stanilaus must make a fame, and become a great man. Why should any selfish thoughts of hers prevent him? They would always be good friends, at all events.

That afternoon Stanilaus was to go to the Baron de Lonzac's. Beatrice secretly examined his coat, to see if there were any more buttons missing. When he had finished dressing, she begged him to come into her room, that she might review and report upon his appearance. Stanilaus, who was like a child in her hands, consented, at her request, to retie his neckcloth, and to turn round before her several times, until she pronounced his toilet to be perfect.

'Now you look like a count, Stanilaus,' said she, after several corrections. 'You may go.'

Beatrice felt a pride in the thought of the impression he must make in her sister's house, but she was in bad spirits that day. She looked in her glass several times, and lingered there watching her fire, without lighting a candle till long after dusk.

Stanilaus, on arriving at the house of the Baron de Lonzac, was ushered immediately into the saloon, where the baroness and her daughter were awaiting his arrival. The baron had not yet arrived, and he remained for some time chatting with Julie and her mother. Julie spoke of Poland and its heroes with enthusiasm, having previously prepared herself for the subject; and Stanilaus was charmed to find that she was so well acquainted with the history of his country.

'Julie is an enthusiast for liberty,' said the baroness. 'You know her papa is a soldier.'

'And for art, also, I hope,' said Stanilaus, whose natural vanity was awakened.

'I do not pretend to be a judge of art,' said Julie; 'especially to such an artist as my father pronounced you last night.'

Stanilaus was delighted. The baron, who was a polished man of the world, arrived soon after, and the simple heart of the young Pole was won by his frank and cordial manner. The baron assured him of his friendship; recommended him to model a large statue to be exhibited; hinted to him that he might become erelong a member of the Institute; and promised him, if he succeeded, to use his influence with the government to procure him a studio at the Dépôt des Marbres.

Stanilaus related all that had passed to Beatrice that night, and they discussed his projects together. He was in high spirits, and Beatrice caught the infection of his gaiety. They jumped, and

sang, and danced round the room like two mad people. But when Stanilaus returned to his room, it seemed more naked and cheerless than it had ever seemed before. He was glad to go to bed, and think over his ambitious schemes till he fell asleep.

VI.

From the day that Stanilaus had entered as a pupil with the famous artists Corbin and Engelhart, he had earned scarcely anything; and Beatrice, who had already lent him 2000 francs, began to find her little hoard nearly exhausted. She had frequently blamed her protégé for spending money extravagantly, but since his appearance at the Baron de Lonzac's, his habits had become more expensive than ever. He would return home late sometimes, and Beatrice generally extracted a confession from him that he had been to some ball or theatre. 'Wait awhile, Beatrice,' he would say, if she spoke to him of money matters; 'in a little time it will rain gold upon us.'

One morning Beatrice gave him a twenty-franc piece out of her diminished stock, with a particular caution to be careful of it. That night, when he returned, she asked him cunningly to lend her a franc. Stanilaus fumbled in his pockets for some time, and stammered out that he was afraid he had not a sou left.

'O Stanilaus,' said she, 'how can you ever hope to be rich if you waste like this?'

'Why, Beatrice,' he replied, 'I have ideas in my head now worth ten thousand francs.'

'Pooh!' said Beatrice. 'You are a child. What is the value of ideas, if you waste your time and never let them come forth?'

'Tut, tut!' replied her protégé. 'Women don't understand.'

'I would that I did not understand,' said Beatrice. It grieves me incessantly to see how you loiter.'

'Plenty of time, Beatrice,' said he; 'I am meditating. These ideas require a certain period to ripen in the brain.'

'Ah, Stanilaus,' said she, 'your fame is yet to be won, and you dream over it as if it were already yours.'

Stanilaus felt hurt at these words; it seemed to him like a want of faith in his powers. 'I know what you feel, Beatrice,' said he; 'you begin to doubt because the way to perfection in art is slow. Those who have already gained great reputations acknowledge me as a brother artist; but at home, where I am known familiarly, it is harder to believe that I have genius. I can wait.'

Beatrice turned her head away, that he might not see her weeping; and Stanilaus, taking this for a sign of displeasure, bade her good-night, and returned into his room. Her heart was too full to return his good-night, and Stanilaus remained under the impression that she was in anger.

His habits had undergone a great change: he could not rest at home; the pleasures to which he had begun to accustom himself became more and more necessary. To Beatrice's complaints and reproaches he had always one answer: 'I am meditating—wait awhile.' But he began at last to dread to meet her, and to wish that he could pay the debt he owed her.

Meanwhile, Beatrice's treasure was approaching its end, and she knew no one of whom she could borrow; for the baroness, her sister, was so poor that she had been unable to pay Beatrice her last quarter's salary. She began to dread that Stanilaus would abandon himself entirely to his growing taste for pleasure, and lose his hopes of fame for ever. She knew it was useless to persuade him then; but one night a plan occurred to her to save him, which might be employed as a last resource. She went to her friend, M. Rivet, and asked him if she could not, upon her debtor's acknowledgments, obtain a power to cast him into prison whenever she pleased. Beatrice recollected some stories of great works of art having been produced in the solitude of a prison; and her idea was, that she might one day find it advisable to employ that desperate means of snatching him from destruction.

M. Rivet replied that no law proceedings could be taken without the service of notices at his abode. This was a small objection; for Beatrice undertook to intercept them, and thus to keep her neighbour in ignorance of the fate that hung over his head.

One evening, when Stanilaus had come into her room after two days' absence, Beatrice unlocked a little drawer, and pulled out a single bank-note: 'Take this, Stanilaus,' said she; 'it is for a hundred francs. It is my last, but you are welcome to it. I have only hoarded them for you.'

Stanilaus stared at her bewildered, as if he had just been asleep. 'Beatrice,' said he, 'this tells me all. I have indeed behaved like a villain.'

'Do not say that,' said Beatrice; 'but let me implore you now to make up for lost time.'

'I will, Beatrice; I declare to you I will. I must get some money for the model of my great work. I will do two small things, and with the proceeds I will set to work in earnest.'

Stanilaus kept half of his word: he worked all that week, and earned two hundred francs; but the temptation of having much money in his pockets was too strong for him: he began to idle again, and to shun Beatrice. When she caught him, he would say that artists required repose—that the mind was like a field, that must lie fallow after a crop. But he had not much faith in his own excuse.

One morning, after Beatrice had wished him good-day, and passed out of her room to go down-stairs, Stanilaus, who had just sat down to work, was surprised to hear a key turn in the lock of his door

outside. 'What is that?' he exclaimed, springing from his seat, and finding the door fastened.

'It is I,' said Beatrice. 'You must be my prisoner to-day. Do not be angry.'

'O never fear, Beatrice,' said he. 'I would as soon be a prisoner as not—I meant to work hard to-day.'

Beatrice laughed, and promised to come and release him by and by. 'I am going to Charenton on business to-day,' said she, 'and shall return about six o'clock.'

Stanilaus set to work, and remained working and singing for several hours, till he recollected that he wanted to visit his friend Engelhart. He had also a desire to call upon the baron, to speak to him about the design of a work which he contemplated; but there was that door locked. The confinement became irksome: it seemed to him a ridiculous position to be prevented from going out, as he said to himself, by the whim of his capricious neighbour. His patience was exhausted. He took one of his tools and forced open the door, after breaking the tool in the lock.

That afternoon, he felt a strong inclination to call at the Baron de Lonzac's. He knew that Beatrice was not there, and hoped that she would not hear of his visit. He resolved to go at last; and under the excuse of waiting for the baron, he remained there with Julie and her mother for some time. Julie sang and played some Polish airs, and the baroness inquired what new designs he had been engaged upon lately.

'To tell the truth,' replied Stanilaus, rather awkwardly, 'I have been idling a little.'

'Do not call it idling,' said Julie: 'the mind of an artist requires recreation. It must be as necessary to him as light and air.' Stanilaus felt grateful to her for her defence, and accepted it eagerly.

'I shall work now with new power,' said he. 'This very day I seemed to be conscious of a sudden growth in my enthusiasm for art.'

A few days after, Stanilaus obtained permission from his friend Engelhart to model his great statue in one of his rooms. The clay was kneaded ready, and every evening Beatrice inquired how he had progressed. Stanilaus, who had not touched it yet, but who firmly believed that his musings were a preliminary as necessary as the manual work, replied in good faith that it was proceeding favourably. One day Beatrice resolved to visit him in his studio, and surprise him. Engelhart, when she inquired for him, shook his head and smiled. 'I don't think he is in the studio,' said he; and he directed a servant to conduct Beatrice to the place where she expected to find him. He was not there; his tools lay scattered about, and the clay was untouched. Stanilaus had left a message that he had gone to the Louvre, and thither Beatrice departed in search of him.

She found him at last, alone in one of the rooms, contemplating some fragments of Greek sculpture that hung against the wall. He was sitting in a chair in the middle of the room, and did not see or hear her till she touched him on the arm.

'Beatrice!' he exclaimed; 'how you surprised me!' But this time he did not seem confused or ashamed to meet her.

'I have been to Engelhart's,' said she. 'I was disappointed to find you gone.'

'I always come here for an hour or two,' said Stanilaus. 'In this place I breathe a kind of atmosphere of art. It calms, and brings me to a happy mood, after the noise and bustle of the streets. Look at these divine forms which we strive in vain to imitate. As I contemplate them, my mind seems secretly to abstract from them that quality of beauty that pervades them all, and to be refreshed and strengthened.'

Beatrice looked where he pointed, and saw some arms and legs, and bruised trunks of human bodies, sculptured in marble, by no means beautiful to her eye.

'Pooh!' said she; 'what need have you to worship other men's old broken works? You might do yourself things a hundred times more beautiful.'

Her extravagant praise of his talents made Stanilaus feel ashamed; for some strangers, who had just entered the room, had heard her, and were tittering at what she had said. The young Pole was so sensitive to ridicule, that he was glad to hasten out of the place. The circumstance had disturbed his contemplations, and he felt vexed. Beatrice, on her part, was hurt to think he had told her, as she believed, a falsehood about the progress of his work.

VII.

As Stanilaus became more confirmed in his dilatory habits, he began to feel the presence of Beatrice to be more and more irksome. He fancied that her prosaic common sense exercised an injurious influence upon his mind, and was one of the causes of his disinclination for serious work. He took every means of avoiding her; but if he met her by accident, he felt like a culprit in her presence. This constant humiliation fretted and annoyed him. He deplored the circumstance that had given him into her power, and felt his debt of gratitude to her to be an intolerable burden.

For some time past, however, Beatrice had shewn greater kindness towards him than ever. She treated him with a kind of maternal tenderness, as if she was weary of contending with his failings, and had resolved to indulge him in them, or as if she knew how weak he was to struggle with them, and had taken to pity him instead of shewing anger. Stanilaus felt this, though he scarcely

knew the fact. His heart was secretly grateful to her, for not reproaching him with faults with which he reproached himself bitterly enough in his dull humours. She never inquired about his statue, though she knew from Engelhart that he had scarcely touched it. She left him perfectly free; and Stanilaus thought she was trying an experiment, and flattered himself that she had taken a wise course, and that she would soon see the good effects of it in his increased diligence. She borrowed for him such books as he wanted from the baron's library, and for a little while Stanilaus would sit at home of an evening, though his old restlessness soon returned. Beatrice deplored her own blindness in introducing him to her brother-in-law, for she saw that he had become entirely changed since that day.

Engelhart, who had a strong affection for the young artist, had offered him a sleeping-room in his house, thinking to confine him to his work by that means; and at the time when he had felt the control of Beatrice most troublesome, he had talked of accepting it, and endeavoured to persuade her that it would be much for his advantage. Beatrice had not opposed his scheme, though she had secret misgivings that the change would prove of no real benefit to him; and now Stanilaus, who had forgotten Engelhart's offer for some time, began again to talk of accepting it.

One afternoon, in the autumn of the year, Beatrice returned from the Baroness de Lonzac's earlier than usual, and found Stanilaus smoking in his room. She had brought him a basket of peaches from the baron's garden, and she asked about his health with a solicitude that surprised him. He felt that her manner was strange. She said that she must go, she had some business to do; but she lingered, as if loath to depart. She inquired if he intended to go out; and Stanilaus, thinking that her solicitude arose from anxiety about the late hours he had kept of late, replied that he intended to sit at home that night and work. 'And will you come back, Beatrice?' said he.

'I do not think I shall see you again to-night,' said Beatrice. 'I am not sure.'

Her voice faltered, but Stanilaus was thinking now of other matters, and did not note it. She lingered behind him awhile, watching him; but he was too much occupied to be conscious of it. He heard her afterwards moving about her room till she went out and shut the door.

Stanilaus sat there smoking for some time. He had really worked at his model that day, and he was calculating how long it would be, at the rate at which he had been working, before it would be ready for the founder, who was to cast the statue in bronze. He had not told Beatrice of his sudden activity, and he calculated upon surprising her before long with the news that his work was finished. While he was thinking of these things, sitting alone in the twilight, he was

startled by a rapping at the door. He opened the door of Beatrice's room, thinking that it was she returned; but the knocking was at the door of his own room. Beatrice rarely knocked there; but he opened the door, expecting, nevertheless, to find her there. Two men were on the landing. One of them asked in a strange voice for the Count de Lemberg, and Stanilaus bade them come in.

'We have the disagreeable duty of arresting you, count,' said one.

'Of arresting me!' said Stanilaus. 'Of what am I accused?' He knew that the jealousy of the French government of the presence of refugees in the capital constantly led to such unpleasant adventures.

'You are not only suspected,' said the man; 'you are known to be indebted to the amount of two thousand five hundred francs to a lady, who has obtained a decree against you.'

'What is the lady's name?' inquired Stanilaus astonished.

'Beatrice de Salins,' replied the man.

Stanilaus demanded to see his warrant, and lighted a candle to read it. He saw at once that it was correct, and he prepared to depart with them. Stanilaus felt bitterly towards Beatrice as he walked between the two officers into the street, where he fancied every passer-by observed them; but the men, at his request, called the first coach they met, and in half an hour the artist found himself a prisoner in the prison of Clichy.

'A foreigner?' inquired the keeper of the prison, as he passed into a little office to see his name inscribed on the books.

'Count Stanilaus de Lemberg,' said he proudly.

'Ah!' said the man, 'the worse for you. A Frenchman stays five years in prison, and then he may depart, whether his debts be paid or not; but a foreigner must pay, or lie here for ever.'

The conduct of Beatrice appeared to Stanilaus at first inexplicable; but he soon became convinced that he had been the victim of a cunning scheme. He knew that proceedings must have been taken in secret, and that she must have intercepted the process left at his room, in order to keep him in ignorance till the day of his arrest. On reflection, he found that these proceedings must have been commenced soon after he first communicated to her his intention of leaving his lodging, and when, doubtless, he seemed to her to be endeavouring to escape from her power. He was shocked at the hypocrisy with which she had concealed her movements, and redoubled her expressions of kindness on the very night on which she had instructed the officers to arrest him. He remembered now her inquiry whether he was going out, and her excuse for leaving him, saying that she was not sure whether she should see him again, although she must then have well known that he would be in a jail before she returned. His faith in the simplicity and generosity of her nature was gone in a moment. That she, who had pretended such anxiety for his fame, had not scrupled to cast him into a prison,

at a time when he was just making his first attempt at a great work, simply because she fancied her debt unsafe—that she should count for nothing that he would thus be cut off from the means of achieving his long-cherished design, filled him with bitterness against her. But he determined to arouse and make an effort to liberate himself. He sketched a note hastily for his friend Engelhart, telling him his situation, though concealing the name of his creditor, and entreating him to advance the money for his release, under the promise of repaying him immediately by working for him.

Stanilaus waited anxiously for the return of his messenger, walking to and fro in the long room, and muttering to himself, to the surprise of his fellow-prisoners. He was really angry with Beatrice, though perhaps, in his secret heart, he felt it a relief to be in some measure freed from the debt of gratitude that had weighed upon him. An hour had scarcely passed, when Engelhart himself appeared: he had already paid the debt, and procured an order for his discharge. Stanilaus thanked him with tears in his eyes.

'It is a sad business,' said Stanilaus. 'It has shewn to me the treachery of one in whose goodness I believed more than in anything on earth. If any notice had been given of this, I might have averted it; but I have been deceived and betrayed.' He was much excited.

'Come,' said Engelhart, 'you are free now. I ask for no return, but to see you anxious for your own advancement.'

Stanilaus told the coachman to drive to his lodging on his way. He found that Beatrice had been there since his departure, for the door between their apartments was open. He scribbled a note for her hastily, and left it on her table; and having paid Madame Benoit her rent, with thanks for her kindness, he ordered the man to remove his trunks and other things into the coach, and departed at once, to take up his abode with the famous artists.

It had been a sad day for Beatrice. Twenty times she had wavered in her resolution, and nothing but her conviction that it was the best thing that could be done to save him, had enabled her to put her design in execution. The very tenderness which Stanilaus had interpreted against her, arose from a kind of remorse at the step she had taken; and when she had said that she did not know that she would see him again that night, she doubted in her own mind whether she should have strength enough to bear her through. Indeed, the officers had scarcely departed an hour when she returned, determined to inform Stanilaus of her intention, and to renounce it at once. She found that they had already been there, and she hastened to the prison. There she learned that her debtor had procured his release, and had been gone a short time. Sure of finding him in his room, she hastened back; but there again she was disappointed. She saw that he had been there and gone, for everything that belonged to him was removed, even to the broken-stringed

guitar, which had hung upon the wall. She knew by this that he would never come back. A little bunch of dried flowers, that he had picked to pieces and scattered on the floor in a fit of musing that night, she gathered together scrupulously, and tied them again, determined to keep them as a memorial of the last night they had been together. But on the table she found a note, which almost broke her heart to read. Stanilaus wrote not angrily, but sorrowfully. He told her that he owed life, hope, everything to her; but that he would rather have lost all these a hundred times, than have ceased to believe in her goodness. Her eyes swam with tears, and the light of the candle blurred her sight. She laid her face in both her hands upon the table and wept, exclaiming: 'I wish I were dead!'

VIII.

Stanilaus made a promise to himself, that he would not rest until he had repaid the debt he owed to Engelhart; and the sudden impulse this gave him, confirmed him in his belief that the control of Beatrice had been the cause of his feeling a disgust for work. 'I cannot work under restraint,' thought he; for he never deceived himself so much as in theorising on his own character. 'An artist,' he said, 'must be free at all times—to work or not to work.' He believed that there were moments in which the soul was gifted with a creative power, which it would be impossible to force; in the same way that the mystics believe in periodical influxes of the Divine Spirit; and he reasoned, that to be constrained to take up his tools when he felt this power to be wanting, was to be tormented uselessly. If his heart reproached him with ingratitude towards his benefactress, he endeavoured to justify himself by deploring that difference in their natures, which, he believed, made them unfit to be together. 'It is not my fault,' he would argue, 'if Beatrice was so ignorant of art, so deficient in that sense of beauty, which I must find in my companion, or be alone.' But, in truth, his ambitious dreams occupied him so much, that he rarely thought of her. His success with the small groups he designed for Engelhart, and the generous praise of his friend, only served to inflame his vanity more strongly. He began to feel his fame to be certain. He had never yet failed in anything, and he naturally felt failure to be impossible. An objection even to a work he half suspected himself to be inferior to his best productions, would annoy him for a long time. The slightest of his works he believed to be precious, as a manifestation of that high gift he possessed.

His friend Engelhart, examining one of his works in his room one evening, found fault with the position of the figures.

'Where do you find them unnatural?' asked Stanilaus sharply.

'I cannot tell you at this moment,' said Engelhart; 'and yet I

feel the design to be displeasing. I doubt not, if I were to analyse this feeling, I might discover its cause.'

'Then you can point out no fault in it,' said Stanilaus triumphantly.

'It is not always easy to state our reasons for liking or disliking,' replied Engelhart.

'Every work of art,' said Stanilaus, 'is conceived in a certain mode of the artist's mind—it is, in truth, the embodiment of that mode. Now, unless the mind of the critic has at some time passed through the same mode, it will speak to him in vain.'

Engelhart, whose days of enthusiasm were passed, smiled at this pompous dogmatism. 'Before you are as old as I am, Stanilaus,' said he, patting him on the shoulder, 'you will have learned to bear an adverse criticism with patience. The world is a rough school, but it is the best one. One or two failures do a man good: depend upon it, you will find that men have too much self-love to acknowledge that your work may be beautiful when they feel it to be faulty.'

Stanilaus coloured slightly, and protested that he was grateful to him for his remarks, but he felt vexed when Engelhart was gone. The presumption that his mind was in a transition state, and that he must necessarily change his opinions, irritated him. The whole world seemed to be in a conspiracy to treat him for ever as a child, and he determined at once to make an effort to prove that in his art at least he was no mere novice.

He had paid his debt, and he began immediately to work upon his model. It was an allegorical representation of the figure of Truth. It did not progress so rapidly as his smaller works, for he was no longer under that obligation which before had kept him to his task. There was plenty of time, he thought, to finish it for the exhibition, and there was no occasion to spoil it by haste. He made and presented to the Baron de Lonzac a small group, which Julie pronounced to be beautiful. The baron introduced the young artist to some of his friends, and Stanilaus found himself flattered and caressed on all sides. He became a frequent visitor at the baron's house. Beatrice had ceased to come there, and returned to her old business, when she found that Stanilaus was likely to be a visitor at her sister's. Julie never alluded to her aunt; and though Stanilaus had sometimes a strong desire to know the cause of her disappearance, he never mentioned her name. Julie and he became more intimate; and the baroness seemed to remark their growing friendship with no displeasure. The young count was dazzled by her showy accomplishments. He was too vain to remark the pains she took to re-echo his own opinions, and to avoid thwarting him in anything; but he felt how great a difference there was between her and Beatrice, who never scrupled to oppose his inclinations when she did not approve of them. He fancied himself in love with her, and was several times on the point of declaring his passion; but

the fear that they might be ignorant of his poverty, and that the discovery of this would lead to the humiliation of a refusal, determined him to wait until his position was improved.

But he found it impossible to absent himself for a length of time from the baron's house. It was there the grand prospect of fame first burst upon him; it was there he had met with a kindness and indulgence he had never before experienced from strangers. But the time that he spent there, and with his new friends, was a great hinderance to the progress of his statue. His love of pleasure revived; a feverish thirst for excitement made all application irksome to him. The time for the completion of his work was fast wearing away, and he felt himself more and more disinclined to continue it. He was glad to banish the thought of it from his mind, and to stifle his self-reproaches in the gaiety of his life. If Julie asked him about it, her inquiry jarred upon him; her attempts to excuse him pleased him no longer; he felt them to be false, and his conscience rejected them. At such times he became gloomy and reserved, and anxious to be gone. He had spoken to many persons of his intention of exhibiting, and the fear of disappointing their expectations haunted him, and made him still more unfit to accomplish his work.

Many a time he envied those artists and men of letters whom he met at evening-parties, and who seemed always to pass their days in pleasure, and yet to produce their works, and sustain the reputations they had won. He envied them, probably, because he did not know the secret of their lives, and marvelled that he could not do as they appeared to do. 'Have I, then, no choice, but to live as a Cynic, or to be nothing?' he would ask himself bitterly. He had never been so truly unhappy since the day when Beatrice had rescued him from death.

At last he found that the time had become so short, that he must at once renounce all his pleasures, and devote himself exclusively to his work. He hesitated no longer; but the sudden change in his way of life left a permanent depression of spirits, such as a drunkard will feel when the effects of his debauch are wearing off. The shortness of the time made him anxious, and destroyed that calm which he wanted. He was now truly unfit for his task. He worked at it, but his work did not please him; he lost heart, and yet he felt himself compelled to go on.

He often thought of Beatrice now, and of her counsels: he felt that if he had followed them, he might have been a happy man. His ingratitude to her smote him more strongly than ever; the great services she had rendered him, and the ease with which he had forgotten them, filled him with remorse. Sometimes he thought his troubles were a just punishment for his conduct; but how he wished that he had her near him still, to cheer his spirits and encourage him to work! All the history of their acquaintance

suddenly appeared to him in a new light. He forgave her for throwing him into prison, though he did not know yet the motive that had induced her to adopt that step. Viewed merely as an act of prudence for her own sake, he could not blame her now, when he thought of his own recklessness and her long forbearance. He felt tempted to seek her out, to ask her forgiveness, and to beg her to become again his taskmaster: he felt the need of her control and strong practical counsels, which he had despised before; but it was now too late. The day of the opening of the exhibition was approaching, and he had no hope but in constant application. He modelled and remodelled hastily; but everything seemed against him—the atmosphere, the tools, the clay. His friend Engelhart had criticised his work unfavourably when it was half finished, and he felt now the force and truth of his remarks. The dread of failure haunted him day and night. He could not sleep nor eat. Engelhart, who understood his embarrassment, did not pity him—he knew that his vanity required a check. 'It is the story of every young genius,' said he to his partner: 'to find that labour and self-denial are as necessary as inspiration, is always a surprise to them. They will not believe it till they learn it by bitter experience.'

It was no relief to Stanilaus when his model was completed and sent to the founder. He knew that it was not without merit, but it was far, very far from his ideal. He had little hope of finding a purchaser for it; and he had incurred a debt to the founder for casting it of 5000 francs. He determined to go no more to the baron's until after the day of the exhibition; his late experiences had taught him that our most indulgent friends are not always the most true. He began to see through the selfishness of Julie and her mother, and to perceive that they had calculated upon the chance of his success. Engelhart, who heard anecdotes of the baron's reckless way of life from his friends, told him plainly, in the hope of saving him a humiliation which he knew would be a cruel blow to his sensitive nature, some facts he had learned. 'The baron,' said he, 'is a ruined man, and Mademoiselle Julie has no portion; but he knows that he can trust to his daughter's prudence not to accept a man who is penniless.' Stanilaus was not angry at his bluntness; he had already learned to hear a disagreeable truth with more patience than before.

The exhibition opened, and Stanilaus was not surprised to find that the newspapers spoke unfavourably of his statue; but there was one criticism he saw which stung him to the quick. The poor artist did not know that it was written by a man whom he had met in company, and whom he had piqued by his haughtiness and vanity. He believed it to be an honest judgment, and he began to suspect that he merited the severe censure that was cast upon him. His faith in his genius was shaken; he was thoroughly humbled.

That night he determined to call at the baron's. He had little

inclination to see Julie again; he knew, indeed, that she would have heard of his failure, and that he would meet with a cold reception; but he felt a bitter pleasure in observing her selfishness to the end. 'I will meet this humiliation,' he thought; 'it will complete the punishment of my ingratitude to Beatrice.' He waited for Julie some time in the saloon. She was dressing to go to the theatre. Stanilaus noted, on the chair beside the piano, that morning's edition of the *Débats*, containing the criticism which had so annoyed him. Julie shook hands with him when she entered the room, and reproached him with his long absence. 'And now,' she said, 'you come, unfortunately, just when I am obliged to run away.'

Her words were not unkind, but her tone told him of the change that had taken place. Stanilaus saw her busy herself about the piano, and dexterously throw some sheets of music upon the copy of the *Débats*.

'I have been much occupied,' replied Stanilaus; 'you know I have finished my statue since I was last here.'

'The statue you were speaking of?' asked Julie languidly.

'The same,' replied Stanilaus.

'I remember,' said Julie. 'And is it pretty?'

'Not at all,' answered Stanilaus; 'at least the critics say so. They do not scruple to declare that its author is as vain as a peacock, and as stupid as an owl!'

'Ah!' said Julie, 'you are bitter: something has vexed you, and you come to vent your anger upon me.'

'I feel no anger, mademoiselle,' replied Stanilaus. 'I came fully prepared to find this change in your tone and manner. I know the cause of it, and am not surprised.'

'Farewell!' said Julie, as she walked towards the door. 'I hope you will be in better humour when we meet again.'

Stanilaus heard the voice of the baroness on the stairs. Julie whispered to her something, but her mother descended with her without coming to speak to him; and a moment after, he heard the fiacre he had seen waiting at the door drive away rapidly.

Stanilaus felt no regret at parting with Julie, but his heart was heavy that evening. He wandered in the streets, and thought of his wandering in the same way before, in the time of his old troubles. Thrice he passed his old home in the Faubourg St-Germain. He almost hoped to meet Beatrice there; but he did not see her, and he dared not enter the house. He had scorned her when his prospects of success were fairest; to return to her now, when she knew of his reverse, he felt would lower him in her eyes. He hated himself for the meanness of his conduct in accepting the money of Beatrice; he felt that he had indulged in his fatal habit of idle reverie, until he had become intoxicated and dead to all sense of shame; he thought that she must despise him for his baseness; and he bitterly regretted that she had not let him die before this dishonour had come upon

him. He did not go home that night, but walked about the silent streets, scarcely knowing whither, until daybreak.

IX.

In the depth of his despondency, Stanilaus had thought of abandoning his art altogether, and of seeking some employment in his old capacity of a teacher. The never-ending struggle to sustain a reputation, even if once gained, the petty jealousies which annoy a competitor for public favour, and the necessity for constant production when art is made a profession, disheartened him. The fever and anxiety of the first epoch in his career were passed, and he dreaded to renew it. He longed for a peaceful life; and Paris, where he was now known to so many persons, who were all acquainted with the story of his ambition and its failure, became hateful to him. But for the debts he owed, he would have returned at once to England. His true friend, Engelhart, understood his feelings, and counselled him to withdraw himself immediately from all his old pleasures, and to retire to some picturesque and quiet city in the provinces, there to pursue his art laboriously and tranquilly. He promised to supply him with money sufficient to keep his mind free from the anxiety of providing for his daily wants, until such time as he could repay him. 'I did thus when a young man,' said he, 'and it was the happiest time of my life.' The picture he drew of his peaceful and contented life, determined Stanilaus to take his advice.

The day of his departure drew near, and Stanilaus felt unwilling to go without having seen Beatrice, and bidding her farewell. He had no shame about calling for this purpose; and he wrote to say, that an old friend would come at a certain time to take leave of her before his departure from Paris. He found her in her room expecting him. She had prepared to meet him; and Stanilaus thought she had never looked handsomer than that evening.

'What ails you?' said Beatrice anxiously. 'You look pale—your face is thin.'

'I have had much to vex me of late,' replied Stanilaus.

'I know,' said Beatrice; 'but why should this vex you, when you could so easily repair everything?'

'I am not so sure of that as I was, Beatrice,' said he.

'And for that very reason you must succeed,' replied Beatrice.

Stanilaus shook his head. 'I am going now to retire to a great distance, and to give my talents one more trial.'

'It is a good thought,' said Beatrice. 'Paris is a bad place—you must live quietly, and be industrious.'

'This I will promise you,' replied Stanilaus.

'And keep your promise?' said Beatrice smiling; for she recollected how often he had broken such resolutions.

'I think so. I am a different man, I hope, from what I was. This failure, which I thought a misfortune, may turn out, as Engelhart says, a blessing. I was drunk with the praises of people, but the world has sobered me.'

'And now, while you think yourself furthest from fame, you are nearer to it than ever.'

'Do not talk of fame, Beatrice,' said he. 'I failed with my last work, because I was feverishly craving after applause. Now, I will work to please myself; and if what pleases me does not please others too, I must be content with obscurity.'

'Ah! you are indeed changed,' said Beatrice.

Stanilaus was very loath to depart. Assuredly, if he had known the history of the bunch of dried flowers which caught his eye on the mantel-piece, he would not have left her so coldly. Before he went, she confessed to him the history of her putting him in prison, and how she had repented, and sought him everywhere on the night that he had left his room. She could not let him go away, she said, with the belief that she had been selfish.

Stanilaus was delighted with her simple and natural explanation of what had appeared to him so treacherous. 'I did not know you then, Beatrice,' said he. 'How could I?—we must be pure and good ourselves before we can understand the pure and good. I hope you have a better neighbour now.'

'Indeed; I have not,' replied Beatrice; 'for I have none at all. The room has been empty ever since you left it.'

Beatrice was happier that night than she had ever been in her life. This explanation was the utmost she had desired, and she had begun to fear that Stanilaus would never know how she had only wished to save him, after all. She was content to bid him farewell now, though they should be about to part for ever.

'I will come and visit you again the very day I return,' said Stanilaus. 'It may be months—perhaps years; but be sure that I shall not have been in Paris an hour, before I come to see my dear old friend, to whom I owe so much.'

A whole week had passed beyond the time the sculptor had fixed for his departure, and still he was not gone. Beatrice had calculated, and found that he should be now settled in his new home in the country. But Stanilaus repented of his determination, and would gladly have renounced it, but for his fear of degrading himself in the eyes of his friend Engelhart, who would think he had abandoned himself again to his old vacillating disposition. But at last he bethought him of a kind of middle course. He told Engelhart that he had changed his resolution only so far as regarded the place, but that he was still determined to retire altogether from society. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I shall have disappeared, and my old friends will see or hear nothing of me for a long time to come.'

That evening he visited Madame Benoit, and inquired if his old room were still unoccupied.

'You will find it exactly as you left it,' replied the portress, who was glad to see her lodger returned.

'Then,' said Stanilaus, 'I shall be glad to live there again, if you will accept a little higher rent.'

Madame Benoit objected.

'But I am going to ask a favour in return,' said Stanilaus—'that is, that you aid me in keeping my place of residence an entire secret. Do not think that there is any mystery in this: I am simply going to work, and I wish to be undisturbed.'

The portress promised to obey him implicitly; and the next afternoon he brought his tools and boxes there, and took up his abode again in his solitary room. The events of the last six months seemed to him like a story he had been reading—the impression of them was fast fading away.

He listened for Beatrice's footsteps till evening, but she did not come. He tapped at her door, and unlocked it, to peep into her room. He noticed her lamp and work-box on the table, and the order and neatness that reigned there, and shut the door again without locking it. Later, he heard her coming up the stairs: he knew her step well. She opened her door, and soon after he heard her moving about in her room. He hesitated with a kind of dread of seizing the happiness that awaited him. He was sitting in his chair by the fire, just as he had sat on the night when she parted with him, before the officers came to arrest him, and looking towards her room, when he heard the handle of the lock moved, and saw the door slowly open. Beatrice stood there, holding the lamp in her hand. She started, and stopped upon the threshold, staring at him in wonder.

'Do not be alarmed, Beatrice,' said he; 'I am no ghost.'

'You startled me!' said she, breathless. 'I thought you were a hundred leagues away. But I see now—you meant to surprise me.'

'No,' replied Stanilaus, taking her by both hands, and looking in her face; 'I really meant to go, but I found I could not. I loved you too much to leave you.'

Beatrice trembled visibly, and finally laid her face upon his shoulder, and burst into tears. She dreaded that he would change again.

But when she saw afterwards how closely he remained confined, how unceasingly he worked, and how cheerful and contented he had become, she knew how great a change his disappointment had wrought in him. She told him what she had not dared to tell him before—how unhappy his departure had made her; she shewed him the bunch of dried flowers, and he remembered them; and she confessed to him how she had never failed one evening to peep into

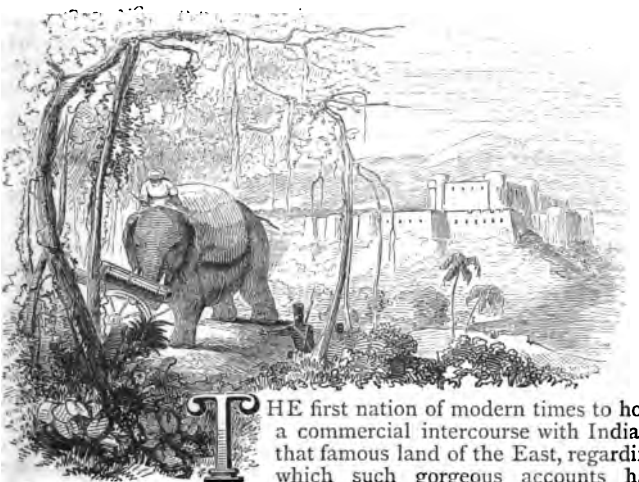
his room, until the night when she was so astonished to find him there.

Stanilaus worked at small objects all that winter. He would never have thought of attempting a great statue again, had not Beatrice endeavoured to convince him that he was now far more certain of success than before. One day he issued from his place of concealment, and visited his friend Engelhart, who, though he had regularly received through Beatrice the fruits of his labours, had never known where he was. He shewed him a drawing of his design, and his friend approved it.

'You shall work upon it here,' said Engelhart; 'but as a previous failure is apt to hinder a man's success, you shall exhibit it anonymously.'

He took the same subject as before, but he treated it so differently, that none could have suspected it to be by the same artist. He had worked at it with nothing to disturb his thoughts, and he was well satisfied with it. Before it was exhibited, Engelhart had disposed of it for a considerable sum to a foreign nobleman, who was known throughout Europe for his taste in art. The rumour of this purchase insured it attention among the objects in the exhibition. The newspapers extolled it everywhere; and Stanilaus's old enemy pointed out its beauties in the *Débats*, and alluded to a young artist 'whose brief but brilliant fame in private circles must be still fresh in the memory of his friends.' He counselled that young artist, 'if he was still in existence,' to pay a visit to the exhibition, and see his own subject treated by one who had a true sense of art. One morning the baroness and her daughter, who was still unmarried, were astonished to read in the *Débats* an announcement of the marriage of Count Stanilaus de Lemberg with Mademoiselle Beatrice de Salins. A paragraph in the same paper mentioned the fact, that the statue lately purchased by the Duke de Téruel, and which had attracted so much attention at the late exhibition, was the work of Count Stanilaus de Lemberg. The fame of Stanilaus increased rapidly; but he continued to live privately with Madame de Lemberg at Neuilly, near Paris, where his friend Engelhart visited him frequently. He had no leisure to devote to the frivolous society of his fashionable acquaintances; but when he went to Paris, he never failed to find time for a visit to his friend Madame Benoit.

THE BRITISH CONQUEST OF INDIA.



THE first nation of modern times to hold a commercial intercourse with India—that famous land of the East, regarding which such gorgeous accounts had come down from antiquity—was the Portuguese. To discover a short route to the celebrated countries where the gold and the diamonds and the rich spices were to be found, was the great object of European ambition in the fifteenth century; and as the Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama was the first to solve the problem, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope (previously passed by his countryman Diaz), and sailing into the Indian Ocean in the year 1497, his countrymen, then celebrated among the nations of Europe for their enterprise and nautical skill, were the first to reap the advantages of a connection by sea with the East Indies. Nearly a whole century elapsed, 'during which,' to use the words of Mr Mill in his *History of British India*, 'the Portuguese, without a rival, enjoyed and abused the advantages of superior knowledge and art amid a feeble and half-civilised people.'

About the end of the sixteenth century, other nations, especially the English and the Dutch, began to compete with the Portuguese in the trade with the East Indies. Passing over various efforts made by English adventurers, supported by government, to establish a regular commerce with India, we come to the memorable attempt made under the auspices of a number of London merchants, who had been constituted into a Company for the purpose by a royal

charter, dated the 31st of December 1600. 'This charter,' says Mr Mill, 'the origin of a power so anomalous and important as that which was afterwards accumulated in the hands of the East India Company, contained nothing which remarkably distinguished it from the other charters of incorporation so commonly in that age bestowed upon trading associations. It constituted the adventurers a body politic and corporate, by the name of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies," and vested them with the usual privileges and powers. According to the principle of the times, the charter was exclusive; prohibiting the rest of the community from trading within the limits assigned to the Company—that is, the space of land and ocean lying beyond the Cape of Good Hope and the Strait of Magellan; but granting to the Company the power, whenever they pleased, of bestowing licenses for that purpose.' The charter was granted at first for a period of fifteen years, with the probability, however, of renewal.

Such was the foundation of the celebrated East India Company, whose power in the world's affairs was long so enormous. The first voyages of the ships belonging to the Company were not to the Indian continent, but to the islands of Java, Sumatra, &c., from which they brought home calicoes, raw silk, indigo, and spices. It was soon found desirable, however, to hold commercial intercourse with Hindustan itself; and accordingly, after some difficulties, leave was obtained from the native authorities, in the years 1611 and 1612, to establish factories or warehouses for the convenience of trade at Surat, Ahmedabad, Cambay, and Gogo, on the west. Thus, when the British first planted their feet on the soil of India, they appeared as nothing more than the humble agents or servants of a company of merchants in a distant island, charged with the task of shipping and unshipping goods, and bound, as they valued their lives and liberties, to behave in a civil and even submissive manner to the natives. From such small beginnings did the empire of the British in India take its rise.

The original East India Company, with its charters at different times disputed and renewed, continued throughout the seventeenth century to carry on a more or less profitable traffic with the East. Its factories were extended to Java, Sumatra, Borneo, the Banda Islands, Celebes, Malacca, Siam, and the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel. In 1640, the native authorities gave permission for the building of Fort St George at Madras; and in 1645 a factory was established on the banks of the Hooghly, a branch of the Ganges near its mouth, which formed the foundation of Calcutta. The island of Bombay was also procured as a settlement in 1664–5, after a struggle with its Portuguese possessors. Three years before this, the Company received authority, for the first time, to make war and peace with the native princes; but its affairs were not in a prosperous state; and soon after the Revolution of 1688, the question of the

validity of the old royal charter was started. The consequence followed of the Company not being able to perform its obligations, on account of losses occasioned by wars, infidelity of officers, extravagance, &c.; and parliament, in 1698, granted a charter to a new East India Company, on condition of a loan of £2,000,000 sterling to the state, and which was required to carry on King William's wars. But the great contentions between the two Companies soon made it necessary to unite them, and a union was finally effected in 1708, when an act of parliament was passed, establishing the conjoined association under the title of 'The United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies.'

The constitution adopted for managing the affairs of this great Company was as follows: The whole of the business was to be in the hands of two courts—a Court of Proprietors and a Court of Directors. The qualification for being a member of the Court of Proprietors was to be the possession of at least £500 of the Company's stock; but the possession of more than that quantity of stock was not to give a proprietor more than a single vote. The directors were to be twenty-four in number, of whom one was to be chairman, and another deputy-chairman; they were to be chosen annually by the votes of the proprietors at a general meeting; and the qualification for being elected a director was to be the possession of at least £2000 of the Company's stock. Four general courts, or Courts of Proprietors, were to be held in the year—a court once a quarter; additional courts, however, might be held when circumstances required it. The Courts of Directors were to meet as often as the directors themselves saw fit, and at such times and places as they might appoint; the presence of thirteen directors to be necessary to constitute a court. 'According to this constitution,' says Mr Mill, 'the supreme power was vested in the Court of Proprietors. In the first place, they held the legislative power entire; all laws and regulations, all determinations of dividend, all grants of money, were made by the Court of Proprietors. To act under their ordinances, and manage the business of routine, was the department reserved for the Court of Directors. In the second place, the supreme power was secured to the Court of Proprietors by the important power of displacing annually the persons whom they chose to act in their behalf. In this constitution, if the Court of Proprietors be regarded as representing the general body of the people, the Court of Directors as representing an aristocratical senate, and the chairman as representing the sovereign, we have an image of the British constitution. In the constitution, however, of the East India Company, the power allotted to the democratical part was so great, that a small portion may seem to have been reserved to the other two. Yet the actual result has been extremely different. Notwithstanding the power which, by the theory of the constitution, was reserved to the popular part of the system, all

power has centered in the Court of Directors; and the government of the Company has been an oligarchy. In fact, so far from meddling too much, the Court of Proprietors have not attended to the common affairs even sufficiently for the business of inspection.'

The Company, constituted on the footing here described, were as yet nothing more than an association of merchants exporting bullion, lead, quicksilver, woollen cloths, and hardware to India; and importing in return calicoes, raw silk, diamonds, tea (the first order for the importation of which was given in the year 1667), porcelain, pepper, drugs, and saltpetre. Their governmental establishments were Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta; the last of which was only a short time previously a mere commercial agency dependent on Madras. Already, however, they had formed the design of obtaining an influence in India by other means than that of simple commerce; and the extension of the Company's settlements soon became the main object of those charged with the direction of the Company's affairs in India. The first notable advantage gained by the Company was in the year 1715. In that year, 'an embassy' being sent on a commercial commission to Delhi, it happened that a medical gentleman named Hamilton, who accompanied the factors, had the good fortune to cure the Emperor Feroksere of a severe illness, which could not be overcome by the ignorant native physicians. In gratitude for this important service, the emperor, at Hamilton's request, granted liberty to the Company to purchase in Bengal thirty-seven townships in addition to that of Calcutta; he also conferred upon them some important commercial privileges, which soon rendered Calcutta a flourishing settlement.

From this period the Company's power in India continued to increase. At home, however, they had to contend with a powerful opposition, the general verdict of public opinion even at that time being hostile to such a monopoly of trade as that vested in the East India Company. As the time for the renewal of the Company's charter came round, the most energetic efforts were employed to throw open the Indian trade to the general enterprise of the community; and it is probable that these efforts might have succeeded, had it not been for the influence which the Company obtained over the mind of government by means of loans of money to help government through cases of emergency. Thus, in the year 1744, the Company advanced to government a loan of £1,000,000 at three per cent., in consideration of which they obtained an extension of their monopoly till the year 1780.

It is at this period—about the middle of the last century—that the career of the Company begins to be most interesting to the historian. For a century and a half, an association of merchants and speculators had been in existence, carrying on a trade with India for the purposes of pecuniary profit. At one time the trade had been brisk, at another dull; and in no respect was it peculiarly

distinguished from the various other trades in which people at that time engaged for the purpose of money-making. The name of India, it is true, had still a mysterious sound in the public ear; vague ideas were still entertained of its wealth; and on that account, perhaps, there was a greater ambition among speculators to be proprietors of East Indian than of other kinds of stock; but, upon the whole, the extent of trade carried on, and the rate of profits made by partners of the East India Company during the former half of the eighteenth century, were not nearly so large as, with our present notions of India, and the power of the East India Company, we are apt to imagine them to have been. It was about the middle of the century that that course of events began along which the East India Company, and with it the British nation, have marched to their world-envied supremacy over Central and Southern Asia. This course of events, striking in themselves, and deserving of attention, on account of their essential intertexture with the British history of the last century, we proceed to sketch. It will be necessary, before doing so, however, to give our readers some idea of the field into which, by means of the East India trade, British industry and enterprise had been introduced; in other words, to give them some account of the history and the internal condition of that portion of the earth's surface called India, previous to its invasion and conquest by us money-making and large-brained islanders.

INDIA PREVIOUS TO THE BRITISH CONQUEST.

Passing over the legendary chronologies of the Hindus themselves, the utility of which as materials for history may be judged of by the fact, that they speak of kings reigning for twenty-three thousand years each, and extend back to nearly four millions of years in all, the first historical notices we have of India are those given by the Greek writers, who narrate the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, in the year 327 before Christ. 'From these notices,' says Mr Mill, 'the conclusion has been drawn that the Hindus, at the time of Alexander's invasion, were in a state of manners, society, and knowledge exactly the same with that in which they were discovered by the nations of modern Europe: nor is there any reason for differing widely from this opinion. It is certain that the few features of which we have any description from the Greeks bear no inaccurate resemblance to those which are found to distinguish this people at the present day.'

About the beginning of the eleventh century, however, this Hindu population—who, it is probable, had till that time been the exclusive inhabitants of the country lying between the Himalaya Mountains and the Indian Ocean—were mixed with a new race, professing a different religion, and following different customs. These new competitors for the possession of Hindustan were Mohammedans, who

invaded the country from its north-western frontier. From Arabia as a centre, the great empire which the prophet Mohammed had founded in the beginning of the seventh century had extended itself far and wide, east and west, so as to stretch from the Indus in the one direction almost to the Strait of Gibraltar in the other. The first Mohammedan invader of India was Mahmoud of Ghuznee, who, in the beginning of the eleventh century, was sultan over that part of the disintegrated Arabic empire which lay to the west of the Indus. He commenced his successful expeditions into India about the year 1000, and continued them till 1024, making the destruction of Hindu idolatry and the plunder of its shrines more the object of his visits than the acquisition of territory. In this period of twenty-four years he prostrated, for the moment, a considerable number of the native princes, and exacted immense tributes in gold and every kind of valuable commodity. A successor of Mahmoud, named Mohammed, after carrying on war with the Indian princes for some time, at length, about the year 1193, entered Hindustan with an exceedingly large force, and bore down all opposition. The king of Delhi was slain in battle, and having advanced to that ancient capital, Mohammed there left a viceroy to maintain his authority. In this manner a Mohammedan dominion was for the first time established in the heart of India, and in one of its greatest cities; and thus commenced the first Afghan or Patan dynasty.

A second Afghan or Patan dynasty was established, by one of those revolutions so common in eastern states, in the year 1291. During the existence of this dynasty, which continued till towards the end of the fifteenth century, the Mohammedan power extended itself farther south in Hindustan, as far even as the Carnatic: so that before the beginning of the sixteenth century, Mohammedans must have been pretty thickly interspersed with the original Hindu population, throughout at least the north-western, the central, and the southern portions of Hindustan. The foundation of the famous Mogul dynasty by Baber, a descendant of the great Tamerlane, in the year 1525, may be considered as having completed the subjugation of India by the Mohammedans. Overpowering the Mohammedan chiefs among whom the country was divided, as well as conquering portions of territory which had not yet been thoroughly subjected to the Mohammedan yoke, Baber founded an empire in India which eclipsed that of his predecessors in respect both of extent and stability. From the foundation of the Mogul empire by Baber in 1525, a series of Mohammedan emperors, whose seat of authority was at Delhi, ruled the largest and finest portions of India. By them the country was in many places newly subdivided into provinces, and put under the government of tributary kings or nabobs, who superseded the Hindu rajahs or petty princes. One of the greatest of these Mogul emperors was Akbar, who flourished between the years 1556 and 1605. By his daring and judicious management,

the central provinces were preserved in complete tranquillity, and Guzerat, Bengal, and part of the Deccan were added to his already extensive empire.

Akbar, at his death in 1605, left the Mohammedan empire in India divided into fifteen provinces or subahs, each of which was governed under the emperor by a viceroy styled subahdar. The names of the fifteen subahs were Allahabad, Agra, Oude, Ajmeer, Guzerat, Bahar, Bengal, Delhi, Cabool, Lahore, Multan, Malwa, Berar, Candeish, and Ahmednuggur. Jehongir, who succeeded his father Akbar, was able, although with considerable difficulty, to retain the imperial authority over all these provinces. It was in his reign, which extended from 1605 to 1628, that the English first began to plant factories on the north-western coast of Hindustan, in the manner already described; and it was by the favour of the emperors, his successors, and that of the subahdars or viceroys of the various maritime provinces, that the East India Company were able, during the seventeenth century, and half of the eighteenth, to carry on their trade, whether with the Hindus or Mohammedans of India. One of the most celebrated of the Mogul emperors was Aurungzebe, great-grandson of Akbar, who ruled from 1658 to 1707. Under this prince, the empire of the Moguls came to the height of its glory, and reached its largest extent. After Aurungzebe had added to it the kingdoms of the Deccan, it included nearly the whole of Hindustan, with the neighbouring regions of Cabool on the one hand, and Assam on the other. The revenues extorted from this populous and wealthy territory amounted to £32,000,000 sterling. During the reign of Aurungzebe, it was attacked by the Persians, and also by a growing nation called Mahrattas, consisting of a number of associated native Hindu tribes, whose country comprehended large portions of the provinces of Malwa, Candeish, Aurungabad, and Bejapore, in the Deccan.

After the death of Aurungzebe, none of his successors exhibiting equal abilities, the Mogul empire declined; and the great officers of the empire threw off the yoke of the imperial power, and became independent princes. It was from Feroksere, the great-grandson of Aurungzebe, that the East India Company obtained, in the year 1715, the grant of thirty-seven townships in Bengal, and of additional commercial privileges, to which we have already alluded as marking so distinct an epoch in the Company's history. Not long after this event, the Persians, under the celebrated Nadir Shah, invaded Hindustan, adding another element of confusion to those which already existed.

Such is a summary view of the history of India previous to the time when the British began their career of conquest in that country. The proportion of Mohammedans to Hindus over the whole peninsula may have been as one to six; although in some districts the proportion was much larger. Upon the whole, the Mohammedans

were still the dominant race, excelling the Hindus at least in strength and activity of character; but, as we have just seen, a reaction had begun, and the Hindus were in various parts of the peninsula regaining their supremacy. Into this mêlée of Hindus and Mohammedans, struggling among themselves and against each other, the ambition and enterprise of Europeans forced their way, and the whole aspect and destinies of India were changed. The manner and progress of this revolution we are now to describe.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN INDIA—WAR IN THE CARNATIC.

The death of Charles VI., emperor of Germany, in the year 1740, gave origin to a war in which several of the European nations engaged, but the principal burden of which came at length to be sustained by France on the one side and England on the other. The formal declaration of war between these two countries took place in the year 1744, and, as was natural, the enmity which existed between the two mother-countries affected the settlements of each in all parts of the world. In Hindustan, especially, the declaration of war was attended with important results.

The French had begun to trade with India towards the end of the seventeenth century, under the auspices of an East India Company established in the reign of Louis XIV., somewhat on the model of its British rival. Various attempts had been made by this Company to obtain settlements on the coast for the convenience of traffic, as the British had done. Most of these attempts, however, had failed; and at the breaking out of the war in 1744, the only French settlement of any consequence in India was Pondicherry, on the Coromandel Coast, about a hundred miles south of the British settlement of Madras. The town was strongly fortified, a considerable portion of territory was attached to it, and it was governed by a president and council, who had also under their charge three small establishments or factories, which the French possessed in other parts of Hindustan; namely, Carical on the Coromandel Coast, Mahé on the Malabar Coast, and Chandernagore in Bengal. The governor of Pondicherry, at the time of the declaration of hostilities between France and England, was Joseph Francis Dupleix, the son of a director of the Company, who, after giving proofs of his zeal and ability by a long course of arduous service, had been appointed to the office in 1742, and had already exerted himself so as to place the affairs of the French in Hindustan on a much more prosperous footing than they had attained under any former governor.

The possessions of the English in Hindustan at this time were, as our readers know, much more extensive than those of the French. Instead of one government or presidency, like the French, the English had three—the presidency of Bombay on the west coast, and

that of Madras on the Coromandel Coast north of Pondicherry, and that of Calcutta in Bengal, which had been erected into a separate presidency so lately as the year 1707. Each of these presidencies had considerable territories depending on it for government and protection.

Besides Pondicherry and its dependencies on the coast of the Indian peninsula, the French East India Company possessed the two islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, situated in the Indian Ocean, east of the large island of Madagascar. These islands were governed by a president and council of their own, distinct from that of Pondicherry; and at the commencement of the war between England and France, the governor of the two was an officer named Labourdonnais, distinguished by his great abilities and his large experience in all colonial matters. Very rarely had two such men as Dupleix and Labourdonnais been found in such situations as those which they respectively occupied; and the fact that France had them to rely upon for the management of her affairs in the Indian Ocean, gave her an ominous preponderance over England, which, although her commerce with India was larger than that of France, could not at that time point to any man of hers in India capable of opposing the designs of the two French governors with sufficient genius.

Labourdonnais took the lead in the attempt to assist France by striking a blow at the Indian power of her rival, England. Great was the alarm of the British in Madras when, on the 14th of September 1746, a French fleet anchored within sight of the town, and it was known that the governor of Mauritius was on board. Madras was then the richest and most important of all the British settlements in India; and its entire population amounted to about 250,000, of whom, however, no more than 300 were English-born. After sustaining a bombardment of five days, Madras surrendered to Labourdonnais, and the French flag waved on the ramparts of Fort St George. Labourdonnais, however, had been instructed not to retain possession of Madras; and accordingly, one of the articles of capitulation agreed to between him and the English authorities was, that within a certain period the town should be restored, on the payment of a moderate ransom. Being a man of high honour and spirit, he would have punctually fulfilled this agreement had he been his own master; but Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, who to unquestionable talents joined a great ambition of conquest, and a less scrupulous sense of honour than that which animated Labourdonnais, thwarted him so much in all his proceedings subsequent to the capture of Madras, that he at length found it necessary to return to Europe to defend his conduct.

The removal of Labourdonnais from India left Dupleix at liberty to follow out his own ideas, which aimed at nothing less than the establishment of a French empire in India. The necessary

preliminary was the uprooting of the various settlements which the British had planted on the Coromandel Coast. To restore Madras, according to stipulation, would have been, in the eyes of Dupleix, a retrograde step; accordingly, acting professedly under the influence of the general voice of the inhabitants of Pondicherry, he not only retained the town, but even plundered it, and carried the English governor and a number of the principal inhabitants prisoners to Pondicherry.

About twelve miles south of Pondicherry was the settlement of Fort St David, belonging to the English. Hither many of the inhabitants of Madras had retired on the violation of the treaty made with Labourdonnais; and here, in the meantime, were centered all the functions of the Madras presidency. Dupleix resolved to attack this place, the capture of which would, it was probable, completely destroy the power of the English on the Coromandel Coast. Accordingly, on the 19th of December 1746, he appeared before it with a considerable force of Europeans and negroes. The siege continued long, and would probably have ended in the reduction of the fort; but fortunately, early in 1747 an English fleet arrived, the settlement was saved, and the fortunes of the parties reversed. As the French had laid siege to Fort St David, so the British determined to attack Pondicherry. The superiority, however, which the British possessed in numbers and in fresh supplies, was more than counterbalanced by the general ignorance of their officers in matters of Indian warfare, by the hardships of the climate, and by the great abilities of Dupleix. After a siege of thirty-one days, Pondicherry was abandoned by the British without any impression having been made upon it. Further hostilities were in the meantime prevented, by the arrival of the intelligence that a treaty had been agreed to between England and France, in terms of which Madras was to be restored, and the affairs of both countries on the Coromandel Coast placed on their former footing.

The cessation of hostilities was but temporary; a new path had been opened up for European ambition; and both French and English were eager to tread it. Dupleix especially was alive to all the opportunities which his position afforded him. In his eyes, that commerce with India which he had been appointed to superintend and control, sank into a very insignificant matter compared with the extension of the French power in Hindustan. He found himself planted on the sea-edge of a vast country, the wealth of which was enormous. He saw it overspread by millions of Hindus and Mohammedans, weak in themselves, and held together by the most wretched system of government. The great Mogul empire was no longer formidable; it was crumbling to pieces. What, then, was there to prevent him, an educated European, a native of *La belle France*, from playing a game among these tawny weaklings worthy of his race, his culture, his country? To plunge into the politics of

India—to intrigue with this nabob and that rajah, all the while keeping the extension of the French power in view as his main end —this was the plan proposed to himself by Dupleix.

The first operations of Dupleix were in the Carnatic—the name given to the tract of country on the Coromandel Coast between the Kistna and the Cavery. Under the Mogul empire, this large territory formed part of the subah of the Deccan, and was governed by an officer called a nabob, who, as well as the Subadhar of the Deccan, was nominated by the emperor. Latterly, however, both dignities had become in a manner independent, and open to competition. In 1749, the Nabob of the Carnatic was Anwar-u-Deen; the Subahdar of the Deccan at the same time was Nazir Jung. The titles of both were disputed; that of Anwar-u-Deen by Chunda Saheb, and that of Nazir Jung by Mirzapha Jung. The two claimants naturally made common cause with each other; and in order to increase their chances of success, they applied for assistance to Dupleix. Nothing could have been more agreeable to the scheming mind of Dupleix than this request; and the result was, that a joint army of 40,000 natives, and 2300 troops under French command, advanced against the Nabob Anwar-u-Deen. In the engagement with the nabob's forces which ensued, the French gained the victory for their allies. Anwar-u-Deen was killed at the great age of one hundred and seven years, and a rich booty fell into the hands of the conquerors. Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, surrendered immediately after, and the fortunes of the allies seemed to be in the ascendant.

These events took place in December 1749, after which, with much intriguing on all sides, parties arranged themselves thus: Dupleix, as before, took part with Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Saheb, although ready, as opportunity presented itself, to throw either of them off. The English, resolving to check the schemes of Dupleix, gave what assistance they could to Nazir Jung, the reigning Subahdar of the Deccan, and Mohammed Ali, who assumed to be the legitimate successor to the nabobship of the Carnatic. Dupleix, however, triumphed. Entering into a correspondence with Nazir Jung, with a view to detach him from the English, he at the same time, lest this negotiation should fail, opened another with certain of Nazir's officers who were disaffected to him, and ready for a revolution. Unfortunately for the subahdar, the negotiation with the disaffected portion of his followers came soonest to a conclusion. In October 1750, his camp, which the English had left, disgusted with his ambiguous behaviour, was attacked by the French; turning to encourage his men to defend it, he was shot through the heart by one of his traitor officers, and Mirzapha Jung was proclaimed Subahdar of the Deccan.

This was a great triumph for Dupleix. As it was by his means that Mirzapha Jung had attained the coveted dignity of Subahdar of

the Deccan, the Frenchman was, out of gratitude, appointed governor of all the Mogul territory lying on the east coast, from the Kistna to Cape Comorin, Chunda Saheb acting as his deputy or nabob in the Carnatic. The fortunes of the British were now at a very low ebb. Their only Indian ally was Mohammed Ali, who retained possession of the town and district of Trichinopoly, but who was so far from being an enthusiastic friend of the English interests, that he appeared willing to listen to any proposals of reconciliation from the French. The French had gained a great reputation throughout all Southern Hindustan; and the English were regarded, both by Hindus and Mohammedans, as quite a second-rate people.

At this crisis there stepped forth a young man whose name was destined to be celebrated in the history of British India. In the year 1744 there had arrived at Madras a youth named Robert Clive, the son of a gentleman in Shropshire. He was destined to fill the situation of a writer in the Company's service; but he had not been long in India, before his unruly and obstinate disposition shewed itself in such a way as to prove that he was ill qualified to give satisfaction in a position where deference to superior authority was regarded as the principal human virtue. Escaping from Madras after its capture, he was permitted, fortunately both for himself and the British interests, to exchange his civil rank for an ensignship in the Company's army. From that time forward he had distinguished himself by his intrepidity and cool daring on several important occasions. Accordingly, when in the present emergency Clive, who had been just appointed a captain, to fill a vacant place, proposed the somewhat bold scheme of attacking Arcot, so as to create a diversion of the enemy's forces from Trichinopoly, the proposal was approved of by the presidency, and Clive, with a force of 200 Europeans and 300 sepoys, was charged with its execution. Clive accomplished his design with the most brilliant success. Arcot was taken; and Clive returned victorious to Fort St David in December 1752.

Good fortune now again seemed to be on the side of the British. The French and their allies raised the siege of Trichinopoly, and took up their position in the fortified island of Seringham, on one of the branches of the Coleroon. They were not able, however, to resist the forces which attacked them in this position, but at length capitulated, and were carried away to the English settlements as prisoners of war.

There was no stability, however, in Indian affairs. A new shuffling of parties soon took place, to carry on the war in the Carnatic. In the beginning of 1753, by which time Clive had returned to England for the benefit of his health, the opposed parties were as follows: The French had drawn over Morari Rao, the Mahratta chief, and had likewise procured some assistance, in the shape of supplies, from another native dignitary, the governor of Vellore, whom Dupleix

flattered with hopes of the nabobship of the Carnatic, in case Mohammed Ali were conquered. The English, on the other hand, had Mohammed Ali for their associate, and received some scanty and reluctant help from the Rajah of Tanjore, who did not yet see clearly which side was likely to prove the strongest. The struggle between the two armies was for the possession of Trichinopoly, the English being its actual occupants, and the French trying to dislodge them. For a year and a half—that is, from May 1753 to October 1754—the siege was continued, affording opportunities for the display of much bravery, and of much suppleness and dishonesty on both sides, still without any decisive advantage on either: the English doggedly maintaining a position which was conceived to be essential to the preservation of British influence in the Carnatic; and the French as resolutely bent on obtaining possession of a place, the occupation of which would enable them, according to the boast of Dupleix, to reduce Madras to a mere fishing-village.

Meanwhile, events favourable to the French were taking place in other parts of the Deccan. Mirzapha Jung having been slain by his subjects, his son Salabat was appointed by French influence to succeed him. Salabat, to shew his gratitude, yielded to the French that tract of country on the Coromandel Coast which includes the Northern Circars—thus making the whole territory ceded to the French in Hindustan extend from Cape Comorin to the pagoda of Juggernaut.

Such a cession of territory, however, was merely nominal, and was not destined ever to amount to a reality. While these wars, and conflicts, and intrigues had been going on in the Carnatic, the cool-headed people in England and France, in whose names the whole turmoil was conducted, had begun to think whether any real advantage was to be gained by permitting their servants to fight with each other, and set up and depose nabobs and subahdars in Indian swamps and jungles under a broiling sun. Upon the whole, they decided that the occupation was a waste of industry; the French government especially was displeased with the conquering policy of Dupleix. Commissioners, appointed by the French and by the English East India Companies, met in London to discuss their mutual differences; and the result was, that in the summer of 1754, M. Godhen was sent out on the part of the French, with authority to supersede Dupleix, and conclude an arrangement with the English. M. Godhen arrived in the Carnatic in the month of August; and in a short time a treaty was agreed to between him and the English governor, Mr Saunders, in terms of which the French resigned all their reputed acquisitions in India, both nations retaining only such settlements on the coast as were deemed necessary for the purposes of commerce, and Mohammed Ali, the protégé of the English, being allowed to remain undisputed Nabob of Arcot. Such was the impotent conclusion of all the ambitious schemes of

Dupleix; and sad must it have been to the daring and crafty mind of that governor to see his projects for the aggrandisement of France thus laid in the dust, and to be compelled to return to Europe to face the thankless men in whose interests he had so fruitlessly toiled, and so lavishly expended his sagacity, his moral principle, and his private wealth.

Messrs Godhen and Saunders returned to Europe, leaving the surface of affairs in India calm and smooth to appearance. But calmness and smoothness were not characteristics of Indian politics, and it was not long before new disturbances broke out. The English being left supreme, or at least possessed of great authority in the Carnatic, where the nabob was their creature, were soon involved in the disputes of that dignitary with the surrounding native princes —disputes in which they were the more interested, that it was only by extortion from these princes that they could obtain a tolerable quantity of money as a reward for their services to the nabob. So also the French, under Bussy, having been left in the confidence of the Subahdar of the Deccan, were mixed up with his affairs, and dependent on his purse. The working of these jarring influences kept the Deccan in a state of continued warfare and confusion till the year 1756, when war being again declared between Great Britain and France, the contest assumed a more regular character. In the meantime, let us quit the presidency of Madras, and turn our attention to another part of India, the presidency of Calcutta or Bengal.

ACQUISITION OF BENGAL BY THE BRITISH.

Bengal, one of the original subahs of the Mogul empire in India, had hitherto been regarded by the English as of inferior importance to the Carnatic; but circumstances were about to change their views on this point. In April 1756, Aliverdy Khan, a chief of Afghan extraction, who had governed Bengal for many years in the capacity of subahdar, died, leaving his nephew, Surajah Dowla, his successor. Surajah Dowla is described as a dissolute prince, and a hater of the British; and one of his first resolutions, on assuming his honours as subahdar, was to expel them from his territories, or, at all events, to reduce their power, and spoil them of part of their wealth, which he conceived to be much greater than it was. With this view he took the field in May 1756, with an army of 40,000 foot, 30,000 horse, and 400 elephants; and after some preliminaries, advanced against Calcutta, and invested it on the 18th of June. Unprepared to resist such a force, the governor and council thought it the safest policy to embark the European inhabitants and their property on board ships, and seek refuge in the other settlements. By some strange mismanagement, however, for which the governor, Mr Drake, was blamed, a number of persons were left behind, who, finding themselves deserted, chose Mr Holwell as their commander. The little

band held out against the subahdar and his army, in hopes to obtain terms; but at length the place was taken by storm, and all were captured. Although it does not appear to have been the intention of the subahdar to treat his prisoners with cruelty, the scene which followed is one of the most horrible on record. When the evening came on, it became necessary to secure the prisoners in some place of safety; and a small damp dungeon, named the Black Hole, which the English had themselves used as a prison, was chosen for the purpose. Into this horrible place one hundred and forty-six human beings were forced, of whom only twenty-three came out alive in the morning, the remainder having perished of suffocation from the want of fresh air, the guards without listening to their groans and shrieks, and yet refusing to waken the subahdar to announce to him the situation of his prisoners.

The news of this catastrophe, and of the ruin, as it seemed, of the British establishment in Bengal, reached Madras in August; and it was immediately determined that Clive, who had now returned to Madras with the rank of colonel in the army, and deputy-governor of Fort St David, should proceed to Bengal to punish the subahdar. Arriving in the Ganges in the month of December with five ships of war and five transports, having 900 European troops and 1500 sepoys on board, Clive speedily retrieved the losses of the British; and after retaking Calcutta, with almost all the merchandise which had been left in it, and inflicting no small damage on the subahdar's forces, compelled that potentate to sue for peace, and to conclude a treaty of submission, compensation, and friendship with the British. The subahdar having thus been reduced to terms, Clive, in March 1757, attacked and took Chandernagore, the principal French establishment in Bengal. According to his instructions, Clive ought now to have returned without delay to Madras, where, in consequence of the outbreak of the war between England and France, a French fleet was every day expected to arrive. This of itself is evidence of the absence of any great designs of conquest on the part of the British. Bengal, however, appeared a nobler field to Clive, and he resolved to disobey his orders, and remain there. To forward his further designs relative to the extension and consolidation of the British power in that part of India, it was necessary to have, as subahdar or nabob of the province, a man who would co-operate with him, or over whom he could exert an influence; and as Surajah Dowla was not such a person, he did not hesitate to set on foot a deep intrigue for deposing Surajah, and elevating Meer Jaffier, a relation by marriage of the late Aliverdy Khan, in his room. The intrigue, aided by a battle fought on the 23d of June 1757, succeeded satisfactorily; Surajah Dowla was slain by Meer Jaffier's son, and Meer Jaffier became Subahdar or Nabob of Bengal. The honour, however, was an expensive one, for he had agreed to pay the following sums in return for the help which he had received from the

British: 10,000,000 rupees to the East India Company; 5,000,000 rupees to the English inhabitants of Calcutta; 2,000,000 rupees to the Indians; 700,000 rupees to the Armenians; 2,500,000 rupees to the fleet; 2,500,000 rupees to the army; 280,000 rupees each to Mr Drake and Colonel Clive; and 240,000 rupees each to three other gentlemen—the gross amount of these sums in English money being £2,697,750. The demand for such a sum, however, had been founded on a miscalculation of the resources at the disposal of a Subahdar of Bengal; and ultimately the parties interested were obliged to be content with half of what had been asked, and one-third of that half was paid in goods and jewels.

Meer Jaffier, who had thus purchased the throne of Bengal, did not give satisfaction to his new subjects. The necessity of supplying the British with money compelled him to have recourse to such exactions and cruelties as rendered him odious. Nor were the other native powers of Hindustan inattentive to the revolution which had been effected in Bengal, or unwilling to make an attempt to prevent the English from gaining more power in India. Accordingly, the Sharada, or eldest son of the Mogul Emperor Aulumgee II., having been invested by his father with the dignity of Subahdar of Bengal, which Meer Jaffier held by English patronage, he formed an alliance with two powerful native princes, the Subahdar of Allahabad and the Nabob of Oude, and invaded Bengal in the end of 1758. Jaffier could not have opposed this invasion alone; but Clive, seeing the British prospects to be dependent on his retaining the influence he had acquired in Bengal, did not hesitate to march against the invaders, although in doing so he was actually declaring himself an enemy of the Great Mogul, under whose auspices the invasion had taken place. Without the expense of a battle, Clive was able to quash the invasion, and disperse the enemy's force; a result which so delighted Jaffier, that he conferred on him, under the title of jaghire, the whole of the rents which the East India Company paid to the Bengal government for their territories round Calcutta—a sum amounting to £30,000 per annum. Shortly afterwards, having done everything in his power to make the British influence paramount in Bengal, Clive returned a second time to England. Before proceeding with the narrative of events on his return, let us cast a glance at the position of affairs in the Carnatic, which, it will be remembered, Clive left in 1756, in daily expectation of being visited by a French fleet.

The expected fleet did not arrive till April 1758. The forces on board of it, intended to prosecute the war against the English in the Carnatic, were commanded by the Count de Lally, an officer of Irish extraction in the French service. Lally lost no time in obeying his instructions by attacking Fort St David, which he did with so much vigour, that on the 1st of June the British surrendered. Retiring to Pondicherry, Lally then matured the plan of his future proceedings,

the grand objects of which were, first the reduction of Madras, and then the destruction of the rising power of the British in Bengal. Lally's measures, and his wilful conduct, displeased many on whose co-operation the success of his views depended. Nevertheless, he laid siege to Madras, and had proceeded some way towards the reduction of the place, when an English fleet hove in sight, and the circumstances of the parties were reversed. With the reinforcements brought by this fleet, and some vessels which came immediately after, the English under Colonel Coote retrieved all their losses, beat the enemy at every point, and at last, in the end of 1760, laid siege to Pondicherry. In January 1761, this town, the chief French settlement in the Carnatic, surrendered; after which it was impossible for the one or two French factories which remained to hold out; and by the month of April 1761, the French had not a single foot of ground in the whole of India. The unfortunate Lally, on his return to France, was impeached with the crime of want of success; and although his services in the cause of France for forty-five years, and even his conduct in the very expedition which afforded the articles of his impeachment, deserved a better reward, he was condemned to death, and executed, a victim of the national vanity.

The British were now without European rivals in India. They had established a firm footing in the Deccan and in Bengal; in the latter, especially, their power was almost paramount, and the whole of India lay invitingly before them. From this moment, therefore, the struggle of the British for ascendency in Hindustan lay not with the French or any other European nation, for these had been virtually cleared out of the country, but with the native Hindu-Mohammedan people.

After Clive's departure for England, Bengal became the scene of fresh confusion, owing to the extortions of the Company's servants, and the incapacity of Meer Jaffier. The latter cause, or at least Meer Jaffier's incapacity to raise money sufficient to supply the demands made upon him by the English, induced Mr Vansittart, and the council who managed the Company's affairs, to depose him, and set up in his stead his son-in-law, Meer Cossim. If, however, Meer Jaffier had proved too weak a man for the purposes of the Company's representatives, Meer Cossim, on the other hand, proved too firm and able; for he made it his endeavour to govern Bengal with some degree of justice and impartiality, both as regarded the natives and the European settlers. He soon came into conflict with the Company's servants, by refusing to be a party to their unjust and cruel methods of acquiring wealth. The principal of these unjust methods was the monopoly of internal trade. Under cover of the old privilege granted by the Mogul to the East India Company to export and import goods, and to carry them overland without payment of customs or tolls—the principal source of revenue with the native princes—the Company's servants carried on a trade of

their own in those articles which constituted the main items of native consumption; thus making enormous profits by avoiding the payment of tolls, and at the same time ruining the native dealers, who were obliged to pay all the toll-dues before they could bring their goods to market. This state of things had become intolerable; the natives were groaning under the tyranny; and Meer Cossim, who was a man of just disposition, remonstrated with the European authorities against the iniquitous practice of private trade. As almost every person in authority was an interested party, no heed was paid to these remonstrances, and Meer Cossim's attempt to enforce the payment of even a moderate duty by the English dealers was treated with scorn. In this emergency, Meer Cossim took an extraordinary and really noble step: he abolished all duties whatever, and left the internal traffic of Bengal perfectly open. The amazed Englishmen thus outwitted, were now clamorous for the restoration of those very duties, for the abolition of which, in their own case, they had been contending. A decided rupture was the consequence; hostilities were begun between the English and Meer Cossim, which terminated in the defeat of the latter, and his flight into Oude, by the nabob of which he was received with kindness. Meer Cossim, the Nabob of Oude, and the Sharada, who, since his last appearance, had by his father's death succeeded to the somewhat empty title of Emperor or Great Mogul, were now the allied antagonists of the English. A regular war commenced between their forces and the British troops commanded by Major, afterwards Sir Hector Munro; which, after some severe fighting, ended most fortunately for the British in May 1765, Meer Cossim having fled into the interior, and the Nabob of Oude and the Great Mogul having submitted in the most humble manner. The death of Meer Jaffier was also a piece of good fortune.

At this moment Clive returned to India. Although there had been great differences between him and the East India Company, and he had even commenced a lawsuit against them for the proceeds of his jaghire, his acceptance of which from Meer Jaffier was one of the principal causes of their dissatisfaction with him, his abilities were yet in such estimation, that when alarmed by the intelligence of the state of affairs in Bengal, the directors found it necessary to send out some one to assume the chief direction, they were obliged to select him, and even to comply with his conditions, which were, that he should be invested with the powers of commander-in-chief, president, and governor of Bengal, and be at liberty to act, by the advice of a select committee of four, independently of the council. With such powers from the Company, and with the new title of Lord Clive, conferred on him by His Majesty, he arrived for the third time in India. His first occupation was to arrange the treaty which was on foot with the vanquished Mogul and Nabob of Oude. The nabob was to retain all his territories, with the exception of Allahabad

and Cerah, which were to be given to the Mogul; and he was to pay fifty lacs of rupees to the English towards defraying their expenses in the war. The Mogul, on the other hand, receiving Allahabad and Cerah, was to grant to the East India Company the duanee, or right of collecting the revenues in the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa—a privilege equivalent, according to Indian ideas, to the sovereignty over those provinces; in return for which the Company were to continue to pay him the twenty-six lacs of rupees of annual revenue which he was entitled to as emperor. Shortly after these arrangements, which were completed on the 12th of August 1765, Nugein-ul-Dowlah, the young son of Meer Jaffier, and whom the English had appointed nabob in the room of his father, was pensioned off, and the English were left virtually the sole masters of one of the finest portions of Hindustan—that watered by the Lower Ganges and its many mouths.

ADMINISTRATION OF WARREN HASTINGS—EXTENSION OF THE BRITISH POWER—WAR IN MYSORE.

After establishing, with considerable difficulty, a system of government in Bengal, Lord Clive returned to England in the beginning of 1767, leaving the management of affairs in the hands of a select committee. For several years the condition of matters was one of comparative tranquillity, although whether the administration of the English was just and beneficial, the following sentences from Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings, referring to the state of Bengal, and the conduct of the English there, under the system which Lord Clive had established, will indicate: 'There were two governments,' says Macaulay, 'in Bengal—the real and the ostensible. The supreme power belonged to the Company, and was, in truth, the most despotic that can be conceived. But, though thus absolute in reality, the English had not yet assumed the style of sovereignty. They held their territories as vassals of the Mogul; they raised their revenues as collectors appointed by the imperial commission; their public seal was inscribed with the imperial titles; and their mint struck only the imperial coin. Against misgovernment, such as then afflicted Bengal, it was impossible to struggle. A war of Bengalees against Englishmen was like a war of sheep against wolves—of men against demons. The only protection which the conquered could find was in the moderation, the clemency, the enlarged policy of the conquerors. But at first, English power came among them unaccompanied by English morality. There was an interval between the time at which they became our subjects, and the time at which we began to reflect that we were bound to discharge towards them the duties of rulers. During that interval, the business of a servant of the Company was simply to wring out of the natives a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds as speedily

as possible, that he might return home before his constitution had suffered from the heat, to marry a peer's daughter, to buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and to give balls in St James's Square.'

In the meantime, while the Company's servants were accumulating fortunes in Bengal, the affairs of the Company itself were by no means so flourishing as people had expected. 'The most absurd notions,' says Macaulay, 'were then entertained in England respecting the wealth of India. Palaces of porphyry hung with the richest brocade, heaps of pearls and diamonds, vaults from which pagodas and gold mohurs were measured out by the bushel, filled the imagination even of men of business.' When, therefore, it became known in England that, so far from having large surplus revenues from Bengal, the Company was in such embarrassments as to be obliged to borrow first the sum of £400,000, and afterwards the sum of £300,000 from the Bank, the public began to clamour for an investigation into the conduct of the Company's servants, to whose malpractices the defalcation was attributed, and to demand a reform in the constitution of the Company. The Company's administration of their Indian territories consequently became a subject of long and eager parliamentary discussion, which terminated in July 1773 in a complete remodelling of the Company, and the establishment of a new system for the British administration of India. The principal features of this important change were as follows: The qualification to vote in the Court of Proprietors was to be the possession of £1000 of the Company's stock, instead of £500 as before; the possession of £3000 was to entitle to two votes, of £6000 to three votes, of £10,000 to four votes; whereas, formerly, no proprietor, whatever his amount of stock, had more than a single vote: and out of the twenty-four directors, only six were to be elected annually, instead of the whole number, as had hitherto been the case. Further, the presidency of Bengal was to be erected into a superiority over the other presidencies, and was to be administered in future by a governor-general, with a salary of £25,000, who would therefore be in reality the supreme British ruler in India. The appointment of the first governor-general, with four counsellors at a salary of £8000 each, was to be in the hands of the crown; but after five years, the patronage was to revert into the Company's hands, the appointments made by the Company, however, to be subject to the approbation of the crown. In pursuance of the plan of centering the administration of India in Calcutta, a supreme court of judicature was to be erected there, the judges to be appointed by the crown.

This sweeping revolution in the constitution of the Company having been carried, notwithstanding all the opposition offered to it, the crown appointed, as the first governor-general of India, Mr Warren Hastings, a gentleman who, born in 1732, the member of an old but reduced English family, had gone out as a writer to Bengal

in the year 1750, had acted a busy part in the contest of which that province had been the scene, had returned to England in 1764, but had again gone out in 1769 in the capacity of a member of the council in Madras, where his services were so efficient, that, in 1772, he had been appointed at the head of the government of Bengal. It was to this man, whose name is now so celebrated, that the great business of consolidating the British power in India was intrusted; and in his hands it remained for upwards of ten years—that is, to his resignation of the governor-generalship in 1785. A full history of these ten years would include three chapters, or rather would consist of three inter-wrought narratives: the first devoted to a detail of the personal history of Mr Hastings during his residence in India; the second giving a view of Mr Hastings' system of administration in the territories over which the Company's sway already extended; and the third exhibiting the progress of Indian conquest under his rule, and in consequence of his policy. The last, of course, is what alone falls to be treated by us in the present place; and as the enlargement of the British power in India under Mr Hastings' administration consisted rather in the extension of British political influence over native principalities, than in actual acquisition of new territories by force of arms, our account may be all the more brief.

At the date of the appointment of Mr Hastings to be governor-general, Hindustan may be considered as having been divided as follows. Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa were under the sovereignty of the British, on the footing already described, and constituted the presidency of Calcutta. Turning, then, to the Deccan, or triangular extremity of the country (the subahdarship of which had been held, since the extinction of French influence, by Nizam Ali, who had murdered his brother Salabat Jung, the subahdar set up by Bussy), we find the English paramount in the Carnatic, the nabob of which, independent now of the subahdar, was Mohammed Ali, their creature. To the British territory in the Deccan was also added about this time the long strip of coast-land called the Northern Circars, lying between the Carnatic and Orissa. This territory had been ceded by the Mogul to the British, being detached from the subahdarship of the Deccan, and annexed to the nabobship of the Carnatic; and the two provinces together, the Carnatic and the Northern Circars, constituted the Madras presidency. Thus the two presidencies of Calcutta and Madras included the whole eastern coast of India, from Cape Comorin to the Ganges. On the west coast, again, the British possessions consisted of the presidency of Bombay, the territorial extent of which was quite inconsiderable. The rest of India—that is, all the interior, and, with the exception of Bombay and its dependencies, the whole range of the west coast—was still in the hands of native powers. Nominally, the Mogul was sovereign of the whole, as indeed he was of the entire extent of Hindustan; but, in reality, he was a mere phantom; and his

reputed empire, once actually ruled over by his ancestors, was split into numerous principalities, governed by whatsoever authority, Hindu or Mohammedan, was strong enough to maintain itself. The Deccan, Oude, the Rohilla States, and the Mahratta States, were specially instances in point.

Such, as briefly described as is consistent with clearness, was the condition of Hindustan when Warren Hastings commenced his administration. There was no regularity, no fixedness, no constitution. Into no fitter hands could a commission for extending British influence in India have been placed. To keep a vigilant eye over the whole of Hindustan; to watch the outbreak of a war between any two contiguous native powers, or of a difference between a native prince and his subjects; instantly to interfere, and either foment the dispute, or help to decide it, making the end in every case the acquisition of some advantage to the British, whether in present cash or in forthcoming profits—such was the habitual policy of Mr Hastings.

It was in the neighbourhood of the Bengal presidency, where he himself resided, that Hastings was able to pursue this policy most steadily. He was able not only to free Bengal from the obligation of paying a revenue to the Mogul, but also to establish such a political influence over Oude, as to derive from it extraordinary supplies of money, and to exercise an irresistible control over the conduct of its nabob. But it was not only from the Bengal presidency that encroachments were made upon the native territories. In the year 1774, the Company's officers of the Bombay presidency made an attempt to get possession of the two small islands of Bassein and Salsette. This involved the British of Bombay in a war with the Mahratta powers, who held that part of India. But it was in the Deccan, and under the immediate auspices of the Madras presidency, that the most important struggle between the British and an Indian power took place.

One of the finest portions of the Deccan was the kingdom of Mysore, an inland territory between the Carnatic and Malabar Coasts. To the throne of this kingdom there had raised himself, by a course of audacity and duplicity, Hyder Ali, a Mohammedan adventurer of northern origin, who, though of poor birth, and totally without education, was possessed of the greatest natural abilities. Mysore had become, under his government, a prosperous and formidable kingdom, compact in the midst of anarchy; and the English, after experiencing several defeats at his hands, had been glad to conclude a treaty of alliance with him, by which they bound themselves to support and maintain his authority against all enemies. This treaty had been concluded in 1769; and since that time, Hyder and the English had been on terms of amity, although he complained bitterly of their unfaithfulness as allies, because they would not assist him against the Mahrattas.

When, on the commencement of war between Great Britain and France in 1778, the Madras presidency, after reducing Pondicherry, seized on the fort of Mahé, on the Malabar Coast, Hyder Ali resolved to aid the French. In June 1780, 'an army of 90,000 men, far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other native force that could be found in India, came pouring through those wild passes which, worn by mountain torrents, and dark with jungle, lead down from the great table-land of Mysore to the plains of the Carnatic. This great army was accompanied by a hundred pieces of cannon; and its movements were guided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe. Hyder was everywhere triumphant. The sepoys in many British garrisons flung down their arms. Some forts were surrendered by treachery, and some in despair. In a few days the whole open country north of the Coleroon had submitted. Then it was that the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved their most signal triumph. A swift ship, flying before the south-west monsoon, brought the evil tidings in a few days to Calcutta. In twenty-four hours the governor-general had framed a complete plan of policy adapted to the altered state of affairs. Hastings determined to resort to an extreme exercise of power: to suspend the incapable governor of Fort St George; to send Sir Eyre Coote to oppose Hyder, and to intrust that distinguished general with the whole administration of the war. The reinforcements were sent off with great expedition, and reached Madras before the expected French armament arrived in the Indian seas. The progress of Hyder was arrested; and in a few months the great victory of Porto Novo retrieved the honour of the English arms.'* Hyder Ali died in 1782; and his son, Tippoo Saib, made peace with England after some more fighting.

CONQUESTS UNDER THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS AND THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

Meanwhile the maladministration of India was a constant subject of discussion in England, both in and out of parliament. Bills were proposed, both by Mr Fox and Mr Pitt, for a further modification and limitation of the powers of the East India Company. Mr Pitt's bill was carried, by which the Court of Directors was thenceforth to act in conjunction with, and be kept in check by, a Board of Control, consisting of six members of the privy-council chosen by the king; there was also a diminution of the power of the Court of Proprietors, and a provision for making the Company's servants in future disclose the amount of fortune brought home with them from India.

These new arrangements were completed in 1786. Mr Hastings

* Macaulay's article, *Warren Hastings*.

having resigned the office of governor-general, returned to England, where his impeachment and trial occupied for a long time the whole attention of the country; and there went out as his successor Lord Cornwallis. The administration of the internal affairs of the British dominion in India under this governor-general was characterised by stricter attention to just dealing than had yet been manifested in the Indian colonies; but with all his pacific dispositions, it was not long before he was involved in a war, having for its end the further extension of the Company's territories. Tippoo Saib, the Sultan of Mysore, had become as formidable in Southern India as his father Hyder Ali had been; and an occasion of dispute having been easily found, the peaceful relations between Tippoo and the British were terminated, and the war in Mysore again began. In 1792, Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysore, was besieged by the Marquis Cornwallis with a strong British army; and after some show of resistance, Tippoo was fain to offer terms of surrender. He agreed to give up half of his dominions, and pay £3,500,000 in bullion. For the fulfilment of the treaty, he was under the necessity of giving up two of his sons as hostages. Having fulfilled his engagement, these young princes were returned in 1794. But after this, he again commenced hostilities; and in 1799, the Earl of Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, the brother of the Duke of Wellington, having in the meantime superseded Lord Cornwallis as governor-general, the British forces under General Baird once more attacked, and now captured, Seringapatam. In the general slaughter which ensued in entering this strongly fortified place, Tippoo was shot. The kingdom of Mysore was forthwith divided among the conquerors—that is, among the English and their native allies in the war; a part, however, being erected into a separate Hindu state.

Scarcely was the war with Tippoo Saib at an end, when a struggle began between the British and a new enemy—the Mahrattas, already spoken of in connection with the preceding events. These Mahrattas, occupying a large portion of the west coast of Hindustan, were, with the exception of the British, the most growing power in India; and the Marquis Wellesley began to be of opinion that it would be necessary, for the preservation of the British power in Southern India, to come to some distinct and specific understanding with them. Accordingly, he offered them a share of the partitioned Mysore kingdom, on condition that they should form what was called 'a subsidiary alliance' with the British; that is, to receive and maintain in their territories a British force, according to the custom of other dependent states. This offer was rejected; and the consequence was, a war between the British and the Mahrattas, which was carried on till the year 1805. This was the war in which the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, gave the first distinguished proofs of that military genius which was

afterwards to display itself on the theatre of Europe. The skilful management of internal differences among the Mahrattas by the Marquis Wellesley, and the soldierly ability by which his views were seconded in the field by his brother Sir Arthur, by General Lake, and by other British officers, carried the British triumphantly through the contest. By the year 1805, treaties had been concluded with the Peishwa, the Rajah of Berar, and Sindia, by which parts of their territories were ceded to the British, and the British authority more or less stringently established in the rest; and only Holkar remained unsubdued. This Mahratta chief was also, in the course of the same year, reduced to such extremities as to be forced to flee; when unexpectedly the Marquis Cornwallis arrived in India a second time, commissioned to supersede the Marquis Wellesley, whose extremely military administration had not given satisfaction to the nation and the East India Company at home. The new governor-general, however, had hardly announced his intention of pursuing a line of policy directly opposed to that of his predecessor, when he died in October 1805, worn out by age and infirmities. Sir George Barlow, however, who acted as his successor until a new governor-general should be sent out, acted entirely on the views of the deceased governor; and under his administration a treaty was concluded with Holkar, restoring that fallen potentate to his former position, and a revision took place of the relations in which the other native states in India stood to the British power.

The successor of Lord Cornwallis in the governor-generalship was Lord Minto, who held the office from 1807 to 1813. During Lord Minto's government, little was done to extend the British dominion within the limits of India itself, there being a strong desire on the part of the directors at home to avoid the establishment of political connections with the native states in addition to those which already existed. By the Marquis of Hastings, the successor of Lord Minto, a war with the Nepaulese and Pindarees of the Mahratta countries was brought to a successful termination; new territory was acquired, and a British resident imposed (1816–17).

It was intended that Mr Canning should succeed the Marquis of Hastings as governor-general of India. He had been unanimously appointed to the office by the Court of Directors, and was on the point of sailing for India, when the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, the Foreign Secretary of State, opened up for him a more congenial political career in Europe. He accordingly resigned his appointment, which was conferred on Earl Amherst, whose claims were deemed preferable to those of Lord William Bentinck—a nobleman who had acted as governor of Madras from 1804 to 1807, and who, having in the latter year been recalled in a hasty and somewhat angry manner, in consequence of some occurrences in his presidency, of which he had unjustly received the blame, was naturally anxious to return to India in a capacity which would enable him

to vindicate his character in that part of the world where it had been injured. His wish was not gratified till the year 1828, when he arrived in India as successor to Lord Amherst, whose government had been signalised by a war against the Burmese of the eastern peninsula, carried on at great expense, but concluded in 1826 on terms favourable to the British, who obtained by it a considerable portion of additional territory on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, and by the abolition, in 1827, of the former vassalage for the Indian possessions which the British had till then acknowledged to the king of Delhi.

WARS IN AFGHANISTAN, THE PUNJAB, AND SINDE.

We now enter upon an extraordinary period in the history of India. True, it began in peace, but its general characteristics were —gigantic conquests, a fearful revolt, and an extinction of the once great East India Company. Lord William Bentinck's seven years of administration (1828 to 1835) were marked by many improvements in the internal government of India. The Company, dismayed at the enormous cost of the Burmese war, sought to improve their financial position by retrenchment in expenditure; and the duty of enforcing this retrenchment brought the governor-general into much disfavour among the pampered officials in India. When, however, he had surmounted the preliminary difficulties, he began a system of amelioration in many matters connected with the welfare of that great country. He abolished the sacrifice of the *suttee*, the horrid practice of immolating Hindu widows on the funeral-piles of their husbands. He effected a change in the system of public instruction, whereby he facilitated the study of European science and literature, and especially the English language, by the natives. He established a medical college, for the instruction of natives in medicine and surgery. He was the first governor-general who received native gentlemen on a footing of equality with Europeans at his public receptions; and broke down the ungenerous system previously acted on, which had galled the spirit of the natives by insults wholly unjustifiable. He was the first, too, who gave the native judges adequate salaries, held out to them a hope of higher professional position, and thereby lessened the scandals of a corrupt administration of justice. Happily for India and for the governor-general, no extensive wars were engaged in during Lord William Bentinck's seven years of service. One year, however, was marked by an event of considerable importance to India and to English commerce. In 1833 the Company's charter was renewed for a further term of twenty years (1834 to 1853); but with a condition, among other provisoes, that the monopoly of trade to and from India and China should be abolished—all merchants being declared free to trade or not in these parts, without asking permission of the Company.

The next governor-generalship, that of Lord Auckland, was a disastrous one. This nobleman went out to India in 1836. In 1838, Dost Mohammed Khan, chief of Cabool, entered into intrigues which set the whole of Afghanistan in a ferment. His abettors were Persia and (as is believed) Russia; his opponents were his own brothers, who competed with him for the throne of Cabool, and other chieftains in Afghanistan and the Punjab. Possibly Lord Auckland would have left those chieftains to settle their own quarrrel, had it not been for fear of Russia. For more than a hundred years past, the czars and czarinas of Russia have had an eye upon the rich possessions of the English in the East, and have, by conquest and intrigue, gradually acquired power over Asiatic tribes who command some of the inland routes to India. The British government, dreading the spread of this power, resolved on an attempt to obtain control in Afghanistan, as one of the gates of India. They declared war against Dost Mohammed, and supported certain claims of Shah Soojah to the throne of Cabool. This policy was followed by very humiliating consequences, brightened by a few gleams of victory. On the 23d of June 1839, Sir John Keane captured Ghizni, one of the strongholds of Afghanistan. Dost Mohammed soon afterwards fled into hiding; and Shah Soojah was installed by the British as Khan of Cabool. The British were in reality the masters during 1840; for they retained a large army in Afghanistan to support Shah Soojah. Much intriguing, however, was going on among the several Afghan chieftains opposed to the newly-made khan; and in November 1841 began a terrible series of woes. There was a general rising against the British at Cabool. Sir Alexander Burnes, Sir William Macnaghten, and many other officers were assassinated; and Major Pottinger, political chief at that time and place, deemed it necessary to make a convention with the Afghans for the evacuation of Cabool by the British. History has scarcely placed upon record a more terrible and humiliating retreat. On the 6th of January 1842, the hapless Anglo-Indian army, with an immense train of camp-followers, set forth; and in the course of two or three days, scarcely a human being belonging to it was left alive. The Afghans attacked them in the Khoord Cabool Pass, and slaughtered all, men, women, and children, with a very few exceptions: the number was little short of 26,000.

Public feeling in England was painfully excited by this tragic occurrence. It was felt that, whether the Auckland policy had been good or bad, a punishment of the Afghans for their treachery was imperative. The Earl of Ellenborough was sent out as governor-general. The year 1842 was mostly spent in avenging the above disasters by a series of brilliant achievements at Candahar, Jelalabad, the Khyber Pass, Ghizni, Cabool, and Quettah, conducted by Generals Nott, Sale, Pollock, and England. In 1843, a war with the Ameers of Sinde, near the Lower Indus, under Sir Charles James

Napier, led to the annexation of that large province. In 1844, Sir Henry (afterwards Lord) Hardinge succeeded Lord Ellenborough as governor-general, the last-named nobleman being unable to work in harmony with the officials of the East India Company. During 1845 and 1846, took place a war with the formidable and daring Sikhs of the Punjab; in which Sir Henry Hardinge (as a volunteer, so far as concerned military operations), Sir Harry Smith, Sir Hugh Gough, and other officers greatly distinguished themselves at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon. The chief result of the war was, not the annexation of the Punjab, but the appointment of a particular chieftain to the maharajahship of the Sikhs, under conditions that would give the British great influence in the Punjab. This maharajah, however, being a boy only seven years old, was soon involved in difficulties with other chieftains; and the British hastened to support their youthful protégé. Hence arose the second Sikh war, which lasted from the spring of 1848 to that of 1849. The names of Edwardes, Gough, Whish, Thackwell, Lawrence, Gilbert, and other able officers, are associated with brilliant achievements at Mooltan, Ramnuggur, Vizierabad, Chillianwallah, and Gujerat, which led to the utter defeat of the Sikhs. The British, in a summary way, which has been very customary in India, although not quite in accordance with English ideas at home, ignored all the chieftains alike, and annexed the Punjab to British India.

THE DALHOUSIE AND CANNING ADMINISTRATIONS—THE ANNEXATIONS AND THE REVOLT.

The Marquis of Dalhousie's career as governor-general of India, from 1848 to 1856, was marked by an enormous amount of annexation, or addition, to British territorial power in that region. He asserted, after his term of office had expired, that all these annexations were justifiable, each on its own grounds; but the opinion is now pretty general, in India as well as in England, that he carried the system to too great an extent, in some instances disregarding the rightful claims of native princes. The second war with the Sikhs, as we have just seen, led to the annexation of the Punjab in 1849. A second war with the Burmese led, in 1852, to the annexation of Pegu. The kingdom of Nagpore was annexed because there was a failure of native male heirs. The kingdom of Oude was annexed on the ground of the utter faithlessness of the native princes. Sattara, Jhansi, Berar, Ungool, Sikkim, Khyrpore, and the Carnatic, all were annexed on some grounds or other. These augmentations of territory would, it was estimated, add four or five millions sterling to the revenues of India; but the terrible year 1857 had not yet arrived to disturb all such calculations.

It would be unjust, however, to withhold praise from the Dalhousie administration for the numerous improvements effected in the

internal government of India. The Punjab, under the two estimable brothers, Sirs Henry and John Lawrence, received a form of government superior to anything which had been before known in India. A kind of parliament was established at Calcutta, under the name of the 'Legislative Council'—a very humble attempt, but still an attempt to imitate English institutions. The Indian Civil Service was thrown open to all British subjects, under a system of competitive examination. The officers were restricted as to certain modes of enriching themselves, which had been allowed with too great laxity under former administrations. Education, courts of justice, and prison discipline, all underwent improvement. A system of education for Hindu women and girls was organised. Railways were commenced in 1849, and many great contracts were made and works executed by 1856. An excellent postal system was established on the basis of the penny post in Great Britain. Electric telegraphs were first set up in 1852, and were rapidly extended. The coasting-trade of India was set free to all nations. The growing of cotton in Central India, and of tea in Assam and the North-west Provinces, was much encouraged; and so were the branches of culture relating to flax, silk, wool, and timber trees. Irrigation canals of gigantic extent were opened, and inland navigation improved in many parts of India. Many thousand miles of new road were opened. *Thuggee*, or systematic assassination, female infanticide, and the Meriah sacrifice—all repulsive features of Hindu society—were either suppressed or greatly lessened in intensity.

The above furnishes a goodly list of benefits conferred on India by the Marquis of Dalhousie, even if his policy of annexation be disapproved. But the marquis could little foresee the terrible occurrences which his successor would have to contend against. In the spring of 1856, Viscount Canning arrived in India as governor-general. In the interval from that year to 1862, he was called upon to assist in the absolute reconstruction of a vast empire and a vast army. The native soldiers forming the bulk of the Company's army, had, with a few exceptions, remained faithful to the flag they served; but in 1857 their fidelity broke down. A revolt, one of the most stupendous and critical ever recorded, burst forth; and the suppression of that revolt in 1858, was followed by the cessation of the East India Company's rule in the East. It is the object of a separate sheet of the *Miscellany* * to trace the eventful history of this revolt. What we have here to do is, to notice its effect upon India generally.

A vast increase in British troops being needed to suppress the revolt, and an enormous outlay of capital incurred, the desirability became apparent of making British India an *imperial* possession, instead of continuing the strange anomaly of the Company's govern-

* *Story of the Indian Mutiny*, No. 19, vol. 3.

ment. An act had been passed in 1853 to continue the powers of the Company till 1873; but the revolt led to a disturbance of this arrangement. During nearly the whole of 1858, the government, the two Houses of Parliament, and the Company, were engaged on this great subject. At length the royal assent was given to one of the most important acts ever passed by the British parliament. The Company's powers were by this act brought to an end. The Queen became, in name as well as in fact, Queen of British India. A 'Secretary of State for India' was appointed, assisted by a Council of fifteen. All the members chosen for this Council were men experienced in the affairs of India, and nearly the whole of them had been directors of the Company. The Council was intrusted with certain powers as advisers; but the real power was mostly vested in the Secretary of State.

INDIA UNDER THE CROWN.

No great wars have occurred to distract the government of India since 1858; none, at least, relating immediately to India itself. During 1859 and 1860, much discussion arose on the question, whether there should thenceforth be a British-Indian army distinct from the Queen's general army. It was at length decided that there should be no such distinction; that all the British troops should form one army, to serve in England, or in India, or in any other part of the British dominions, as the sovereign might direct. A later resolution, promulgated in 1861, settled the constitution of the Queen's *native* army in India. The arrangement was to the effect that, in time of peace, there should be 155 regiments of native troops, each regiment to consist of about 600 privates and 90 non-commissioned officers, together with about 20 British commissioned officers to each regiment.

In November 1861 took place, by the Queen at Windsor Castle, the first investiture of knights of 'The Exalted Order of the Star of India'—an order established with special relation to services rendered in and to India. The native princes who have been thus invested place much value on this honour, because of the limited and select number of persons who receive it. Early in the following year, the Earl of Elgin went out to India as governor-general, to succeed Viscount Canning, whose term of office expired, and whose constitution was so worn down by the pressure of the anxious duties which had weighed upon him, that he died soon after his return to England. The earl, who had seen much diplomatic service in China, entered upon his new duties with great energy; but he, too, succumbed when his term of office had scarcely reached a year and a half. To him succeeded Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence, the great statesman who had passed nearly his whole life in India, and who had rendered such valuable services in reorganising the Punjab,

and afterwards in aiding to suppress the revolt. In 1864, a Royal Commission, after long inquiry, presented an elaborate Report on the health and organisation of the army of India, both native and British, but especially the former: this Report has been the groundwork of many improvements introduced by degrees. It was a small event when, in 1867, a vessel not larger than a Thames steamer worked its way from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, along the unfinished Suez Canal; a small event in itself, but a sign of a great change which was in store, in shortening by many thousands of miles the maritime distance from Europe to the East. Great cyclones, or devastating storms, a rebellion of the Santhals, a frightful famine in Orissa, a few disputes with dependent princes on matters of revenue and dignity, a little turbulence among the hill-tribes on the Afghan frontier, and the proceedings of Russia in those parts of Central Asia which approach India, in turn occupied the attention of the India government. In 1867, India was called upon to bear a share in the cost and operations of the Abyssinian war (an account of which is given in No. 3 of this *Miscellany*). In 1869, Sir John Lawrence's term of office expired, and he was succeeded by the Earl of Mayo, who soon afterwards held a meeting, attended with much oriental pomp, with the Ameer of Afghanistan at Umballa; the object being, not conquest or annexation, but to improve the relations between the two governments. November in the same year witnessed the complete opening of the Suez Canal; and the year 1870 afforded sufficient proof that the nations of Europe are willing to avail themselves of this short route to India, as a means of enlarging their trade. The home government, whether in the hands of the Conservatives or the Liberals, have in recent years adopted the policy of opening various sources of honourable employment to the natives of India, instead of confining the appointments almost exclusively to Englishmen. Sir Charles Wood, Lord Cranbourne, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Duke of Argyll, who in succession filled the office of Secretary of State for India from 1865 to 1870, favoured this policy, and were assisted in adopting it by the viceroys and other governing authorities in India.

A FEW STATISTICS.

The whole of India—British, Protected States, and Independent States—comprises nearly 1,470,000 square miles, with a population little short of 200,000,000. The Hindus are thirteen times as numerous as the Mohammedans and all the other religionists combined. The Queen of England reigns over 988,000 square miles of this area, having a population of about 160,000,000. The native princes govern all the rest, except two or three small settlements owned by the French and Portuguese; but even the so-called Independent States are in few cases really independent, most of them

being either tributary to, or in some way controlled by, the British. In every part of India the males exceed in number the females—one significant testimony to the prevalence of infanticide. The whole of British India, for administrative purposes, is divided into about 180 districts, each on an average larger than any county in England except Yorkshire. The public revenue varies from £42,000,000 to £48,000,000 annually—a great sum, certainly, to be raised by taxation; the land-tax is by far the largest item. Great as it is, the revenue barely equals the expenditure, so large is the outlay for armies and public works. It is believed, however, that almost every pound spent under the last-named heading will be reproductive eventually, in developing roads, railways, postal communications, telegraphs, irrigation, and improved culture. One dark tint in the picture is the existence of an Indian debt of more than £100,000,000; the interest of which must be paid wholly out of Indian revenues, the home revenues being shielded from the responsibility. The vessels that enter and leave India ports with cargoes exceed 4,000,000 tons annually; denoting a large import and export trade: more than three-fourths of these belong to the United Kingdom. The imports now far exceed £50,000,000 annually; while the exports in some years (especially during what was called the 'Cotton Famine,' due to the Civil War in America) reached nearly £70,000,000. In such years the settlement of the balance requires a large shipment of bullion and specie from England to India. The total exports to the United Kingdom are twice as great in amount as those to all other countries combined; and about the same ratio is observable in the imports: shewing how vast is the trade always going on between England and India. If India sells to England a large quantity of raw cotton (£16,000,000 even in the year after the Cotton Famine had ceased), she, on the other hand, buys of us enormously in cotton yarn and manufactured goods (£14,000,000 in that same year). Opium is the next article in value among the exports from India, generally exceeding £10,000,000 per annum. Nearly the whole of this goes to China; the merchants derive so much profit from it, and the government so much revenue, that this trade is fostered in every way—whether or not it leads to 'opium wars' between England and China.

IN the present day, we look back with a degree of wonder on the belief in witchcraft, which may be said to have formed an article of religious faith in every European country throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A notion was universally entertained, that the devil and subordinate evil spirits, in pursuance of their malevolent ends, went about, sometimes in visible shape, seducing poor human nature. To gain their wicked designs, they were supposed to tempt men, but more particularly aged women, by conferring on them supernatural powers; as, for example, that of riding through the air, and operating vengefully and secretly on the health and happiness of those against whom they had any real or imaginary cause of offence. Such 'trafficking with the powers of darkness,' as it was technically called, was witchcraft, and, according both to the letter of Scripture and of the civil law, was a crime punishable with death. Like all popular manias, the witchcraft delusion had its paroxysms.

It rose, existed for a time with great energy, then declined into insignificance. What was exceedingly remarkable, the frenzy never lacked victims: it followed the well-known law of supply and demand. As soon as witches were in request, they made their appearance. Any severe denunciation, followed by a rigorous scrutiny, brought them prominently into notice. Nor, what was still more curious, did the newly discovered witches in all cases deny the accusations against them. Many acknowledged, with a species of pride, that they had entered into a compact with the devil. They seem, on occasions, to have gloried in being the objects of so much interest, and hastened to confess, although death at the stake or on the gallows was the consequence. It must be considered as in some degree explanatory of this self-condemnation, that torture was always at hand to enforce confession; and as there was little chance, therefore, of escape after accusation, the wish to die on the speediest terms had probably no small share in inducing the alleged witches to boast of their mysterious crimes. In the majority of cases, however, there was stout denial; but this generally served no good purpose, and we are painfully assured, that many thousands of individuals, in almost every country, were sacrificed as victims to the petty spite and vengeance of accusers. At the height of the successive paroxysms, no one, whatever his rank or character, was safe from an accusation of trafficking with evil spirits. If he lived a profligate life, he was of course chargeable with the offence; if he lived quietly and unobtrusively, and was seemingly pious in character, he was only hypocritically concealing his diabolical practices; if he had acquired wealth somewhat rapidly, that was a sure sign of his guilt; and if he was poor, there was the greater reason for believing that he was in league with the devil to become rich. There was only one means of escaping suspicion, and that was to become an accuser. The choice was before every man and woman, of acting the part of accusers, or of being themselves accused. The result may be anticipated. Perceiving the tremendous danger of affecting to disbelieve witchcraft, people readily assumed the proper degree of credulity; and to mark their detestation of the crime, as well as secure themselves from attack, they hastened to denounce acquaintances and neighbours. Nothing could be more easy than to do so in a manner perfectly satisfactory. Pretending to fall sick, or to go into convulsions, or to have a strange pain in some part of the body or limbs, people were doubtless bewitched! Any sudden storm at sea, causing the wreck of vessels, was another evidence that witches were concerned; and so far did these allegations descend, that even so small a matter as a failure in churning milk for butter, was a sure sign of diabolical agency. On the occasion of every unforeseen catastrophe, therefore, or the occurrence of any unaccountable malady, the question was immediately agitated: Who was the witch? Then was the time for querulous old men or women

in the neighbourhood to tremble. Long suspected of carrying on a correspondence with demons, they were seized and brought to trial. The accusations, as is now clearly understood, were for the most part spiteful, or wantonly mischievous. In making these charges and testifying to them, children and young women appear to have in many places excelled; the probability being that, besides a mere spirit of mischief, they enjoyed amusement from the consternation they were able to produce.

Strange how all this prejudice, imposture, and cruelty should have received the solemn sanction of the most learned and devout men: clergymen of every degree, from popes to presbyters; kings, legislators, and judges; and private citizens of every quality and profession! The folly, while it lasted, was complete.

It only excites the greater horror to know, that the belief in witchcraft—essentially mean and vulgar in all its details—has been a reproach to religious profession; and that, while seemingly founded on scriptural authority, it really rested, in its main features, on the visionary superstitions of the pagan world. Historians make it clear to the understanding, that the popular fancy respecting the bodily aspect of the great Spirit of Evil is drawn from the description of satyrs in the heathen mythology—a malicious monster, with the hide, horns, tail, and cloven feet of a beast of the field, which roamed about in the dark or in retired places, performing idle and wicked tricks, and undoing schemes of benevolence. Sometimes, as was alleged, this great enemy of man assumed disguises that were exceedingly difficult to penetrate. It is recorded by an author of talent, that the devil once delivered a course of lectures on magic at Salamanca, habited in a professor's gown and wig. Even Luther entertained similar notions about the fiend; and in fact thought so meanly of him, as to believe that he could come by night and steal nuts, and that he cracked them against the bedposts, for the solacement of his monkey-like appetite.

That the delusion originated, to a great degree, in a misconception of the real purport of allusions to the so-called witchcraft in various parts of the Old Testament, is now universally acknowledged. By biblical critics, as we understand, the term translated *witch*, properly signifies a person who by vile deceptions practised on popular credulity, and by means of poisoning, accomplished certain wicked designs. 'Leaving,' as Sir Walter Scott remarks, 'the further discussion of this dark and difficult question to those whose studies have qualified them to give judgment on so obscure a subject, it so far appears clear, that the Witch of Endor was not a being such as those believed in by our ancestors, who could transform themselves and others into the appearance of the lower animals, raise and allay tempests, frequent the company and join the revels of evil spirits, and, by their counsel and assistance, destroy human lives, and waste the fruits of the earth, or perform feats of such magnitude as to

alter the face of nature. The Witch of Endor was a mere fortune-teller, to whom, in despair of all aid or answer from the Almighty, the unfortunate king of Israel had recourse in his despair, and by whom, in some way or other, he obtained the awful certainty of his own defeat and death. She was liable, indeed deservedly, to the punishment of death, for intruding herself upon the task of the real prophets, by whom the will of God was in that time regularly made known. But her existence and her crimes can go no length to prove the possibility that another class of witches, no otherwise resembling her than as called by the same name, either existed at a more recent period, or were liable to the same capital punishment, for a very different and much more doubtful class of offences, which, however odious, are nevertheless to be proved possible before they can be received as a criminal charge.' *

Originating in ignorance, a love of the marvellous, along with the religious misconceptions to which we have referred, a belief in witchcraft may be traced through the early ages of Christianity; but the modern prevalence of the delusion may be said to date from the promulgation of an edict of Pope Innocent VIII. in 1484, declaring witchcraft to be a crime punishable with death. This fixed the subject deeply in the public mind, and the effect was deepened by the prosecution of witches which followed. It is a curious law of human nature, of which we have seen many modern illustrations, that even crimes, real or imputed, when they excite much public attention, tend to produce repetitions of themselves. In this way, offences sometimes assume a character approaching that of epidemical diseases. It was found, as has been remarked, that the more energy there was displayed in seeking out and prosecuting witches, the more apparent occasion for such prosecutions was presented. In 1515, during the space of three months, 500 witches were burned in Geneva; in a single year, in the diocese of Como, in the north of Italy, 1000 were executed; and it is related that, altogether, more than 100,000 individuals perished in Germany before the general mania terminated. In France, the belief in witchcraft led to a remarkable variety of superstition, known in French law as *lycanthropy*, or the transformation of a witch into a wolf. It was currently believed by all classes, that witches assumed at pleasure the wolfish form in order to work mischief—by ravaging flocks of sheep. Many unfortunate persons, the victims of petty prejudice, were tried and executed for this imaginary crime. At length, by an edict of Louis XIV., all future proceedings on the score of witchcraft were prohibited; and from that time no more was heard of village dames assuming the forms and habits of wolves.

In England, to which we now turn, a belief in witchcraft was of

* *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.*

as respectable antiquity as on the continent of Europe, and, as elsewhere, drew particular attention in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at which period the public mind was deeply affected with religious distractions. Witchcraft, though always penal, now became the subject of the express statutes of Henry VII., 1541, Elizabeth, 1562, and also of James I. This last monarch, who, we shall afterwards see, was a great witch-fancier while in Scotland, brought with him to England a keen sense of the duty of finding out and punishing all sorts of diablery. The act passed in the first year of his reign in England defines the crime with a degree of minuteness worthy of the adept from whose pen it undoubtedly proceeded. 'Any one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward any evil or wicked spirit, *to or for* ANY *purpose;* or take up any dead man, &c. &c. &c.; such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death.' We have here witchcraft first distinctly made, of itself, a *capital* crime. Many years had not passed away after the passing of this statute, ere the delusion, which had heretofore committed but occasional and local mischief, became an epidemical frenzy, devastating every corner of England. Leaving out of sight single executions, we find such wholesale murders as the following in abundance on the record: In 1612, twelve persons were condemned at once at Lancaster, and many more in 1613, when the whole kingdom rang with the fame of the 'Lancashire witches;' in 1622, six at York; in 1634, seventeen in Lancashire; in 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth; in 1645, fifteen at Chelmsford; and in 1645 and 1646, sixty persons perished in Suffolk, and nearly an equal number at the same time in Huntingdon. These are but a few selected cases. The poor creatures who usually composed these ill-fated bands are thus described by an able observer: 'An old woman with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand, and a dog by her side—a wretched, infirm, and impotent creature, pelted and persecuted by all the neighbourhood, because the farmer's cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit needles and pins for the sake of a holiday from school or work'—such were the poor unfortunates selected to undergo the last tests and tortures sanctioned by the laws, and which tests were of a nature so severe, that no one would have dreamed of inflicting them on the vilest of murderers. They were administered by a class of wretches, who, with one Matthew Hopkins at their head, sprung up in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, and took the professional name of *witch-finders.* The practices of the monster Hopkins, who, with his assistants, moved from place to place in the regular and authorised pursuit of his trade, will give a full idea of the tests referred to, as well as of the

horrible fruits of the witchcraft frenzy in general. From each town which he visited, Hopkins exacted the stated fee of twenty shillings, and in consideration thereof, he cleared the locality of all suspected persons, bringing them to confession and the stake in the following manner: He stripped them naked, shaved them, and thrust pins into their bodies, to discover the witch's mark; he wrapped them in sheets, with the great toes and thumbs tied together, and dragged them through ponds or rivers, when, if they sunk, it was held as a sign that the baptismal element did not reject them, and they were cleared; but if they floated, as they usually would do for a time, they were then set down as guilty, and doomed. He kept them fasting and awake, and sometimes incessantly walking, for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as an inducement to confession; and, in short, practised on the accused such abominable cruelties, that they were glad to escape from life by confession. If a witch could not shed tears at command, said the further items of this wretch's creed, or if she hesitated at a single word in repeating the Lord's Prayer, she was in league with the Evil One. The results of these and such-like tests were actually and universally admitted as evidence by the administrators of the law, who, acting upon them, condemned all such as had the amazing constancy to hold out against the tortures inflicted. Few gave the courts that trouble. Butler has described Hopkins in his *Hudibras* as one

> 'Fully empowered to treat about
> Finding revolted witches out.
> And has he not, within this year,
> Hanged *threescore* of them in *one* shire?
> Some only for *not* being drowned,
> And some for sitting above ground.'

After he had murdered hundreds, and pursued his trade for many years (from 1644 downwards), the tide of popular opinion finally turned against Hopkins, and he was subjected, by a party of indignant experimenters, to his own favourite test of swimming. It is said that he escaped with life, but from that time forth, he was never heard of again.

A belief in witchcraft, however, still continued virulent in England, and was argumentatively supported by grave and pious men. The grounds of credibility do not seem to have been earnestly investigated. Richard Baxter, who wrote in 1651, founds his opinion of the truth of witchcraft on the fact, that many persons had been tried and put to death for the crime. It did not occur to him to inquire whether the imputed crime were well or ill founded. Such was the loose reasoning that prevailed in England and elsewhere in the seventeenth century. Witchcraft was a truth, because everybody had acted upon the conviction of its being a truth! How has the progress of society, with the reign of peace and

good-will on earth, been retarded by this accommodating method of argument!

It is an undoubted fact, however to be accounted for or palliated, that during the troublous seventeenth century, prosecutions for witchcraft were prominent in some proportion to the ascendency of the Puritanic cause. While, as during the time of the Civil War and Commonwealth, the ruling powers acted under strong religious impulses, the scriptural maxim of 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' had the force of a commandment. In a time of indifference, as in the reign of Charles II., rulers were disposed, so far as popular prepossessions would permit, to let these poor old creatures cheaply off. The era of the Long Parliament was that during which the witch-mania attained its growth. *Three thousand persons* are said to have perished during the continuance of the sittings of that body, by legal executions, independently of summary deaths at the hands of the mob. With the Restoration came a relaxation, but not a cessation, of this severity. One noted case occurred in 1664, when the enlightened and just Sir Matthew Hale tried and condemned two women, Amy Dunny and Rose Callender, at Bury St Edmunds, for bewitching children, and other similar offences. Some of the items of the charge may be mentioned. Being capriciously refused some herrings, which they desired to purchase, the two old women expressed themselves in impatient language, and a child of the herring-dealer soon afterwards fell ill—in consequence. A carter drove his wagon against the cottage of Amy Dunny, and drew from her some not unnatural objurgations; immediately after which, the vehicle of the man stuck fast in a gate, without its wheels being impeded by either of the *posts*, and the unfortunate Amy was credited with the accident. Such accusations formed the burden of the ditty, in addition to the bewitching of the children. These young accusers were produced in court, and, on being touched by the old women, fell into fits. But on their eyes being covered, they were thrown into the same convulsions by *other* persons, precisely in the same way. In the face of this palpable proof of imposture, and despite the general absurdity of the charges, Sir Matthew Hale committed Amy Dunny and Rose Callender to the tender mercies of the hangman. It is stated that the opinion of the learned Sir Thomas Browne, who was accidentally present, had great weight against the prisoners. He declared his belief that the children were truly bewitched, and supported the possibility of such possessions by long and learned arguments, theological and metaphysical. Yet Sir Matthew Hale was one of the wisest and best men of his time, and Sir Thomas Browne had written an able work in exposition of popular fallacies!

It was during the reign of Charles II. that many persons in high station were found to express a doubt of the reality of witchcraft. The first book treating the subject rationally, and trying to disprove

that the Scripture warranted either the crime or its punishment, was that of Webster, published in 1677. It is amusing to observe in this treatise the anxiety of the author to vindicate himself from the charge of irreligion, which he foresaw would be brought against him, for 'crossing the common stream of vulgar opinion.' Chief-justices North and Holt, to their lasting credit, were the first individuals occupying the high places of the law who had at once the good sense and the courage to set their faces against the continuance of this murderous delusion. In one case, by detecting a piece of gross imposture, Chief-justice North threw into disrepute, once for all, the trick of *pin-vomiting*, one of the most striking and convincing practices of the possessed. A male sorcerer stood at the bar, and his supposed victim was in court, vomiting pins in profusion. These pins were straight, a circumstance which made the greater impression, as those commonly ejected in such cases were bent, engendering frequently the suspicion of their having been previously and purposely placed in the mouth. The chief-justice was led to suspect something in this case by certain movements of the bewitched woman; and by closely cross-questioning one of her own witnesses, he brought it fully out, that the woman placed pins in her stomacher, and, by a dexterous dropping of her head in her simulated fits, picked up the articles for each successive ejection. The man was found not guilty. The acquittal called forth such pointed benedictions on the judge from a very old woman present, that he was induced to ask the cause. 'O my lord,' said she, 'twenty years ago they would have hanged me for a witch if they could; and now, but for your lordship, they would have murdered my innocent son.'

The detected imposture in this case saved the accused. It was under Holt's justiceship, however, that the first acquittal is supposed to have taken place, in *despite* of all evidence, and upon the fair ground of the general absurdity of such a charge. In the case of Mother Munnings, tried in 1694, the unfortunate prisoner would assuredly have perished, had not Chief-justice Holt summed up in a tone so decidedly adverse to the prosecution, that the verdict of Not Guilty was called forth from the jury. In about ten other trials before Holt, between the years 1694 and 1701, the result was the same, through the same influences. It must be remembered, however, that these were merely noted cases, in which the parties withstood all preliminary inducements to confession, and came to the bar with the plea of not guilty. About the same period—that is, during the latter years of the seventeenth century—summary executions were still common, in consequence of confessions extracted after the Hopkins fashion, still too much in favour with the lower classes. The acquittals mentioned only prove that the regular ministers of the law were becoming too enlightened to countenance such barbarities. Cases of possession, too, were latterly overlooked by the law, which would have brought the parties concerned to a speedy end in earlier days,

even though they had done no injury to other people, and were simply unfortunate enough to have made compacts with the demon for the attainment of some purely personal advantages. For example, in 1689, there occurred the famous case of a youth, named Richard Dugdale, who sacrificed himself to the devil, on condition of being made the best dancer in Lancashire. The dissenting clergy took this youth under their charge, and a committee of them fasted and prayed, publicly and almost incessantly, for a whole year, in order to expel the dancing demon. The idea of this impostor leaping for a twelvemonth, and playing fantastic tricks before these grave divines, is extremely ludicrous. But the divines played tricks not less fantastic. They became so contemptuously intimate with the demon as to mock him on account of saltatory deficiencies. A portion of their addresses to him on this score has been preserved, but of too ridiculous a nature for quotation in these pages. If anything else than a mere impostor, it is probable that Dugdale was affected with St Vitus's Dance; and this is the more likely, as it was after all a regular physician who brought his dancing to a close. But the divines took care to claim the merit of the cure.

After the time of Holt, the ministers of the law went a step farther in their course of improvement, and spared the accused in spite of condemnatory verdicts. In 1711, Chief-justice Powell presided at a trial where an old woman was pronounced guilty. The judge, who had sneered openly at the whole proceedings, asked the jury if they found the woman 'guilty upon the indictment of conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat.' The reply was: 'We do find her guilty of that;' but the question of the judge produced its intended effect in casting ridicule on the whole charge, and the woman was pardoned. An able writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* remarks, after noticing this case: 'Yet, frightful to think, after all this, in 1716, Mrs Hicks and her daughter, aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings, and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes.' And a long and a black catalogue it was. 'Barrington, in his observations on the statute of Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the numbers of those put to death in England on this charge at THIRTY THOUSAND!'

Notwithstanding that condemnations were no longer obtainable after 1716, popular outrages on supposed witches continued to take place in England for many years afterwards. On an occasion of this kind, an aged female pauper was killed by a mob near Tring, in Staffordshire; and for the murder, one of the perpetrators was tried and executed. The occurrence of such outrages having been traced to the unrepealed statute of James I. against witchcraft, an act was passed, in 1736 (10th George II. cap. 55), discharging all legal proceedings on the ground of sorcery or witchcraft; and since

this period, prosecutions for following hidden arts have had no higher aim than the punishing of a pretended skill in fortune-telling and other forms of practical knavery.

It has been said that James I. brought with him from Scotland strong impressions on the subject of witchcraft, and, accordingly, we now refer to the history of the delusion in that country. In the reign of Queen Mary, the contemporary of Elizabeth, the public mind in Scotland fell into the common frenzy, and an act was passed by the Scottish parliament for the suppression and punishment of witchcraft. In virtue of this law, great numbers were tried and executed. At this time, and subsequently, the Scottish witches were nearly all aged women; only a few men figured in the prosecutions. On coming to exercise the functions of majesty, James made numerous judicial investigations into alleged cases of witchcraft, and derived a pleasure in questioning old women respecting their dealings with Satan. The depositions made at these formal inquests are still preserved, and are among the most curious memorials of the sixteenth century.

The witch mania in Scotland was, through these prosecutions, brought to an extravagant height in the year 1591, when a large number of unhappy beings were cruelly burned to death on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh. About this period, some cases occurred to shew that witchcraft was an art not confined to the vulgar. A woman of high rank and family, Catherine Ross, Lady Fowlis, was indicted at the instance of the king's advocate for the practice of witchcraft. On inquiry, it was clearly proved that this lady had endeavoured, by the aid of witchcraft and poisons, to take away the lives of three or more persons who stood between her and an object she had at heart. She was desirous to make young Lady Fowlis possessor of the property of Fowlis, and to marry her to the Laird of Balnagown. Before this could be effected, Lady Fowlis had to cut off her sons-in-law, Robert and Hector Munro, and the young wife of Balnagown, besides several others. Having consulted with witches, Lady Fowlis began her work by getting pictures of the intended victims made in clay, which she hung up, and shot at with arrows shod with flints of a particular kind, called elf arrow-heads. No effect being thus produced, this really abandoned woman took to poisoning ale and dishes, none of which cut off the proper persons, though others, who accidentally tasted them, lost their lives. By the confession of some of the assistant hags, the purposes of Lady Fowlis were discovered, and she was brought to trial; but a local or provincial jury of dependants acquitted her. One of her purposed victims, Hector Munro, was then tried in turn for conspiring with witches against the life of his brother George. It was proved that a curious ceremony had been practised to effect this end. Hector, being sick, was carried abroad in blankets, and laid in an open grave, on which his foster-mother ran the breadth of

nine rigs, and, returning, was asked by the chief attendant witch which she chose should live, Hector or George. She answered: 'Hector.' George Munro did die soon afterwards, and Hector recovered. The latter was also acquitted, by a provincial jury, on his trial.

These disgraceful proceedings were not without their parallel in other families of note of the day. Euphemia Macalzean, daughter of an eminent judge, Lord Cliftonhall, was burned at the stake in 1591, having been convicted, if not of witchcraft, at least of a long career of intercourse with pretenders to witchcraft, whom she employed to remove obnoxious persons out of her way—tasks which they accomplished by the very simple means of poisoning, where they did accomplish them at all. The jury found this violent and abandoned woman, for such she certainly was, guilty of participation in the murder of her own godfather, of her husband's nephew, and another individual. They also found her guilty of having been at the Wise Woman of Keith's great witch-convention of North Berwick; but every witch of the day was compelled to admit having been there, out of compliment to the king, to whom it was a source of agreeable terror to think himself of so much importance as to call for a solemn convocation of the powers of evil to overthrow him. Euphemia Macalzean was 'burnt in ashes, *quick*, to the death.' This was a doom not assigned to the less guilty. Alluding to cases of this latter class, a writer (already quoted) in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* remarks: 'In the trials of Bessie Roy, of James Reid, of Patrick Currie, of Isobel Grierson, and of Grizel Gardiner, the charges are principally of taking off and laying on diseases either on men or cattle; meetings with the devil in various shapes and places; raising and dismembering dead bodies for the purpose of enchantments; destroying crops; scaring honest persons in the shape of cats; taking away women's milk; committing housebreaking and theft by means of enchantments; and so on. South-running water, salt, rowan-tree, enchanted flints (probably elf arrow-heads), and doggerel verses, generally a translation of the Creed or Lord's Prayer, were the means employed for effecting a cure.' Diseases, again, were laid on by forming pictures of clay or wax; by placing a dead hand, or some mutilated member, in the house of the intended victim; or by throwing enchanted articles at his door. A good purpose did not save the witch; intercourse with spirits in any shape being the crime.

Of course, in the revelations of the various witches, inconsistencies were abundant, and even plain and evident impossibilities were frequently among the things averred. The sapient James, however, in place of being led by these things to doubt the whole, was only strengthened in his opinions, it being a maxim of his that the witches were 'all extreme lyars.' Other persons came to different conclusions from the same premises; and before the close of James's

reign, many men of sense began to weary of the torturings and burnings that took place almost *every day*, in town or country, and had done so for a period of thirty years (between 1590 and 1620). Advocates now came forward to defend the accused, and in their pleadings ventured even to arraign some of the received axioms of 'Dæmonologie' laid down by the king himself, in a book bearing that name. The removal of James to England moderated, but did not altogether stop, the witch prosecutions. After his death they slackened more considerably. Only eight witchcraft cases are on the record as having occurred between 1625 and 1640 in Scotland, and in one of these cases, remarkable to tell, the accused escaped. The mania, as it appears, was beginning to wear itself out.

As the spirit of puritanism gained strength, however, which it gradually did during the latter part of the reign of Charles I., the partially cleared horizon became again overcast; and again was this owing to ill-judged edicts, which, by indicating the belief of the great and the educated in witchcraft, had the natural effect of reviving the frenzy among the flexible populace. The General Assembly was the body in fault on this occasion, and thenceforward the clergy were the great witch-hunters in Scotland. The Assembly passed condemnatory acts in 1640, '43, '44, '45, and '49; and with every successive act, the cases and convictions increased, with even a deeper degree of attendant horrors than at any previous time. 'The old impossible and abominable fancies,' says the *Review* formerly quoted, 'of the *Malleus* were revived. About thirty trials appear on the record between 1649 and the Restoration, only one of which seems to have terminated in an acquittal; while at a single circuit, held at Glasgow, Stirling, and Ayr, in 1659, seventeen persons were convicted and burnt for this crime.' But it must be remembered that the phrase, 'on the record,' alludes only to justiciary trials, which formed but a small proportion of the cases really tried. The justiciary lists take no note of the commissions perpetually given by the Privy-council to resident gentlemen and clergymen to try and burn witches in their respective districts. These commissions executed people over the whole country in multitudes. Wodrow, Lamont, Mercer, and Whitelocke prove this but too satisfactorily.

The clergy continued, after the Restoration, to pursue these imaginary criminals with a zeal altogether deplorable. The Justiciary Court condemned twenty persons in the first year of Charles II.'s reign (1661), and in one day of the same year the council issued fourteen new provincial commissions, the aggregate doings of which one shudders to guess at. To compute their condemnations would be impossible, for victim after victim perished at the stake, unnamed and unheard of. Morayshire became at this particular period the scene of a violent fit of the great moral frenzy, and some of the most remarkable examinations, signalising the whole course of Scottish witchcraft, took place in that county. The details, though

occasionally ludicrous from their absurdity, are too horrible for narration in the present pages.

On the new government becoming thoroughly fixed in power, this form of religious persecution—for in some degree such it was—abated. From 1662, there is an interval of six years without a single Justiciary trial for the crime of witchcraft, and one fellow was actually whipped for charging some person with it. After this period, the dying embers of the delusion only burst out on occasions, here and there, into a momentary flame. In 1678, several women were condemned, 'on their own confession,' says the Register; but we suspect this only means, in reality, that one malicious being made voluntary admissions involving others, as must often have been the case, we fear, in these proceedings. Scattered cases took place near the beginning of the eighteenth century—such as those at Paisley in 1697, at Pittenweem in 1704, and at Spott about the same time. It is curious, that as something like direct evidence became necessary for condemnation, evidence did present itself, and in the shape of possessed or enchanted young persons, who were brought into court to play off their tricks. The most striking case of this nature was that of Christian Shaw, a girl about eleven years old, and the daughter of Mr Shaw of Bargarran, in Renfrewshire. This wretched girl, who seems to have been an accomplished hypocrite, young as she was, quarrelled with a maid-servant, and, to be revenged, fell into convulsions, saw spirits, and, in short, feigned herself bewitched. To sustain her story, she accused one person after another, till not less than twenty were implicated, some of them children of the ages of twelve and fourteen! They were tried on the evidence of the girl, and five human beings perished through her malicious impostures. It is remarkable that this very girl afterwards founded the thread manufacture in Renfrewshire. From a friend who had been in Holland, she learned some secrets in spinning, and, putting them skilfully in practice, she led the way to the extensive operations carried on of late years in that department. She became the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, and, it is to be hoped, had leisure and grace to repent of the wicked misapplication in her youth of those talents which she undoubtedly possessed.

The last Justiciary trial for witchcraft in Scotland was in the case of Elspeth Rule, who was convicted in 1708, and banished. A belief in the crime was evidently expiring in the minds of the Scottish law authorities; and the Lord Advocate, or public prosecutor, endeavoured to prevent the county courts from taking cognisance of the subject. Notwithstanding his remonstrances, however, a case of trial and execution for witchcraft was conducted by Captain David Ross of Littledean, sheriff-depute of Sutherlandshire, in 1722. 'The victim,' observes Sir Walter Scott, in his *Letters on Demonology*, 'was an insane old woman belonging to the parish of Loth, who had so little idea of her situation as to rejoice at the sight of the fire

which was destined to consume her. She had a daughter lame both of hands and feet, a circumstance attributed to the witch's having been used to transform her into a pony, and get her shod by the devil. It does not appear that any punishment was inflicted for this cruel abuse of the law on the person of a creature so helpless.' The execution took place at Dornoch, and was the last that was inflicted for witchcraft in Great Britain. Here may be said to end the tragical annals of witchcraft in Scotland. The number of its victims, from first to last, it would be difficult accurately to compute; but the black scroll would include, according to those who have most attentively inquired into the subject, upwards of FOUR THOUSAND persons!

Having thus presented a historical sketch of witchcraft in England and Scotland, we proceed to give an account of the mania as it occurred in the North American colonies.

Carrying their religious opinions to an excess, and generally ignorant of the economy of nature, the inhabitants of New England yielded a remarkable credence to the popular superstition, and carried it as far, in the way of judicial punishment, as it had gone in any European nation. Their situation, perhaps, as colonists in a pagan region helped to fan the flame of their fury against witches. They regarded the Indians as worshippers of the devil, and practisers of incantations; they therefore felt it to be necessary to be doubly on their guard, and to watch the first appearances of witchcraft within the settlements. We learn from a respectable authority—Chandler's *Criminal Trials*—to which we are indebted for many subsequent particulars, that the first suspicion of witchcraft among the English in America was about the year 1645.

'At Springfield, on the Connecticut river, several persons were supposed to be under an evil hand; but no one was convicted until 1650, when a poor wretch, Mary Oliver, after a long examination, was brought to a confession of her guilt, but it does not appear that she was executed. About the same time, three persons were executed near Boston, all of whom at their death asserted their innocence. In 1655, Anne Hibbins, the widow of a magistrate and a man of note in Boston, was tried for this offence before the Court of Assistants. The jury found her guilty, but the magistrates refused to accept the verdict. The case was carried up to the General Court, where the popular voice prevailed, and the prisoner was executed. In 1662, at Hartford, Connecticut, a woman named Greensmith confessed that she had been grossly familiar with a demon, and she was executed. In 1669, Susanna Martin of Salisbury was bound over to the court upon suspicion of witchcraft, but escaped. She suffered death in 1692. In 1671, Elizabeth Knap, who possessed ventriloquial powers, alarmed the people of Groton; but as her demon railed at the minister of the town, and other persons of good character, the people would not believe him.

Her fraud and imposture were soon discovered. In 1694, Philip Smith, a judge of the court, a military officer, and a representative of the town of Hadley, fancied himself under an evil hand, and suspected an old woman, one of his neighbours, as the cause of his sickness. She was dragged from her house by some young men, who hung her up until she was nearly dead, then rolled her in the snow, and at last buried her in it; but it happened that she survived, and the melancholy man died. Trials for witchcraft out of New England were not common. In 1665, Ralph Hall and his wife were tried for the offence in New York, and acquitted. In 1660, in Queen's County, Long Island, Mary Wright was suspected of corresponding with the Author of Evil. She was arraigned, and it was finally concluded to transport her to the General Court of Massachusetts, "where charges of this kind were more common, and the proofs necessary to support them better understood." She was accordingly arraigned there, and acquitted of witchcraft, but was convicted of being a Quaker, and banished out of the jurisdiction. In Pennsylvania, when William Penn officiated as judge in his new colony, two women, accused of witchcraft, were presented by the grand-jury. Without treating the charge with contempt, which the public mind would not have borne, he charged the jury to bring them in guilty of being suspected of witchcraft, which was not a crime that exposed them to the penalty of the law. Notwithstanding the frequent instances of supposed witchcraft in Massachusetts, no person had suffered death there on that account for nearly thirty years after the execution of Anne Hibbins. The sentence of this woman was disapproved of by many influential men, and her fate probably prevented further prosecutions. But in 1685, a very circumstantial account of most of the cases above mentioned was published, and many arguments were brought to convince the country that they were no delusions or impostures, but the effects of a familiarity between the devil and such as he found fit for his instruments.'

Before going further with our account of these strange doings, it is necessary to introduce to the reader a person who made himself exceedingly prominent in exciting and keeping up the witchcraft mania. This individual was the Rev. Cotton Mather—a noted character in American biography.

Cotton Mather was descended from a respectable English family. His grandfather and father were ministers of the Congregational body, in which he also was destined to perform a distinguished part. He was born at Boston in 1662; and his mother being a daughter of John Cotton, an eminent nonconformist divine, he received from him the name of Cotton. In his youth, he was considered a prodigy of piety and devotion to study, and at an early age he was raised to the ministry as assistant to his father. Later in life, he did good service to the colony, as a zealous advocate of

popular rights during the struggles with the Stuarts and the establishment of the revolution of 1688. Cotton Mather, however, is chiefly remembered for his indefatigable zeal in seeking out and getting witches tried and executed. This great work he felt to be his mission: his mind was full of it. He seems to have considered that in nothing could he do the commonwealth such good service as in ridding it of traffickers with every order of demons. In order to make known his opinion on the subject, he wrote various treatises, expounding the nature of the invisible world, and all breathing an earnest belief in the constant personal interference of Satan with his ministerial prelections. Among his manuscripts, which have been collected by the Massachusetts Historical Society, there is a paper on which is endorsed the following curious record in his handwriting: '*November* 29, 1692.—While I was preaching at a private fast (kept for a possessed young woman), on Mark ix. 28, 29, the devil in the damsel flew upon me, and tore the leaf, as it is now torn, over against the text.' For a fac-simile of this strange record, we refer to Jared Sparks's Life of Mather, from which we derive the present account of this credulous and meddlesome personage.

Several instances of alleged witchcraft, as has been seen, prepared the way for the great Salem tragedy, and these doubtless stimulated the zeal of Cotton Mather. In 1688, a case occurred which, being under his own eye, afforded materials for minute investigation. The family of John Goodwin, a respectable and devout man, living in the northern part of Boston, began to be troubled with supernatural visitations. The children had all been religiously educated, and were thought to be without guile. The eldest was a girl of thirteen or fourteen years. She had a quarrel with a laundress, whom she had charged with taking away some of the family linen. The mother of the laundress was an Irishwoman, who, resenting the imputations on her daughter's character, gave the girl harsh language. Shortly afterwards, the girl, her sister, and two brothers, complained of being tormented with strange pains in different parts of their bodies, and these affections were pronounced to be diabolical by the physicians who happened to be consulted. 'One or two things were said to be very remarkable: all their complaints were in the daytime, and they slept comfortably all night; they were struck dead at the sight of the *Assembly's Catechism*, Cotton's *Milk for Babes*, and some other good books; but could read in Oxford jests, Popish and Quaker books, and the Common Prayer, without any difficulty. Sometimes they would be deaf, then dumb, then blind; and sometimes all these disorders together would come upon them. Their tongues would be drawn down their throats, then pulled out upon their chins. Their jaws, necks, shoulders, elbows, and all their joints, would appear to be dislocated; and they would make most piteous

outcries of burnings, of being cut with knifes, beat, &c., and the marks of wounds were afterwards to be seen. The ministers of Boston and Charlestown kept a day of fasting and prayer at the troubled house; after which, the youngest child made no more complaints. The others continuing to be afflicted, the magistrates interposed, and the old woman was apprehended; but upon examination, would neither confess nor deny, and appeared to be disordered in her senses.' In order to satisfy themselves on this latter point, the magistrates appointed several physicians 'to examine her very strictly, whether she was no way crazed in her intellectuals.' These sage inquisitors do not appear to have been acquainted with the fact, that a person may be deranged on one subject, and yet sane on all others. They conversed with the woman a good deal, and, finding that she gave connected replies, agreed that she was in full possession of her mind. She was then found guilty of witchcraft, and sentenced to die. Cotton Mather eagerly seized on this admirable opportunity of conversing with a legally condemned witch. He paid many visits to the poor woman while she was in prison, and was vastly edified with her communications. She described her interviews with the Prince of Darkness, and her attendance upon his meetings, with a clearness that seems to have filled him with perfect delight. No sentiments of compassion appear to have been excited in his mind towards this unfortunate woman. He accompanied her to the scaffold, and rejoiced in seeing what he considered justice done upon her. To the moment of her death, she continued to declare that the children should not be relieved—an unequivocal proof of disordered intellect.

Sure enough, the execution did not stay the disorder. The children complained of suffering as much as before. Some of these facts are amusing. Mather, in his simplicity, says: '"They were often near drowning or burning themselves, and they often strangled themselves with their neckcloths; but the providence of God still ordered the seasonable succours of them that looked after them." On the least reproof of their parents, "they would roar excessively." It usually took abundance of time to dress or undress them, through the strange postures into which they would be twisted on purpose to hinder it. "If they were bidden to do a needless thing, such as to rub a clean table, they were able to do it unmolested; but if to do a useful thing, as to rub a dirty table, they would presently, with many torments, be made incapable." Such a choice opportunity as this family afforded for inquiry into the physiology of witchcraft, was not to be lost. In order to inspect the specimen more at leisure, he had the eldest daughter brought to his own house. He wished "to confute the Sadducism of that debauched age," and the girl took care that the materials should not be wanting.'

A number of cunningly devised tricks were performed by this artful young creature, all of which imposed on Cotton, who resolved

to give an account of her case in a sermon. This publicity, however, was by no means pleasing to the victim of witchcraft. She made many attempts to prevent the preaching of the sermon, threatening Mather with the vengeance of the spirits, till he was almost out of patience, and exorcised them in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. All these were perfectly intelligible to them; 'but the Indian languages they did not seem so well to understand.'

The whole particulars of this amusing case were published in a regular form, and afterwards reprinted in London, by Richard Baxter, who confidingly says in the preface: 'This great instance comes with such convincing evidence, that he must be a very obdurate Sadducee that will not believe it.' We may here explain, that, during the seventeenth century, 'Sadducee' was the term usually employed to denote any one who did not come up to a certain standard of belief, and was employed often towards persons of high ecclesiastical position.

That it was feasible to doubt the validity of the pretended complaints of Goodwin's children, and yet not be a Sadducee, was afterwards manifest. These young persons had, from first to last, carried on a system of imposture; and the idea of doing so had been suggested by the relation of tales of English witchcraft. 'Glanvil,' observes Mr Chandler, 'not many years before, published his witch stories in England; Perkins and other nonconformists were earlier; but the great authority was that of Sir Matthew Hale, revered in New England, not only for his knowledge in the law, but for his gravity and piety. The trial of the witches in Suffolk was published in 1684. All these books were in New England; and the conformity between the behaviour of Goodwin's children, and most of the supposed bewitched at Salem, and the behaviour of those in England, is so exact, as to leave no room to doubt the stories had been read by the New England persons themselves, or had been told to them by others who had read them.'

We now come to the great witch-battue at Salem, a village in Massachusetts, which at present forms a part of the town of Danvers. The commencement of the Salem witchcraft was in February 1692, and broke out in the family of Samuel Parris, the minister of the village. There had been a bitter strife between Mr Parris and a portion of his people; and the 'very active part he took in the prosecutions for witchcraft, has been justly attributed, not less to motives of revenge, than to a blind zeal in the performance of what he considered his duty. A daughter of Mr Parris, nine years of age, his niece, a girl of less than twelve, and two other girls in the neighbourhood, began to make the same sort of complaints that Goodwin's children had made two or three years before. The physicians, having no other way of accounting for their disorder, pronounced them bewitched. An Indian woman, who had been brought into the country from New Spain, and then lived with Mr

Parris, tried some experiments, which she pretended to have been used to in her own country, in order to find out the witch. This coming to the children's knowledge, they cried out upon the poor Indian as appearing to them, pinching, pricking, and tormenting them; and they fell into fits. Tituba, the Indian, acknowledged that she had learned how to find out a witch, but denied that she was one herself. Several private fasts were kept at the minister's house, and several, more public, by the whole village; and then a general fast through the colony, to implore God to rebuke Satan. The great notice taken of the children, together with the pity and compassion of the persons by whom they were visited, not only tended to confirm them in their conduct, but to draw others into the like. Accordingly, the number of the sufferers soon increased; and among them, there were two or three women, and some girls old enough for witnesses. These, too, had their fits, and, when in them, cried out, not only against Tituba, but against Sarah Osburn, a melancholy, distracted old woman, and Sarah Good, another old woman, who was bedrid. Tituba having, as it is alleged, been scourged by her master, at length confessed herself a witch, and that the two old women were her confederates. The three were then committed to prison; and Tituba, upon search, was found to have scars upon her back, which were called the devil's marks. This took place on the 1st of March. About three weeks afterwards, two other women, of good character, and church members, Corey and Nurse, were complained of, and brought to an examination; on which these children fell into fits, and the mother of one of them, the wife of Thomas Putman, joined with the children, and complained of Nurse as tormenting her: she made most terrible shrieks, to the amazement of all the neighbourhood. The women, notwithstanding they denied everything, were sent to prison; and such was the infatuation, that a child of Sarah Good, about four or five years old, was also committed, being charged with biting some of the afflicted, who shewed the print of small teeth on their arms. On April 3d, Mr Parris took for his text: "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil." Sarah Cloyse, supposing it to be occasioned by Nurse's case, who was her sister, went out of meeting, and she was thereupon complained of for a witch, examined, and committed. Elizabeth Proctor was charged about the same time; her husband accompanied her to her examination, but it cost him his life. Some of the afflicted cried out upon him also, and they were both committed to prison.

'The subject acquired new interest; and, to examine Sarah Cloyse and Elizabeth Proctor, the deputy-governor and five other magistrates came to Salem. It was a great day; several ministers were present. Parris officiated, and, by his own record, it is plain that he himself elicited every accusation. His first witness, John, the Indian servant, husband to Tituba, was rebuked by Sarah

Cloyse, as a grievous liar. Abigail Williams, the niece of Parris, was also at hand with her tales: the prisoner had been at the witches' sacrament. Struck with horror, Sarah Cloyse asked for water, and sank down "in a dying fainting-fit." "Her spirit," shouted the band of the afflicted, "is gone to prison to her sister Nurse." Against Elizabeth Proctor, the niece of Parris told stories yet more foolish than false: the prisoner had invited her to sign the devil's book. "Dear child," exclaimed the accused in her agony, "it is not so. There is another judgment, dear child;" and her accusers, turning towards her husband, declared that he too was a wizard. All three were committed.

'No wonder that the whole country was in a consternation, when persons of sober lives and unblemished characters were committed to prison upon such evidence. Nobody was safe. The most effectual way to prevent an accusation was to become an accuser; and, accordingly, the number of the afflicted increased every day, and the number of the accused in proportion. As yet no one had confessed; but at length Deliverance Hobbs owned everything that was asked of her, and was left unharmed. Then it was that the monstrous doctrine seems to have been first thought of, that "the gallows was to be set up, not for those who professed themselves witches, but for those who rebuked the delusion;" not for the guilty, but for the unbelieving. As might be expected, confessions rose in importance. They were the avenue of safety. Examinations and commitments were of daily occurrence, and the whole community was in a state of terror and alarm, which can more easily be imagined than described. The purest life, the strictest integrity, the most solemn asseverations of innocence, were of no avail. Husband was torn from wife, parents from children, brother from sister, and, in some cases, the unhappy victims saw in their accusers their nearest and dearest friends: in one instance, a wife and a daughter accused the husband and father to save themselves; and, in another, a daughter seven years old testified against her mother.

'The manner in which the examinations were conducted was eminently calculated to increase the number of the accused and of the accusers. Mr Parris was present at all of them, and was over-officious, putting leading questions, and artfully entrapping the witnesses into contradictions, by which they became confused, and were eagerly cried out upon as guilty of the offence. The appearance of the persons accused was also carefully noted by the magistrates, and was used in evidence against them at their trials. "As to the method which the Salem justices do take," says a contemporary writer, "it is truly this: A warrant being issued out to apprehend the persons that are charged and complained of by the afflicted children, as they are called; said persons are brought before the justices, the afflicted being present. The justices ask the apprehended why they afflict these poor children, to which the

apprehended answer, they do not afflict them. The justices order the apprehended to look upon the said children, which accordingly they do; and at the time of that look (I dare not say *by* that look, as the Salem gentlemen do), the afflicted are cast into a fit. The apprehended are then blinded, and ordered to touch the afflicted; and at that touch, though not *by* that touch (as above), the afflicted do ordinarily come out of their fits. The afflicted persons then declare and affirm that the apprehended have afflicted them; upon which the apprehended persons, though of never so good repute, are forthwith committed to prison, on suspicion of witchcraft."'

Cotton Mather was in his element during these transactions. He recommended the magistrates to study his works on Witchcraft, and to use all the enginery in their power to purify the land from the wicked practices of necromancy. The authorities scarcely needed these incitements. They carried on their examinations with much vigour, and the manner in which they did so affords one a melancholy insight into the minutiæ of the delusion.

While various preliminary examinations had been made by the authorities, the jails were gradually filling with persons awaiting the commencement of the trials, which could not take place for several months, in consequence of there being a kind of suspension of the chartered rights of the colony. In May, a new royal charter arrived, along with Sir William Phipps as governor—a person, as it would appear, unfitted for this important trust; he was a protégé of the Mathers, inclined to walk by their counsel, and a firm believer in witchcraft. Finding on his arrival that the prisons were full of victims charged with this offence, and urged on by the seeming urgency of the occasion, he took it upon him to issue a special commission, constituting the persons named in it a court to act in and for the counties of Suffolk, Essex, and Middlesex. This court, beyond all question an illegal tribunal, because the governor had no shadow of authority to constitute it, consisted of seven judges. 'At the opening of the court at Salem, on the 2d of June 1692, the commission of the governor was published, and the oath of office was administered to Thomas Newton as attorney-general, and to Stephen Sewall as clerk. The general course of proceedings at these trials was entirely consistent with the character of the court and the nature of their business. After pleading to the indictment, if the prisoner denied his guilt, the afflicted persons were first brought into court and sworn as to who afflicted them. Then the confessors, that is, those who had voluntarily acknowledged themselves witches, were called upon to tell what they knew of the accused. Proclamation was then made for all who could give any testimony, however foreign to the charge, to come into court, and whatever any one volunteered to tell, was admitted as evidence. The next process was to search for "witch-marks," the doctrine being, that the devil affixed his mark to those in alliance with him,

and that this point on the body became callous and dead. This duty was performed by a jury of the same sex, who made a particular return of the appearance of the body, and whether there was any preternatural excrescence. A wart or a mole on the body of a prisoner was often conclusive against him, when the evidence was otherwise doubtful. These examinations in the case of women were made by a jury of matrons, aided by a medical man as foreman. They were very minute, and, in some respects, the most cruel and disgusting part of the proceedings. The unhappy prisoners were not only subjected to the mortification of a gross exposure before the jury of examination, but when any witch-mark was found, it was punctured with pins, to ascertain whether there was any feeling. There were usually several examinations of the same individual. In one instance, a woman was examined at ten o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the jury certified that they had again examined her, and that her breast, which "in the morning search appeared to us very full, the nibblis fresh and starting, now at this search all lancke and pendent." Of the nine women who were on this jury, but one could write her name; the remainder made their marks.

'Evidence was also received respecting the appearance of the accused at the preliminary examinations; and the various signs of witchcraft which then appeared were detailed with much particularity. It was a great sign of witchcraft to make an error in the Lord's Prayer, which the accused on those occasions were required to repeat, and if they made a single error, it was brought up at their trial as evidence against them. Thus, one repeated the prayer correctly in every particular, excepting that she said "deliver us from *all* evil," "which was looked upon as if she prayed against what she was now justly under." Upon making another attempt, she said "h*o*llowed be thy name," instead of "h*a*llowed be thy name;" and this "was counted a depraving the words, as signifying to make void, and so a curse, rather than a prayer." The appearance of the accused, and of those supposed to be bewitched, also had an effect against the prisoner. Sometimes the witnesses were struck dumb for a long time; at others, they would fall into terrible fits, and were insensible to the touch of all but the accused, who, they declared, tormented them. Sometimes the accused were ordered to look on the afflicted, when the latter would be immediately thrown into fits. It was thought that an invisible and impalpable fluid darted from the eyes of the witch, and penetrated the brain of the bewitched. A touch by the witch attracted back the malignant fluid, and the sufferers recovered their senses. Another sign of witchcraft, of great consideration, was an inability of the accused to shed tears.

'There was one species of evidence which was of great effect in these prosecutions, and which it was impossible to rebut. Witnesses were allowed to testify to certain acts of the accused, when the latter

were not present in the body; that they were tormented by apparitions or spectres of the accused, which pinched them, robbed them of their goods, caused them to languish and pine away, pricked them; and they produced the identical pins which were used for this purpose.'

The first session of the Special Court of Oyer and Terminer was held in June 1692, and at this time one trial only took place. 'The victim selected for this occasion was Bridget Bishop or Oliver, a poor and friendless old woman, who had been charged with witchcraft twenty years before. The indictment against her set forth, that on the 19th day of April, and at divers other days and times, as well before as after, she used, practised, and exercised certain detestable arts, called witchcrafts and sorceries, at and within the township of Salem, in, upon, and against one Mercy Lewis, of Salem village; by which wicked arts, the said Mercy Lewis "was hurt, tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented, against the peace of our sovereign lord and lady, the king and queen, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided." There were four other indictments against the prisoner for the same crime in afflicting other persons. On her arraignment, she pleaded not guilty.

'The fact that the crime had been committed, or that certain persons were bewitched by some one, was considered too notorious to require much proof; and to fix the crime on the prisoner, the first testimony adduced was that of the persons supposed to be bewitched. Several of them testified, that the shape of the prisoner sometimes very grievously pinched, choked, bit, and afflicted them, urging them to write their names in a book, which the said spectre called "ours." One of them further testified, that the shape of the prisoner, with another, one day took her from her wheel, and, carrying her to the river-side, threatened there to drown her, if she did not sign the book. Others testified that the said shape did in her threats brag to them that she had been the death of sundry persons, then by her named. Another testified to the apparition of ghosts to the spectre of the prisoner, crying out: "You murdered us." "About the truth whereof," adds the reporter of this trial, "there was, in the matter of fact, but too much suspicion."'

The evidence given by John Louder on this ridiculous trial may be taken as a fair sample of the nonsense which was uttered on the occasion. 'John Louder testified, that, upon some little controversy with Bishop about her fowls, going well to bed, he awoke in the night by moonlight, and saw clearly the likeness of this woman grievously oppressing him; in which miserable condition she held him, unable to help himself, till near day. He told Bishop of this; but she utterly denied it, and threatened him very much. Quickly after this, being at home on a Lord's-day, with the doors shut about him, he saw a black pig approach him, which endeavouring to kick, it vanished away. Immediately after, sitting down, he saw a black

thing jump in at the window, and come and stand before him. The body was like that of a monkey, the feet like a cock's, but the face much like a man's. He being so extremely affrighted that he could not speak, this monster spoke to him, and said: "I am a messenger sent unto you, for I understand that you are in some trouble of mind; and if you will be ruled by me, you shall want for nothing in this world." Whereupon he endeavoured to clap his hands upon it, but he could feel no substance, and it jumped out of the window again, but immediately came in by the porch, though the doors were shut, and said: "You had better take my counsel." He then struck at it with a stick, but struck only the groundsel, and broke the stick. The arm with which he struck was presently disabled, and it vanished away. He presently went out at the back-door, and spied this Bishop, in her orchard, going toward her house: but he had not power to set one foot forward unto her. Whereupon, returning into the house, he was immediately accosted by the monster he had seen before, which goblin was going to fly at him; whereat he cried out: "The whole armour of God be between me and you!" So it sprung back, and flew over the apple-tree, shaking many apples off the tree in its flying over. At its leap, it flung dirt with its feet against the stomach of the man; whereon he was then struck dumb, and so continued for three days together. "Upon the producing of this testimony," says Cotton Mather, "Bishop denied that she knew this deponent. Yet their two orchards joined, and they had often had their little quarrels for some years together."'

All this trash being gravely listened to and approved of by the court, it was resolved, as a final step in the procedure, to have the prisoner examined by a jury of women. This was accordingly done; the matrons reported that they found a preternatural 'tet' upon her body, and on making a second examination within three or four hours, there was no such thing to be seen.

'The poor woman undertook to explain the circumstances which had been related against her, but she was constantly harassed; and becoming confused, she apparently prevaricated somewhat, and all she said made against her. She seems to have been a woman of violent temper, who had lived on ill terms with her neighbours for many years, and who had long had the reputation of being a witch. Those of her neighbours who had suffered from her uncomfortable disposition, were nothing loath to attribute all their misfortunes to her; and she thus stood little chance of a fair trial.

'She was convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, and was remanded to prison to await her doom. "As she was under a guard, passing by the great and spacious meeting-house of Salem" —Cotton Mather relates this—"she gave a look towards the house; and immediately a demon, invisibly entering the meeting-house, tore down a part of it; so that though there were no person to be seen there, yet the people at the noise running in found a board,

which was strongly fastened with several nails, transported unto another quarter of the house." She was executed on the 10th of June, solemnly protesting her innocence to the last.

'After the trial and condemnation of Bridget Bishop, the court adjourned to the 30th of June; and the governor and council thought proper, in the meantime, to take the opinion of several ministers upon the state of things as they then stood. Their return, understood to have been drawn up by Cotton Mather, was as follows:

"1. The afflicted state of our poor neighbours, that are now suffering by molestations from the invisible world, we apprehend so deplorable, that we think their condition calls for the utmost help of all persons in their several capacities.

"2. We cannot but with all thankfulness acknowledge the success which the merciful God has given to the sedulous and assiduous endeavours of our honourable rulers, to defeat the abominable witchcrafts which have been committed in the country; humbly praying, that the discovery of those mysterious and mischievous wickednesses may be perfected.

"3. We judge that in the prosecution of these and all such witchcrafts, there is need of a very critical and exquisite caution, lest by too much credulity for things received only upon the devil's authority, there be a door opened for a long train of miserable consequences, and Satan get an advantage over us; for we should not be ignorant of his devices.

"4. As in complaints upon witchcrafts there may be matters of inquiry which do not amount unto matters of presumption, and there may be matters of presumption which yet may not be matters of conviction, so it is necessary that all proceedings thereabout be managed with an exceeding tenderness towards those that may be complained of, especially if they have been persons formerly of an unblemished reputation.

"5. When the first inquiry is made into the circumstances of such as may lie under the just suspicion of witchcrafts, we could wish that there may be admitted as little as possible of such noise, company, and openness, as may too hastily expose them that are examined; and that there may be nothing used as a test for the trial of the suspected, the lawfulness whereof may be doubted by the people of God; but that the directions given by such judicious writers as Perkins and Bernard may be observed.

"6. Presumptions whereupon persons may be committed, and, much more, convictions whereupon persons may be condemned as guilty of witchcrafts, ought certainly to be more considerable than barely the accused person's being represented by a spectre unto the afflicted; inasmuch as it is an undoubted and a notorious thing, that a demon may, by God's permission, appear, even to ill purposes, in the shape of an innocent, yea, and a virtuous man. Nor can we esteem alterations made in the sufferers, by a look or touch of the

accused, to be an infallible evidence of guilt, but frequently liable to be abused by the devil's legerdemain.

"7. We know not whether some remarkable affronts given the devils, by our disbelieving those testimonies whose whole force and strength is from them alone, may not put a period unto the progress of the dreadful calamity begun upon us, in the accusation of so many persons, whereof some, we hope, are yet clear from the great transgression laid to their charge.

"8. Nevertheless, we cannot but humbly recommend unto the government, the speedy and vigorous prosecutions of such as have rendered themselves obnoxious, according to the directions given in the laws of God, and the wholesome statutes of the English nation, for the detection of witchcrafts."'

These suggestions met with due attention. Accordingly, when the court again met on the 30th of June, five women were brought to trial—namely, Sarah Good and Rebecca Nurse, of Salem village, Susannah Martin of Amesbury, Elizabeth How of Ipswich, and Sarah Wildes of Topsfield. They were condemned, and executed on the 19th of July. There was no difficulty with any but Rebecca Nurse. She was a member of the Church, and of a good character; as to her, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The accusers made a great clamour, and the court expressed much dissatisfaction. The jury again retired, and this time brought in a verdict of guilty. On the next communion-day, the poor woman, declaring her innocence, was taken in chains to the meeting-house, to be formally excommunicated. She was hanged with the rest on the 19th of July. In August, six persons were tried, and condemned to be executed; one of the unhappy prisoners on this occasion being a person named Willard, who had formerly been employed to detect witchcraft, but had latterly revolted at the office, and expressed a disbelief of the crime.

The next trial was that of George Burroughs, a person of education, who had formerly been a minister in Salem village. 'His trial and condemnation form one of the darkest transactions which the annals of crime in America present. There were at the time vague hints, which became at length positive assertions, of difficulties between him and Parris, which render his fate a terrible commentary on the power thrown into the hands of a few designing men, by the excited state of public feeling. Moreover, he boldly denied that there was or could be such a thing as witchcraft in the current sense of the term. He was among the first who were accused, and, after lying in jail several months, he was brought to trial on the 5th of August. The indictment set forth that the prisoner, on the 9th day of May, and divers other days, as well before as after, "certain detestable arts, called witchcraft and sorceries, wickedly and feloniously hath used, practised, and exercised, at and within the township of Salem, in the county of Essex aforesaid, in, upon, and

against one Anne Putnam, single woman, by which said wicked arts, the said Anne Putnam, the 9th day of May, and divers other days and times, as well before as after, was and is tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented, against the peace of our sovereign lord and lady, the king and queen, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided."'

There were three other indictments against the prisoner, to all of which, on his arraignment, he pleaded not guilty. The evidence against him was of a very loose and general nature, consisting, in a great measure, of things said and done by his shape or apparition, when he was not present as to the body. The following is a condensation of the absurd evidence of two of the witnesses:

Anne Putnam said: 'On the 9th of May 1692, in the evening, I saw the apparition of George Burroughs, who grievously tortured me, and urged me to write in his book; which I refused. He then told me that his two first wives would appear to me presently, and tell me a great many lies; but I should not believe them. Immediately there appeared to me the forms of two women in winding-sheets, and napkins about their heads, at which I was greatly affrighted. They turned their faces towards Mr Burroughs, and looked very red and angry at him, telling him that he had been a cruel man to them, and that their blood cried for vengeance against him. They also told him they should be clothed with white robes in heaven, when he should be cast into hell. Immediately he vanished away; and as soon as he was gone, the two women turned their faces towards me, looking as pale as a white wall. They said they were Mr Burroughs' first wives, and that he had murdered them. One of them said she was his first wife, and he stabbed her under the left arm, and put a piece of sealing-wax on the wound; and she pulled aside the winding-sheet, and shewed me the place; and also told me that she was in the house where Mr Parris now lives, when it was done. The other told me that Mr Burroughs and his present wife killed her in the vessel as she was coming to see her friends, because they would have one another; and they both charged me that I should tell these things to the magistrates before Mr Burroughs' face, and, if he did not own them, they did not know but they should appear there this morning. Mrs Lawson and her daughter also appeared to me, and told me that Mr Burroughs murdered them. This morning there also appeared to me another woman in a winding-sheet, and told me that she was goodman Fuller's first wife, and that Mr Burroughs killed her, because of some difference between her husband and himself. The prisoner, on the 9th of May, also, at his first examination, most grievously tormented and afflicted Mary Walcott, Mercy Lewis, Elizabeth Hubbard, and Abigail Williams, by pinching, pricking, and choking them.'

Elizabeth Hubbard said: 'One night there appeared to me a little black-bearded man, in dark apparel, who told me his name was

Burroughs. He took a book out of his pocket, and bade me set my hand to it. I refused. The lines in the book were as red as blood. He then pinched me, and went away. He has often appeared to me since, and threatened to kill me if I would not sign the book. He tortured me very much by biting, pinching, and squeezing my body, and running pins into me. At his first examination on 9th May, he did most grievously afflict and torment the bodies of Mary Walcott, Mercy Lewis, Anne Putnam, and Abigail Williams. If he did but look upon them, he would strike them down, or almost choke them to death. I believe in my heart that Mr George Burroughs is a dreadful wizard.'

Other witnesses told similar stories, all so ridiculous, that it is amazing how they should have been listened to by a court of justice. The unfortunate prisoner said but little at his trial. He made some attempt to explain away the testimony against him, but became confused, and made contradictory statements. He also handed in a paper to the jury, in which he utterly denied that there was any truth in the received notions of witchcraft. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to die.

On the 19th of August, he was carried in a cart through the streets of Salem with the others who were to die. Upon the ladder he made a calm and powerful address to the multitude, in which he asserted his innocence 'with such solemn and serious expressions as were to the admiration of all present.' He then made a prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated in a clear, sonorous tone, with entire exactness, and with a fervency that astonished. Many were affected to tears, and it seemed as if the spectators would hinder the execution. But the accusers cried that the devil assisted him. The execution proceeded, and the husband, the father, and the minister of God was violently sent to his long home. Cotton Mather, on horseback in the crowd, addressed the people, declaring that Burroughs was no ordained minister, insisted on his guilt, and asserted that the devil had often been transformed into an angel of light. When the body was cut down, it was dragged by the halter to a hole, and there interred with every mark of indignity.

A few weeks afterwards, fourteen persons of both sexes were tried, condemned, and executed. One of these, Samuel Wardwell, had confessed, and was safe; but he retracted his confession, and was executed—not for witchcraft, but for denying witchcraft. Another victim, Martha Cory, protested her innocence to the last, and concluded her life with a prayer on the ladder. Her husband, Giles Cory, an octogenarian, seeing that no one escaped—knowing that a trial was but the form of convicting him of a felony, by which his estate would be forfeited, refused to plead, and was condemned to be pressed to death; the only instance in which the horrible death by the common-law judgment, for standing mute on arraignment,

has been inflicted in America. As the aged frame of the dying man yielded to the dreadful pressure, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and the sheriff thrust it back again with the point of his cane!

The parting scene between Mary Easty and her husband, children, and friends, is described as having been as serious, religious, distinct, and affectionate as could well be expressed, drawing tears from the eyes of almost all present. She was hanged with the others. 'There hang eight firebrands of hell,' said Noyes, the minister of Salem, pointing to the bodies hanging on the gallows.

Although satisfactory to the malignant bigoted, these executions did not meet with universal approbation. The atrocities were too great to be endured, and served to raise a reaction against the witchcraft delusion. 'The common mind of Massachusetts,' observes Chandler, 'more wise than those in authority and influence, became concentrated against such monstrous proceedings, and jurors refused to convict while the judicial power was yet unsatisfied with victims. Already twenty persons had suffered death; more than fifty had been tortured or terrified into confession; the jails were full, and hundreds were under suspicion. Where was this to end? Moreover, the frauds and imposture attending these scenes began to be apparent. It was observed, that no one of the condemned confessing witchcraft had been hanged; no one who confessed and retracted a confession escaped either hanging or imprisonment for trial. Favouritism had been shewn in refusing to listen to accusations which were directed against friends or partisans. Corrupt means had been used to tempt people to become accusers, and accusations began to be made against the most respectable inhabitants of the province and some ministers. It was also observed that the trials were not fairly conducted: they were but a form to condemn the accused. No one brought to the bar escaped, and all who were cried out upon expected death. The wife of the wealthiest person in Salem, a merchant, and a man of the highest respectability, being accused, the warrant was read to her in the evening in her bed-chamber, and guards were placed round the house. In the morning, she attended the devotions of her family, gave instructions for the education of her children, kissed them, commended them to God, bade them farewell, and committed herself to the sheriff, declaring her readiness to die. Such a state of things could not continue long in any age, whilst the essential elements of human nature remain the same. No wonder the miserable creatures who endured these sufferings felt that New England was indeed deserted by God.'

The court made several attempts to go on with its trials, but the grand-juries dismissed the cases, and the executions were accordingly stopped. 'The causes of this change in public opinion,' proceeds our authority, 'are variously stated. Some attribute it to the fact, that the wife of the minister of Beverly being accused, he

immediately changed his mind in regard to the propriety of the prosecutions, and thenceforward opposed, as zealously as he had previously encouraged them. Others relate that the wife of a gentleman in Boston being accused, he brought an action for slander, claiming a thousand pounds damages; and that this turned back the current of accusations. But such causes were inadequate to the effect. These incidental facts were rather the result of the change that was taking place, than the cause of it. The force of public sentiment, which had hanged one minister, could scarcely have been resisted by the efforts of another. An action at law, sounding in damages, would hardly stop the mouths of accusing witnesses, who professed to have given themselves to the powers of darkness. The cause of the change is rather to be sought in the principles of our nature, and is to be found partly in that instinctive effort for self-preservation, which, in communities of individuals, unites the weak against oppression, and gives courage to the feeble and unprotected. A belief in witchcraft was one of the superstitions of the age; and the change of public sentiment, which now took place, was not so much a loss of faith in its reality, as a conviction of the uselessness and danger of punishing it by human laws. Of the causes of the transient delusion, which rose so high, and terminated so fatally, among the sober and godly people of New England, no definite explanation can, at this distance of time, be given; but their descendants may be allowed, in the same spirit of trust in Providence which distinguished them, to cherish the belief, that it was permitted for purposes of wisdom and benevolence, which could not otherwise have been accomplished. When its work was done, it properly ceased. Such moral desolations often pass over the face of society: the thunder-storm does its work—the atmosphere becomes clear—the sun shines forth, and reveals to all the work of death.

'The change in the public mind was complete and universal. Bitter was the lamentation of the whole community for the sad consequences of their rashness and delusion; contrite the repentance of all who had been actors in the tragedy. The indignation of the people, not loud, but deep and strong, was directed with resistless force against those who had been particularly active in these insane enormities. Parris, the minister who had been the chief agent in these acts of frenzy and folly, and who, beyond all question, made use of the popular feeling to gratify his own malignant feelings of revenge against obnoxious individuals, was compelled to leave his people. No entreaties were of any avail; the humblest confession could not save him; it was not fitting that he should minister at the altar of a merciful God, within sight of the graves of those whose entreaties for mercy he had despised. Noyes, the minister of Salem, consecrated his life to deeds of mercy; made a full confession; loved and blessed the survivors whom he had injured; asked forgiveness of all, and was by all forgiven. Cotton Mather, by artful

appeals and publications, in which he wilfully suppressed the truth, succeeded for a while in deceiving the public, and perhaps himself, as to the encouragement he had given to the proceedings at Salem. Still eager "to lift up a standard against the infernal enemy," he got up a case of witchcraft in his own parish; but the imposture was promptly exposed to ridicule, and came to nothing. Mather died in 1727; his latter years being imbittered by the contempt of many persons for his frenzied zeal in the witch prosecutions; and it would appear that, before his death, he had occasional doubtings and qualms of conscience on the same grave subject.'

The belief in witchcraft gradually died out in America, as it has done in this country, and only lingered a clandestine existence among the most ignorant in the community. Whether in England, Wales, and Scotland, the belief is yet utterly gone, may perhaps be doubted; for paragraphs occasionally appear in the newspapers descriptive of outrages committed on old women, who are supposed by the ignorant to practise diabolical incantations. Within our own recollection, which extends to the first decade of the present century, a belief in witchcraft was to a certain degree entertained in a small country town in Scotland. It was whispered about among children, that a certain old woman was a witch, and in passing the thatched cottage of this poor creature, we were instructed by companions to put our thumb across one of our fingers, as a preservative from harm —a curious relic of the old usage of making the figure of the cross.

As a crime recognised and punishable by law, witchcraft was protracted till comparatively recent times in certain continental countries. So lately as 1780, a woman was condemned and executed for witchcraft in the Swiss canton of Glarus. In January 1853, an account appeared in a foreign journal, significant of the superstitious belief which still maintains its hold among the less-instructed classes in the north of Italy; and with this strange record of witchcraft in the nineteenth century, we may appropriately dismiss the subject:

'A very singular case was a short time ago submitted to the Court of Justice of Rovigo, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Several of the inhabitants of the island of Cherso had constructed a lime-kiln; but the fire, after burning constantly for twelve days, and thereby giving a promise that the operation would be a successful one, became suddenly extinguished, and all attempts to relight it failed. An old woman, named Anna Gurlan, who was considered a sorceress, was immediately suspected of having, by her charms, extinguished the fire, and it was stated that she had been seen walking in a mysterious way round the kiln, and had passed a night in an adjacent house. On this the people to whom the kiln belonged resolved that they would make the old woman undo her charm and relight the fire. In compliance with the request of one of them, Giuseppe Micich, she one morning went to the kiln, carrying with her a bottle of holy water. She then began blessing the kiln and

reciting litanies. While so engaged, a priest went to her, and told her that if she would remain until the fire should spring up again, he would pay her well. She asked if he thought she was a sorceress, or possessed of heavenly powers; and he answered, that she might probably be more favoured by grace than he was. He then left her, and she continued her incantations. But as the fire did not return, Micich and his companions swore that they would kill and burn her if she did not succeed; and they assured her that they had an axe and a furnace ready. At the same time, they heaped maledictions on her for having, by her infernal arts, extinguished the fire. Greatly terrified, she implored them to have pity on her, and, when a favourable opportunity presented itself, she took to flight. The house to which she went was closed against her, and Micich and his companions, having gone in pursuit, seized her with great brutality, and threatened more violently than before to kill her if she would not put an end to the charm. She then began reciting prayers, but as no effect was produced, the men deliberated as to what they should do. They at length resolved to consult a retired sea-captain, called the "American," from his having been to America, who possessed a great reputation in the neighbourhood as an authority in matters of witchcraft. He refused to go, lest, as he said, the sorceress should bewitch his children, but he directed what should be done. In execution of his instructions, the old woman was placed on a chair close to the kiln; Micich then cut off a piece of her garments and a lock of her hair, and threw them both in the kiln, retaining, however, a portion of the hair, which he placed in his pocket; half an hour was then allowed to elapse; Micich then took his knife and made three cuts on her forehead, causing blood to flow abundantly; then another half-hour elapsed, and he made three cuts in the back part of the head; then another half-hour was suffered to pass, and he made three cuts in the cartilage of her left ear. While all this was going on, she begged them, in the name of God, to kill her at once, sooner than subject her to such torture. At length, when they had, as she supposed, executed to the letter all the instructions of the American, they ceased to hold her, and she fled to a wood, where she wandered about all night. The next morning she went home; but the injuries she had sustained were such, that she was obliged to keep her bed for twenty-six days. After the facts had been proved, Micich, being called on by the court for his defence, gravely asserted that the kiln had been burning well enough until the old woman had been seen hanging about it; and he brought witnesses to prove that she was fond of talking in a mysterious way, and of meddling in her neighbours' affairs; that when she could not get what she wished for, she was accustomed to make threats of death against adults and children; and that more than once, chance apparently caused her menaces to be fulfilled. The court condemned Micich to three months' imprisonment, and to pay an indemnity to the old woman.'

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

THE portion of the New World earliest colonised by the Spaniards was the island of St Domingo, Hayti, or Hispaniola, discovered by Columbus in his first voyage in the year 1492. For nearly twenty years this island was the only colony of importance held by the Spaniards in the New World; here alone did they occupy lands, build towns, and found a regular commonwealth. Cuba, although the second of the islands discovered by Columbus, remained long uncolonised; indeed it was not till the year 1509 that it was circumnavigated, and ascertained to be an island. At length, in 1511, Don Diego Columbus, the great admiral's son, governor of Hispaniola, despatched a force of three hundred men, under Don Diego Velasquez, to take possession of the island. Velasquez soon subdued the island, the natives of which offered but little resistance, and he was shortly afterwards appointed governor, subordinate to the governor of Hispaniola. Ambitious of sharing in the glory to be derived from the discovery of new countries, Velasquez fitted out one or two expeditions, which he despatched westward, to explore the seas in that direction. In one of these expeditions, which set out in 1517, commanded by a rich colonist called Cordova, the peninsula of Yucatan was discovered, and the existence of a large and rich country called Culua or Mexico ascertained. Elated with this discovery, Velasquez fitted out another expedition under his nephew, Juan de Grijalva, who, leaving Cuba in April 1518, spent

five months in cruising along the newly discovered coast, and trafficking with the natives for gold trinkets and cotton cloths, very skilfully manufactured. The result of this expedition was the importation to Cuba of gold and jewels to the amount of twenty thousand pesos, or upwards of fifty thousand pounds.

EXPEDITION OF HERNANDO CORTES.

Delighted with his success, Velasquez wrote home to Spain announcing his discovery, and petitioning for authority from the king to conquer and colonise the country which his subordinates, Cordova and Grijalva, had discovered. Without waiting, however, for a reply to his petition, he commenced fitting out a much larger squadron than either of the former two; and this he placed under the command of Hernando Cortes, a respectable Spanish hidalgo, or gentleman, residing in the island, and who was at this time thirty-three years of age.

Cortes proceeded with the greatest activity in making his preparations. 'Borrowing money for the purpose,' says Bernal Diaz, the gossiping chronicler of the Conquest, 'he caused to be made a standard of gold and velvet, with the royal arms and a cross embroidered thereon, and a Latin motto, the meaning of which was, "Brothers, follow this holy cross with true faith, for under it we shall conquer." It was proclaimed by beat of drum and sound of trumpet, that all such as entered the service in the present expedition should have their shares of what gold was obtained, and grants of land, as soon as the conquest was effected. The proclamation was no sooner made than, by general inclination as well as the private influence of Cortes, volunteers offered themselves everywhere. Nothing was to be seen or spoken of but selling lands to purchase arms and horses, quilting coats of mail, making bread, and salting pork for sea-store. Above three hundred of us assembled in the town of St Jago.' These preparations were likely to be interrupted. Velasquez, ruminating the probable consequences of the expedition, had begun to repent of having appointed Cortes to the command, and was secretly plotting his removal. Cortes, perceiving these symptoms, determined to outwit his patron. Accordingly, on the night of the 18th of November 1518—having warned all the captains, masters, pilots, and soldiers to be on board, and having shipped all the stores that had been collected—Cortes set sail from the port of St Jago without announcing his intention to Velasquez, resolving to stop at some of the more westerly ports of the island for the purpose of completing his preparations, where he would be beyond the reach of the governor. Nothing could exceed the rage of Velasquez at the sudden departure of Cortes. He wrote to the commandants of two towns at which he learned that the fleet had put in for recruits and provisions, to seize Cortes, and send him

back; but such was the popularity of Cortes, that both were afraid to make the attempt.

At last all was ready, and Cortes finally set sail from Cuba on the 18th of February 1519. The expedition, which consisted of eleven vessels, most of them small, and without decks, met with no disaster at sea, but arrived safely at the island of Cozumel, off the coast of Yucatan, after a few days' sail. Here Cortes landed to review his troops. They consisted of five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, not including the mariners, who amounted to one hundred and ten. They possessed sixteen horses, some of them not very serviceable, ten brass field-pieces, four smaller pieces called falconets, and thirty-two cross-bows; the majority of the soldiers being armed with ordinary steel weapons. Attending on the army were about two hundred Cuba Indians and some Indian women. And as religion in those days sanctioned military conquest, there were in addition two clergymen—Juan Diaz and Bartholomew de Olmedo.

For nine or ten days the Spaniards remained at Cozumel, making acquaintance with the natives, who were very friendly. Here Cortes, whose zeal for the Catholic religion was one of the strongest of his feelings, made it one of his first concerns to argue with the natives, through an interpreter, on the point of their religion. He even went so far as to demolish their idols before their eyes, and erect an altar to the Virgin on the spot where they had stood. The natives were horror-struck, and seemed at first ready to fall upon the Spaniards, but at length they acquiesced.

While at Cozumel, Cortes had the good fortune to pick up a Spaniard, who, having been wrecked in his passage from Darien to Hispaniola in the year 1511, had for seven years been detained as a slave among the Indians of Yucatan. The name of this poor man was Jeronimo de Aguilar; he had been educated for the church; and as he could speak the language of Yucatan, his services as an interpreter were likely to be very valuable. On the 4th of March 1519, the fleet, consisting of eleven vessels, commanded respectively by Cortes, Pedro de Alvarado, Alonzo Puerto Carrero, Francisco de Montejo, Christoval de Olid, Diego de Ordaz, Velasquez de Leon, Juan de Escalante, Francisco de Morla, Escobar, and Gines Nortes, set sail from Cozumel, and on the 13th it anchored at the mouth of the river Tabasco or Grijalva, flowing into the south of the Bay of Campeachy.

The expedition had now reached the scene of active operations; it had arrived on the coast of the American continent. Cortes does not appear to have been naturally a bloodily disposed man. He was only what a perverted education and the vices of his times had made him—a man full of mighty notions of the Spanish authority; of its right to take, by foul or by fair means, any country it liked; and not without an excuse from religion to rob and kill the unfortunate natives who dared to defend their territories.

We have now, therefore, to record the beginning of a most unjust and merciless war of aggression. As Cortes, with his followers, sailed up the river as far as Tabasco, he everywhere observed the natives preparing to repel his attack, and at length he was brought into collision with them—of course overpowering them by the force of arms, with immense slaughter. On reaching Tabasco, his soldiers fought their way through dense masses of Indians, who discharged among them perfect clouds of arrows and stones. Pushing through the streets, which were lined with houses, some of mud and some of stone, the victors reached a large open square in the centre, where temples of large size were erected. Here the troops were drawn up; and Cortes, advancing to a large ceiba-tree which grew in the middle, gave it three slashes with his sword, and took possession of the city and country in the name of his royal master, Don Carlos, king of Castile.

Next day another great battle was fought between the Spaniards and the Tabascans on the plain of Ceutla, a few miles distant from the city. For an hour the Spanish infantry fought in the midst of an ocean of enemies, battling on all sides, beating one wave back, only that another might advance—a little islet encircled by the savage breakers. At length, with the assistance of their horse—a terrible sight to the Indians—the Spaniards were victorious. The spirit of the Tabascans was now completely subdued. Their chiefs came to the camp of Cortes with faces and gestures expressive of contrition, and brought him presents of fowls, fish, maize, and numerous gold toys representing many kinds of animals in miniature. For the horses, they brought a feast of turkeys and roses! They also gave Cortes twenty Indian girls to attend the army. To his inquiries respecting the country whence they obtained the gold, they replied by repetitions of the words 'Culua' and 'Mexico,' and pointing to the west. Having obtained all the information the Tabascans could give him, Cortes resolved to proceed on his voyage. Accordingly, after a solemn mass, which the Indians attended, the armament left Tabasco, and after a short sail, arrived off the coast of San Juan de Ulloa, the site of the modern Vera Cruz. It was on Holy Thursday (April 20), in the year 1519, that they arrived at the port of San Juan de Ulloa, the extreme eastern province of the Mexican dominions properly so called. The royal flag was floating from the mast of Cortes's ship. The Spaniards could see the beach crowded with natives, who had come down to gaze at the strange 'water-houses,' of which they had formerly seen specimens. At length a light pirogue, filled with natives, some of them evidently men of rank, pushed off from the shore, and steered for the ship of Cortes. The Indians went on board without any symptoms of fear, and, what was more striking, with an air of ease and perfect good-breeding. They spoke a different language from that of the inhabitants of Cozumel or the Tabascans—a language, too, which Aguilar

did not understand. Fortunately, one of the twenty Indian girls presented by the Tabascans to the Spaniards was a Mexican by birth. This girl, whose Spanish name of Donna Marina is imperishably associated with the history of the conquest of Mexico, was the daughter of a chief, but, by a singular course of events, had become a slave in Tabasco. She had already attracted attention by her beauty, sweetness, and gentleness, and she had been mentioned to Cortes. Her services now became valuable. The Mexican was her native language; but, by her residence in Tabasco, she had acquired the Tabascan, which language was also familiar to Aguilar. Interpreting, therefore, what the Mexicans said into Tabascan to Aguilar, Aguilar in turn interpreted the Tabascan into Spanish; and thus, though somewhat circuitously, Cortes could hold communication with his visitors.

The Aztec visitors who came on board the ship of Cortes informed him that they were instructed by the governor of the province to ask what he wanted on their coasts, and to promise that whatever he required should be supplied. Cortes replied that his object was to make the acquaintance of the people of those countries, and that he would do them no injury. He then presented them with some beads of cut glass; and after an entertainment of wine, they took their departure, promising that Teuthlille, the governor of the province under their great emperor, should visit him the next day.

Next day, Friday the 21st of April 1519, Cortes landed with his troops, and had an interview with Teuthlille, who received the visitors with suspicion; and this feeling was not lessened by the parade of mounted dragoons and firing of guns, with which the Spanish commander thought fit to astonish him and the other natives. Sketches were taken of the appearance of the strangers, in order to be sent to Montezuma, the king of the country, who was likewise to be informed that the white men who had arrived on his coast desired to be allowed to come and see him in his capital.

Here we pause to present a short account of the Mexican empire, in which Cortes had landed; also of the character and government of this monarch, Montezuma, whom the Spaniards expected soon to be permitted to visit.

THE MEXICANS—THEIR ORIGIN AND CIVILISATION.

If a traveller, landing on that part of the coast of the Mexican Gulf where Cortes and his Spaniards landed more than three hundred and fifty years ago, were to proceed westward across the continent, he would pass successively through three regions or climates. First, through the *Tierra Caliente*, or hot region, distinguished by all the features of the tropics—their luxuriant vegetation, their occasional sandy deserts, and their unhealthiness at particular seasons. After sixty miles of travel through this Tierra Caliente, he

would enter the *Tierra Templada*, or temperate region, where the products of the soil are such as belong to the most genial European countries. Ascending through it, the traveller at last leaves wheat-fields beneath him, and plunges into forests of pine, indicating his entrance into the *Tierra Fria*, or cold region, where the sleety blasts from the mountains penetrate the very bones. This Tierra Fria constitutes the summits of part of the great mountain-range of the Andes, which traverses the whole American continent. Fortunately, however, at this point the Andes do not attain their greatest elevation. Instead of rising, as in some other parts of their range, in a huge perpendicular wall or ridge, they here flatten and widen out, so as to constitute a vast *plateau*, or table-land, six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. On this immense sheet of table-land, stretching for hundreds of miles, the inhabitants, though living within the tropics, enjoy a climate equal to that of the south of Italy; while their proximity to the extremes both of heat and cold enables them to procure, without much labour, the luxuries of many lands. Across the table-land there stretches from east to west a chain of volcanic peaks, some of which are of immense height, and covered perpetually with snow.

This table-land was known in the Mexican language by the name of the plain of Anahuac. Near its centre is a valley of an oval form, about two hundred miles in circumference, surrounded by a rampart of porphyritic rock, and overspread for about a tenth part of its surface by five distinct lakes or sheets of water. This is the celebrated valley of Mexico—called a valley only by comparison with the mountains which surround it, for it is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Round the margins of the five lakes once stood numerous cities, the relics of which are yet visible; and on an islet in the middle of the largest lake stood the great city of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, the capital of the empire which the Spaniards were now invading, and the residence of the Mexican emperor, Montezuma.

The origin of the Mexicans is a question of great obscurity—a part of the more extensive question of the manner in which America was peopled. According to Mr Prescott, the latest, and one of the best authorities on the subject, the plains of Anahuac were overrun, previous to the discovery of America, by several successive races from the north-west of the continent where it approaches Asia. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the great table-land of Central America was inhabited by a number of races and sub-races, all originally of the same stock, but differing from each other greatly in character and degree of civilisation, and engaged in mutual hostilities. The cities of these different races were scattered over the plateau, principally in the neighbourhood of the five lakes. Tezcuco, on the eastern bank of the greatest of the lakes, was the capital of the Acolhuans; and Tenochtitlan, or Mexico, founded

in 1325, on an island in the same lake, was the capital of the Aztecs.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the dominant race in the plains of Anahuac was the Acolhuans, or Tezcucans, represented as a people of mild and polished manners, skilled in the elegant arts, and possessing literary habits and tastes—the Athenians, if we may so call them, of the New World. The most celebrated of the Tezcucan sovereigns was Nezahualcoyotl, who reigned early in the fifteenth century. By this prince a revolution was effected in the political state of the valley of Anahuac. He procured the formation of a confederacy between Tezcuco and the two neighbouring friendly cities of Mexico and Tlacopan, by which they bound themselves severally to assist each other when attacked, and to carry on wars conjointly. In this strange alliance, Tezcuco was the principal member, as being confessedly the most powerful state; Mexico stood next; and lastly Tlacopan, as being inferior to the other two.

Nezahualcoyotl died in 1470, and was succeeded on the Tezcucan throne by his son Nezahualpilli. During his reign, the Tezcucans fell from their position as the first member of the triple confederacy which his father had formed, and gave place to the Aztecs or Mexicans. These Aztecs had been gradually growing in consequence since their first arrival in the valley. Decidedly inferior to the Tezcucans in culture, and professing a much more bloody and impure worship, they excelled them in certain qualities, and possessed, on the whole, a firmer and more compact character. If the Tezcucans were the Greeks, the Aztecs were the Romans of the New World. Under a series of able princes, they had increased in importance, till now, in the reign of Nezahualpilli, they were the rivals of their allies, the Tezcucans, for the sovereignty of Anahuac.

In the year 1502 a vacancy occurred in the throne of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico. The election fell on Montezuma II., the nephew of the deceased monarch, a young man, who had already distinguished himself as a soldier and a priest or sage, and who was noted, as his name—Montezuma (sorrowful man)—implied, for a certain gravity and sad severity of manner. The first years of Montezuma's reign were spent in war. Carrying his victorious arms as far as Nicaragua and Honduras in the south, and to the shores of the Mexican Gulf in the east, he extended the sovereignty of the triple confederacy of which he was a member over an immense extent of territory. Distant provinces he compelled to pay him tribute; and the wealth of Anahuac flowed from all directions towards the valley of Mexico. Haughty and severe in his disposition, and magnificent in his tastes, he ruled like an oriental despot over the provinces which he had conquered; and the least attempt at rebellion was fearfully punished, captives being dragged in hundreds to the capital to be slaughtered on the stone of human sacrifice in the great war-temple. Nor did Montezuma's own natural-born subjects stand less in dread

of him. Wise, liberal, and even generous in his government, his inflexible and relentless justice, and his lordly notions of his own dignity, made him an object less of affection than of awe and reverence. In his presence his nobles spoke in whispers; in his palace he was served with a slavish homage; and when he appeared in public, his subjects veiled their faces, as unworthy to gaze upon his person. The death of Nezahualpilli, in 1516, made him absolute sovereign in Anahuac. On the death of that king, two of his sons, Cacama and Ixtlilxochitl, contended for the throne of Tezcuco. Montezuma sided with Cacama; and the dispute was at length ended by a compromise between the two brothers, by which the kingdom was divided into two parts—Cacama obtaining the southern half with the city of Tezcuco, and Ixtlilxochitl the northern half.

Thus, at the period of the arrival of the Spaniards, Montezuma was absolute sovereign of nearly the whole of that portion of Central America which lies between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean—the kings of Tezcuco and Tlacopan being nominally his confederates and counsellors, according to the ancient treaty of alliance between the three states, but in reality his dependants. The spot where Cortes had landed was in one of the maritime provinces of Montezuma's dominion.

It is a singular but well-authenticated fact, that at the time the Spaniards landed in America, a general expectation prevailed among the natives of the arrival of a mysterious race of white men from the East, who were to conquer the country. This was especially the case in Mexico. There was a tradition among the Mexicans that, some ages before the arrival of the Spaniards, and while yet the Aztec empire was in its infancy, there appeared in Anahuac a divine personage called Quetzalcoatl. He was a man of benevolent aspect, tall in stature, with a white complexion, long dark hair, and a flowing beard; and he came from the East. He resided in Anahuac for many years, teaching the Mexicans numerous arts and sciences, and reforming their manners; and under his care the country flourished and became happy. At length some difference arose between him and the Mexicans, and they no longer paid respect to the words of the good Quetzalcoatl. He then announced to them that he was going to depart from their country. Proceeding eastward, delaying a little while at Cholula, a city which ever after was regarded as sacred, he arrived at the sea-shore. Embarking on board a little skiff made of serpents' skins, he pushed out to sea, and as the Mexicans strained their eyes after him, he disappeared in the distance, going, as it seemed, to the East. Before he departed, however, he delivered a prophecy, that at some future time people of his race, with white complexions like his, would come from the East to conquer and possess the country.

The tradition of Quetzalcoatl's prophecy was rife among the natives of Anahuac when Cortes arrived, and it was with a kind of

religious awe that Montezuma and his people heard of the arrival of the white men in their 'water-houses.' Cortes and his men constituted, as we have seen, this body. Teuthlille's messengers, announcing their arrival, had already reached Montezuma; and he was now deliberating in what manner he should receive the strangers. In order to learn his decision, let us return to the Spaniards on the sea-coast.

THE SPANIARDS FOUND A COLONY—MARCH INTO THE INTERIOR.

The Spaniards, supplied by the natives with plenty of everything which they required, were waiting the return of the messengers to Montezuma. After six days they returned, accompanied by Teuthlille. They bore with them a splendid present from Montezuma to the Spanish emperor. It consisted of loads of finely-wrought cotton, ornamented with featherwork; and a miscellaneous collection of jewels and articles of gold and silver, richly carved, of which the most attractive were two circular plates as large as carriage-wheels, one of gold, valued at more than fifty thousand pounds, and intended to represent the sun; the other of silver, and representing the moon. As they gazed on the kingly present, the Spaniards could scarcely contain their raptures. The message which accompanied it, however, was less satisfactory. Montezuma was happy to hear of the existence of his brother, the king of Spain, and wished him to consider him as his friend; he could not, however, come to see the Spaniards, and it was too far for them to come and visit him. He therefore hoped they would depart, and carry his respects to his brother, their monarch.

To this Cortes, thanking Montezuma for his present, replied that he could not leave the country without being able to say to his king that he had seen Montezuma with his own eyes; and the ambassadors again departed, carrying a sorry present from Cortes to Montezuma. After another interval of six days they returned, with another gift little inferior in value to the former, and informed Cortes that the great Montezuma had received his present with satisfaction, but that, as to the interview, he could not permit any more to be said on the subject. Cortes, though greatly mortified, thanked them politely, and returned to Montezuma a second message to the same effect as the former, but couched in more decided language. The Mexicans withdrew in distrust, and ceased to barter with the Spaniards, or to bring them supplies.

Meanwhile differences had been springing up among the Spaniards themselves, the partisans of Velasquez insisting that they ought now to return to Cuba, and that it was folly to think of founding a settlement. Pretending to yield to the clamours of these persons, Cortes issued orders for embarkation on the following day. Immediately

the other party, consisting of the friends of Cortes, flocked to his tent, and implored him not to give up the enterprise which had been so successfully begun. This was precisely what Cortes wished. Accordingly, after some delay, he seemed to yield; and revoking the order for embarkation, he announced his willingness to found a settlement in the name of the Spanish sovereign. Forthwith the new city, although not a stone of it had yet been raised, and the site had alone been determined on, was named Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz—'The Rich Town of the True Cross.' Magistrates were immediately appointed in the king's name; the two captains Puerto Carrero and Montejo, the latter a friend of Velasquez, being nominated *alcaldes*, and others to different offices. 'Thus,' says Mr Prescott, 'by a single stroke of the pen the camp was transformed into a civil community.'

At the first sitting of the new magistracy, Cortes appeared before it, with his cap doffed, and formally resigned his commission from Velasquez into its hands. He then withdrew; but after a short time was recalled, and informed that he had been unanimously appointed by them, in the king's name, 'Captain-general and Chief-justice of the colony.' Thus, by a clever stroke of policy, had Cortes shaken off all connection with Velasquez. He held his command now directly from the king, and could be superseded only by royal authority. The friends of Velasquez were at first furious with rage; but Cortes at length soothed them into acquiescence.

A little before the conclusion of these proceedings, an event of some consequence happened. This was the arrival in the Spanish camp of five Indians, differing in dress and language from the Mexicans. They informed Cortes that they were a deputation sent by the cacique of Cempoalla, a city at a little distance on the sea-coast, the capital of the Totonacs, a nation which had been recently conquered by Montezuma, and was now groaning under his yoke. They were sent by their cacique to beg a visit of the Spaniards to Cempoalla. A light instantly flashed upon the mind of Cortes. He saw that Montezuma's empire was not so firmly compacted as he had supposed, and that it might be possible to divide it against itself, and so overthrow it. He therefore dismissed the ambassadors kindly, and promised a speedy visit to Cempoalla.

Accordingly, as soon as the disturbance which had arisen among his men was quashed, Cortes marched to Cempoalla, a city not rich, but prettily built, and containing a population, as it appeared, of about thirty thousand inhabitants. He was cordially received by the cacique, a large and very corpulent man. Remaining some time in Cempoalla and its neighbourhood, while the city of Villa Rica was being built, the Spaniards soon gained the reverence and good-will of the inhabitants, the Totonacs, who willingly submitted themselves to the dominion of the distant monarch Don Carlos, of whom the Spaniards told them. Here the Spaniards were horrified

by the symptoms of human sacrifice which were perpetually visible in the temples—the blood-stained walls, and the fragments of human flesh which lay about; and, fired with religious enthusiasm, they resolved to put a stop to such practices by tearing down the idols. Cortes informed the cacique of his intention; but although the announcement filled him with speechless dismay, no opposition was offered, and the idols were broken in pieces, and burned before the eyes of the Totonacs, while the priests went about shrieking like demons. 'These priests,' we are told, 'were dressed in long black mantles, like sheets with hoods: their robes reached to their feet. Their long hair was matted together with clotted blood; with some it reached to the waist, and with others to the feet: their ears were torn and cut, and they smelt horribly, as it were of sulphur and putrid flesh.'

The destruction of their idols did not alienate the Totonacs from the Spaniards; on the contrary, it raised their opinion of them, inasmuch as they saw the gods patient under the indignity. The intercourse of the two parties therefore continued; and, by his frequent conversations with the cacique, Cortes gained greater insight every day into the condition of Montezuma's empire.

By this time the town of Villa Rica had been nearly finished, and nothing remained to prevent the Spaniards from commencing their march into the interior. Before beginning it, however, Cortes deemed it advisable to send a report of his proceedings to Spain, to be laid before the king, knowing that Velasquez must have represented his conduct in very disadvantageous terms to the home government. Accordingly, Cortes drew up one letter, and the magistrates of the new colony another, detailing the whole of the incidents of the expedition down to the foundation of Villa Rica, and announcing that they were on the point of commencing their march into the heart of the country. To increase the effect of the letters, they were accompanied by nearly all the gold that had been collected, together with the splendid gifts of Montezuma, and such curiosities as might interest the learned of Spain. The business of carrying these letters to the king was intrusted to Montejo and Puerto Carrero, and they were instructed, above all, to endeavour to secure the appointment of Cortes as captain-general of the colony. On the 26th of July 1519, the little ship set sail, freighted with a more precious cargo than had ever yet been packed within the timbers of a vessel from the New World. The pilot was instructed to make direct for Spain, landing at no intermediate station, and especially avoiding Cuba.

The departure of this vessel seems to have raised thoughts of home in the minds of some of those who were left behind. A conspiracy was formed by some of the soldiers and sailors, along with the clergyman Diaz, to seize a vessel, and return to Cuba. The conspiracy was discovered; two of the ringleaders were hanged, and

the rest whipped or confined. Foreseeing, however, that such conspiracies would be constantly occurring, unless effectual means were taken to prevent them, Cortes came to the resolution, almost unparalleled in the annals of heroism, of destroying the ships which had brought him to Mexico. Accordingly, taking counsel with a few of his most attached followers, he procured a report from the pilots that the vessels were not seaworthy, and caused them to be broken in pieces and sunk, before the majority were aware of his design. When the Spaniards thus saw themselves shut up in a strange and populous country, with no means of retreat, their first impulse was one of rage and despair, and Cortes had nearly fallen a sacrifice. As he foresaw, however, the daring act had the effect of bracing his men to a pitch of resolution all but supernatural. Besides, by the destruction of the fleet, he obtained a reinforcement of a hundred and ten men—the mariners formerly employed in the ships being now converted into soldiers, and very good ones, as it afterwards proved.

All being now ready, Cortes, leaving a considerable force as a garrison to the new settlement of Villa Rica, under the command of Juan de Escalante, set out from the territory of the Totonacs, on his march inland, on the 16th of August 1519. His army consisted of four hundred Spaniards on foot, and fifteen horse, accompanied by thirteen hundred Cempoallan warriors, and a thousand *tamanes*, or Indian body-slaves, furnished by the cacique of Cempoalla, who were to carry the heavy burdens, and perform other laborious offices. Advancing through the Tierra Caliente, they began to ascend the mountains which separate it from the vast table-land of Anahuac. A few days' march across the Tierra Templada and the Tierra Fria brought the Spaniards to the small mountain province of Tlascala, situated about half-way between the sea-coast and the Mexican valley. The Tlascalans were a brave and high-spirited people, of the same race as the Aztecs. They had refused, however, to submit to the empire of Montezuma, and were the only people in Anahuac who bade defiance to his power, preferring poverty and hardship in their mountain home to the loss of independence. The government of Tlascala was a kind of feudalism. Four lords or caciques held their courts in different quarters of the same city, independently of each other, and yet mutually allied; and under these four chieftains the Tlascalan population, nobles and commons, was ranged as subjects. On the approach of the Spaniards, a consultation was held among the Tlascalan lords and their counsellors as to how the strangers should be received; some being inclined to welcome them, in hopes of being able, by their assistance, to cope with Montezuma; others maintaining that the Spaniards were enemies, who ought to be repulsed by all means. The latter opinion prevailed; and three desperate battles were fought between the Tlascalans—under the command of Xicotencatl, a brave and able young chief, the son of

one of the four caciques—and the Spanish invaders. These engagements were far more serious than the battles which the Spaniards had fought with the Tabascans; and it required the utmost exertion of Castilian valour, directed by all the ability of Cortes, to gain the victory. But Indian courage against the flower of European chivalry—the *maquahuitl*, or war-club, dreadful instrument as it was, with its sharp flinty blades, against muskets and artillery—coatings of war-paint, or doublets of featherwork, against Spanish mail—were a very unequal contest; and, as usual, the losses of the Spaniards were as nothing compared with the apparent fierceness of the struggle. But how could the little army hope to advance through a country where such battles had to be fought at every step? If such were their reception by the Tlascalans, what might they not expect from the richer and more powerful Mexicans? Such were the reflections of the Spanish soldiery. The idea of their ever reaching Mexico, says Bernal Diaz, was treated as a jest by the whole army. Fortunately, when these murmurs were reaching their height, the Tlascalans submitted, and sent ambassadors to beg the friendship of the Spaniards; and on the 23d of September 1519 the Spaniards entered the city of Tlascala, a large and populous town, which Cortes compared to Granada in Spain. Here they were cordially received by the four caciques, and especially by the elder Xicotencatl; and in a short time an intimacy sprang up between the Tlascalans and the invaders, and a treaty was concluded, by which the Tlascalans bound themselves to assist the Spaniards throughout the rest of the expedition. Here, as elsewhere, Cortes shewed his zeal for the Catholic faith by endeavouring to convert the natives; and it is probable that the same scenes of violence would have taken place at Tlascala as at Cempoalla, had not the judicious Father Olmedo interfered to temper the more headlong fanaticism of the general.

While in Tlascala, Cortes received various embassies from provinces in the neighbourhood anxious to secure his good-will. About the same time an embassy was received from Montezuma himself, entreating Cortes not to place any reliance upon the Tlascalans, whom he represented as treacherous barbarians; and now inviting him, in cordial terms, to visit his capital, pointing out the route through the city of Cholula as the most convenient. This route was accordingly adopted, and the Spaniards, accompanied by an army of six thousand Tlascalan warriors, advanced by it towards Mexico. Their approach gave great alarm, and Montezuma set on foot a scheme for their massacre at Cholula, which, however, was discovered by Cortes, who took a terrible vengeance on the sacred city. Montezuma, overawed, again made overtures of reconciliation, and promised the Spaniards an immense quantity of gold if they would advance no farther. This Cortes refused; and the Spanish army, with the Tlascalan warriors, left Cholula, and proceeded on their

march, met everywhere by deputations from neighbouring towns, many of which were disaffected to the government of Montezuma. The route of the army lay between two gigantic volcanic mountains, and the march, for a day or two, was toilsome, and bitterly cold. At last, 'turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated their toils. It was that of the valley of Mexico, which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar; and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs."'*

Descending into the valley, the Spaniards halted at Ajotzinco, a town on the banks of the southernmost of the five lakes. Meanwhile, Montezuma was in an agony of indecision. When intelligence reached him that the Spaniards had actually descended into the valley, he saw that he must either face the strangers in the field of battle, or admit them into his capital. His brother, Cuitlahua, advised the former; but his nephew, Cacama, the young lord of Tezcuco, was of the contrary opinion, and Montezuma at length sent him to meet the Spaniards, and welcome them to his dominions. Cacama accordingly set out in state, and arrived at Ajotzinco just as the Spaniards were about to leave it. When he came into the presence of Cortes, he said to him: 'Malintzin, here am I and these lords come to attend you to your residence in our city, by order of the great Montezuma.' Cortes embraced the prince, and presented him with some jewels. After a little while, Cacama took his leave, and the Spaniards resumed their march. Travelling along the southern and western banks of Lake Chalco, they crossed the causeway which divides it from Lake Xochichalco, and advanced along the margin of the latter to the royal city of Iztapalapan, situated on the banks of the great Tezcucan lake over against Mexico. To the eyes of the Spaniards, all that they saw in their journey seemed fairyland.

ENTRY INTO MEXICO—RESIDENCE THERE—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

It was on the 7th of November 1519 that the Spaniards arrived at Iztapalapan; and here they spent the night, lodged in magnificent palaces built of stone, and the timber of which was cedar.

* Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, vol. ii. p. 47.

From this position the eye could sweep over the whole expanse of the Tezcucan lake. Canoes of all sizes might be seen skimming along its surface, either near the middle or close to the banks, where the thick woods came down to the water's edge. Here also, moving slowly along the margin of the lake, might be seen a still stranger sight—the *chinampas*, or floating-gardens—little islands consisting of earth laid on rafts, planted with flowers, shrubs, and fruit-trees, and containing a small hut or cottage in the centre, occupied by the proprietor, who, by means of a long pole, which he pushed against the bottom, could shift his little domain from place to place. But what fixed the eyes of the Spaniards above all else was the glittering spectacle which rose from the centre of the lake—the queenly city of Mexico, the goal of their hopes and wishes for many months past. In a few hours they would be within its precincts—a few hundred men shut up in the very heart of the great Mexican empire! What might be their fate there!

The islet on which Mexico was built was connected with the mainland by three distinct causeways of stone, constructed with incredible labour and skill across the lake, and intersected at intervals by drawbridges, through which canoes might pass and repass with ease. The causeway by which the Spaniards must pass connected the island with the southern bank of the lake, about half-way across to which it branched off into two lines, one leading to the city of Cojohuacan, the other meeting the mainland at a point not far from Iztapalapan, where the Spaniards were quartered. This causeway was about eight yards wide, and capable of accommodating ten or twelve horsemen riding abreast. It was divided, as before mentioned, by several drawbridges; a circumstance which the Spaniards observed with no small alarm, for they saw that, by means of these drawbridges, their communication with the mainland could be completely cut off by the Mexicans.

On the morning of the 8th of November 1519, the army left Iztapalapan, and advanced along the causeway towards the capital. First went Cortes, with his small body of horse; next came the Spanish foot, amounting to not more than four hundred men; after them came the Indian *tamanes*, carrying the baggage; and last of all came the Tlascalan warriors, to the number of about five thousand. As they moved along the causeway, the inhabitants of the city crowded in myriads to gaze at them, some finding standing-room on the causeway itself, others skimming along the lake in canoes, and clambering up the sides of the causeway. A little more than half-way across, and at a distance of a mile and a half from the city, the branch of the causeway on which the Spaniards were marching was joined by the other branch; and here the causeway widened for a small space, and a fort or gateway was erected, called the Fort of Xoloc. On arriving at the gateway, the army was met by a long procession of Aztec nobles, richly clad, who came to

announce the approach of the emperor himself to welcome the Spaniards to his capital. Accordingly, when the remainder of the causeway had been almost traversed, and the van of the army was near the threshold of the city, a train was seen advancing along the great avenue. 'Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state bearing golden wands, the Spaniards saw the royal palanquin of Montezuma, blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy feather-work, powdered with jewels, and fringed with silver, was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were barefooted, and walked with a slow measured pace, and with eyes bent on the ground. When the train had come within a convenient distance, it halted; and Montezuma, descending from his litter, came forward, leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcuco and Iztapalapan—the one his nephew, the other his brother. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil. His subjects, of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him.'*

Cortes and the Mexican emperor now stood before each other. When Cortes was told that the great Montezuma approached, he dismounted from his horse, and advanced towards him with much respect. Montezuma bade him welcome, and Cortes replied with a suitable compliment. After some ceremonies, and the exchange of presents, Montezuma and his courtiers withdrew, the Spaniards following. Advancing into the city, wondering at all they saw—the long streets, the houses which, in the line along which they passed, belonged mostly to the noble and wealthy Mexicans, built of red stone, and surmounted with parapets or battlements; the canals which here and there intersected the streets, crossed by bridges; and the large open squares which occurred at intervals—the Spaniards were conducted to their quarters, situated in an immense square in the centre of the city, adjoining the temple of the great Mexican war-god. Montezuma was waiting to receive them; and the Spaniards were surprised and delighted with the princely generosity with which he supplied their wants.

Next day, Cortes paid a visit to Montezuma in his palace, attended by some of his principal officers. In the conversation which ensued, Cortes broached the topic of religion, and informed Montezuma 'that we were all brothers, the children of Adam and Eve, and that as such, our emperor, lamenting the loss of souls in such numbers as those which were brought by the Mexican idols into everlasting flames, had sent us to apply a remedy thereto by putting an end to

* Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, vol. ii. p. 67.

the worship of these false gods.' These remarks seemed to displease Montezuma, who, however, made a polite reply.

Day after day the intercourse between Cortes and Montezuma was renewed; the Spanish soldiers also became gradually familiar with the Mexicans. Bernal Diaz, the old soldier of Cortes, to whom we are indebted for the most minute and interesting account of the Conquest, thus describes Montezuma and his household. 'The great Montezuma was at this time aged about forty years, of good stature, well-proportioned, and thin; his complexion was much fairer than that of the Indians; he wore his hair short, just covering his ears, with very little beard, well arranged, thin, and black. His face was rather long, with a pleasant countenace, and good eyes; gravity and good-humour were blended together when he spoke. He was very delicate and clean in his person, bathing himself every evening. He had a number of mistresses of the first families, and two princesses, his lawful wives. He had two hundred of his nobility as a guard, in apartments adjoining his own. They entered his apartment barefooted, their eyes fixed on the ground, and making three inclinations of the body as they approached him. In addressing him, they said: "Lord; my lord; great lord." His cooks had upwards of thirty different ways of dressing meat, and they had earthen vessels so contrived as to keep it always hot. For the table of Montezuma himself above three hundred dishes were dressed, and for his guards above a thousand. It is said that at times the flesh of young children was dressed for him; but the ordinary meats were domestic fowls, pheasants, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares, and rabbits, with many other animals and birds peculiar to the country. At his meals, in the cold weather, a number of torches of the bark of a wood which makes no smoke, and has an aromatic smell, were lighted; and, that they might not throw too much heat, screens ornamented with gold, and painted with figures of idols, were placed before them. Montezuma was seated on a low throne or chair, at a table proportioned to the height of his seat. The table was covered with white cloths and napkins, and four beautiful women presented him with water for his hands. Then two other women brought small cakes of bread; and when the king began to eat, a large screen of wood gilt was placed before him, so that people should not, during that time, see him. He was served on earthenware of Cholula, red and black. While the king was at table, no one of his guards, or in the vicinity of his apartment, dared for their lives make any noise. Fruit of all the kinds that the country produced was laid before him; he ate very little; but from time to time a liquor, prepared from cocoa, and of a stimulative quality, as we were told, was presented to him in golden cups. At different intervals during the time of dinner there entered certain Indians, hump-backed, very deformed and ugly, who played tricks of buffoonery; and others who, they said, were jesters. There

was also a company of singers and dancers, who afforded Montezuma much entertainment. During the time Montezuma was at dinner, two very beautiful women were busily employed making small cakes with eggs, and other things mixed therein. These were delicately white; and when made, they presented them to him on plates covered with napkins. After he had dined, they presented to him three little canes, highly ornamented, containing liquid amber, mixed with an herb they call *tobacco;* and when he had sufficiently viewed and heard the singers, dancers, and buffoons, he took a little of the smoke of one of these canes, and then laid himself down to sleep; and thus his principal meal concluded.'

After describing other parts of Montezuma's household, including a great aviary or collection of birds, and a menagerie, the chronicler gives us an account of Cortes's first tour through the city, accompanied by Montezuma. They first visited the great bazaar or market, held in the western part of the city. 'When we arrived there, we were astonished at the crowds of people, and the regularity which prevailed, as well as at the vast quantities of merchandise, which those who attended us were assiduous in pointing out. Each kind had its particular place of sale, which was distinguished by a sign. The articles consisted of gold, silver, jewels, feathers, mantles, chocolate, skins dressed and undressed, sandals, and other manufactures of the roots and fibres of nequen, and great numbers of male and female slaves, some of whom were fastened by the neck in collars to long poles. The meat-market was stocked with fowls, game, and dogs. Vegetables, fruits, articles of food ready dressed, salt, bread, honey, and sweet pastry made in various ways, were also sold here. Other places in the square were appropriated to the sale of earthenware, wooden household furniture, such as tables and benches, firewood, paper, sweet canes filled with tobacco, mixed with liquid amber, copper axes and working-tools, and wooden vessels highly painted. Numbers of women sold fish, and little loaves made of a certain mud which they find in the lake, and which resembles cheese. The makers of stone blades were busily employed shaping them out of the rough material; and the merchants who dealt in gold had the metal in grains, as it came from the mines, in transparent tubes, so that they could be reckoned; and the gold was valued at so many mantles, or so many xiquipils of cocoa, according to the size of the quills. The entire square was enclosed in piazzas, under which great quantities of grain were stored, and where were also shops for various kinds of goods. Courts of justice, where three judges sat to settle disputes which might arise in the market, occupied a part of the square, their under-officers, or policemen, being in the market inspecting the merchandise.'

Proceeding from the market-place through various parts of the city, the Spaniards came to the great *teocalli*, or temple, in the neighbourhood of their own quarters. It was a huge pyramidal

structure, consisting of five stories, narrowing above each other like the tubes of an extended spy-glass (only square in shape), so as to leave a clear pathway round the margin of each story. The ascent was by means of a stone stair, of a hundred and fourteen steps. Arrived at the summit, Cortes and his companions found it to be a large flat area, laid with stone; at one end of which they shuddered as they saw a block of jasper, which they were told was the stone on which the human victims were laid when the priests tore out their hearts to offer to their idols: at the other end was a tower of three stories, in which were the images of the two great Mexican deities Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, and a variety of articles pertaining to their worship. 'From the top of the temple,' says Bernal Diaz, 'we had a clear prospect of the three causeways by which Mexico communicated with the land, and we could now perceive that in this great city, and all the others of the neighbourhood which were built in the water, the houses stood separate from each other, communicating only by small drawbridges and by boats, and that they were built with terraced tops. The noise and bustle of the market-place below us could be heard almost a league off; and those who had been at Rome and Constantinople said that, for convenience, regularity, and population, they had never seen the like.' At the request of Cortes, Montezuma, though with apparent reluctance, led the Spaniards into the sanctuary or tower where the gods were. 'Here,' says Diaz, 'were two altars, highly adorned with richly-wrought timbers on the roof, and over the altars gigantic figures resembling very fat men. The one on the right was their war-god, with a great face and terrible eyes. This figure was entirely covered with gold and jewels, and his body bound with golden serpents; in his right hand he held a bow, and in his left a bundle of arrows. Before the idol was a pan of incense, with three hearts of human victims, which were burning, mixed with copal. The whole of that apartment, both walls and floor, was stained with human blood in such quantity as to cause a very offensive smell. On the left was the other great figure, with a countenance like a bear, and great shining eyes of the polished substance whereof their mirrors are made. The body of this idol was also covered with jewels. An offering lay before him of five human hearts. In this place was a drum of most enormous size, the head of which was made of the skins of large serpents: this instrument, when struck, resounded with a noise that could be heard to the distance of two leagues, and so doleful, that it deserved to be named the music of the infernal regions.'

This state of things could not last. Cortes, of course, had no intention of leaving Mexico, now that he had made good his quarters in it; but as it was not to be expected that Montezuma and his subjects would continue their friendly intercourse with him if they supposed that he purposed to remain, he saw the necessity of taking some decided step to secure himself and his men against any

outbreak which might occur. The step which he resolved upon in his own mind was the seizure of Montezuma. By having him in their power, he would be able, he imagined, to maintain a control over the whole population of the city—amounting, it is believed, to nearly three hundred thousand. Nor was a pretext wanting to give an appearance of justice to the daring act which they contemplated. Cortes had just received intelligence that a battle had been fought between the garrison which he had left at Villa Rica, and a body of Mexicans under the command of the Mexican governor of a province adjacent to the Spanish settlement. Although Cortes cared little for this occurrence, he resolved to avail himself of it for his purpose; so, after a night spent in prayer for the blessing of God on what he was about to do, he proceeded with five of his officers and the two interpreters, Donna Marina and Aguilar, to Montezuma's palace. The monarch, as usual, received him kindly; but when Cortes, after upbraiding him with being the cause of the attack made on the Spanish garrison of Villa Rica, as well as with the attempt made by the Cholulans to arrest his own progress towards Mexico, informed him that he had come to make him prisoner, he could no longer contain himself, but gave full vent to his rage and astonishment. But the rage of an Indian prince was impotent against the stern resolution of the European general; and as the helpless monarch gazed on the unyielding countenances of his visitors, whose fingers were playing with the hilts of their swords, his anger changed into terror: he was seized with a fit of trembling, and the tears gushed into his eyes. Without any resistance, he was removed in his royal litter to the Spanish quarters, giving it out to his nobles and subjects that he went voluntarily, on a visit to Cortes, and desiring them to remain quiet.

Another degradation awaited the unhappy monarch. He was obliged to surrender the governor and three other chiefs who had led the attack on the garrison of Villa Rica; and these were burned alive, by the orders of Cortes, in front of Montezuma's palace, the emperor himself being kept in irons while the execution was going on.

All this took place within ten days of the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico; and for three or four months Montezuma continued a prisoner in the Spanish quarters. Here he was attended with the most profound respect, Cortes himself never approaching him without taking off his cap, and punishing severely every attempt on the part of any of his soldiers to insult the royal captive. Such instances, however, were very rare; for the kindly demeanour of Montezuma, his gentleness under his misfortunes, and, above all, his liberality to those about him, won the hearts of the Spaniards, and made him a general favourite. Nor did Montezuma make any attempt to regain his liberty. Attended by his officers as usual, he received deputations, and transacted business; amused himself by various Mexican

games, and appeared to delight in the society of some of the Spaniards, for whom he had contracted a particular partiality.

The Spanish general was now absolute in Anahuac; Montezuma acted under his instructions; and officers were sent out in different directions to survey the country, and ascertain the situation and extent of the gold and silver mines, as if all belonged to the king of Spain. Nor was the formal cession of the kingdom by Montezuma long delayed. Assembling all his nobles at the instigation of Cortes, the Indian monarch addressed them, desiring them to concur with him in surrendering their empire to the Spaniards, who were to come from the rising sun. '"For eighteen years," he said, "that I have reigned, I have been a kind monarch to you, and you have been faithful subjects to me; indulge me, then, with this last act of obedience." The princes, with many sighs and tears, promised Montezuma, who was still more affected, that they would do whatever he desired. He then sent a message to Cortes, telling him that, on the ensuing day, he and his princes would tender their allegiance to his majesty, our emperor. This they accordingly did at the time appointed, in the presence of all our officers and many of our soldiers, not one of whom could refrain from weeping on beholding the agitation and distress of the great and generous Montezuma.'

Montezuma accompanied the surrender of his kingdom with the gift of an immense treasure, which he had concealed in an apartment within their quarters, desiring it to be sent to Spain, as tribute-money to King Charles from his vassal Montezuma. The sight of this treasure roused the avaricious passions of the Spanish soldiers, and they clamoured for a division of the wealth which had been collected since their entrance into Mexico. Cortes was obliged to yield to their demand. The whole wealth amassed during their residence in Mexico amounted, according to Mr Prescott's calculation, to about one million four hundred thousand pounds of our money, including not only the gold cast into ingots, but also the various articles of jewellery, which were of too fine workmanship to be melted down. The mode of division was this: First, his majesty's fifth was set aside; next, a fifth of the remainder was set aside for Cortes; after that, all the debts of the expedition were to be discharged, including the amount vested in the expedition by Velasquez, the payment of agents in Spain, &c.; then the losses incurred in the expedition were to be made good, including the expense of the ships sunk off Villa Rica, the price of the horses killed, &c.; and lastly, certain individuals in the army, as the clergymen and the captains, were to receive larger allowances than the rest. 'By the time all these drafts were made,' says Bernal Diaz, 'what remained for each soldier was hardly worth stooping for;' in other words, instead of amounting to two or three thousand pounds, as they had expected, each soldier's share came only to about three hundred pounds. Many refused to take their shares, complaining of injustice in the

division, and it required all the skill and management of Cortes to soothe the spirits of the discontented. Not a few, it appeared in the end, were no richer for all the prize-money they had obtained than when they left Cuba; for, as Bernal Diaz tells us, 'deep gaming went on day and night with cards made out of the heads of drums.'

Only one source of discomfort now remained to Cortes. This was the continuance of the idolatrous worship of the Mexicans. This subject occupied his thoughts incessantly; and he could not persuade himself that his efforts would be meritorious in the eyes of God, or even that he could hope for permanent success, until the false gods of the Mexicans had been shattered in pieces, and their temples converted into Christian sanctuaries. Not only as a devout Catholic did he abominate the existence of a false worship in a country over which he had control, but, as a man, as a native of a civilised country, he shrunk in abhorrence from the bloody and sickening rites which formed part of the religion of the Mexicans—their human sacrifices—accompanied, strangely enough, among a people so polished and so advanced in ingenious arts, by the practice of cannibalism. At length Cortes announced to Montezuma that he must allow at least a part of the great temple to be converted into a Christian place of worship. Montezuma had been a priest, and the proposal was perhaps the most shocking that could have been made to him. He gave his consent, however, and one of the sanctuaries on the top of the temple was purified, and an altar and a crucifix erected in it.

This last act filled up the measure of Mexican endurance. To see their monarch a prisoner, to surrender their kingdom and its treasures—these they could submit to; but could they sit tamely under an insult offered to their gods? Hither and thither through the city ran the priests, with haggard faces, and hair clotted with blood, stirring up the zeal of the inhabitants, and denouncing woes unless the Spaniards were expelled. The crisis was imminent, and every possible precaution was used to prevent a sudden surprise by the excited Mexicans.

It was now the month of May 1520, and the Spaniards had been six months in the Mexican capital. Suddenly the little army was thrown into consternation by intelligence of an unexpected kind received by Cortes.

ARRIVAL OF A NEW SPANISH ARMY—DIFFICULTIES OF CORTES—HIS TRIUMPH.

It will be remembered that, before advancing into the interior of the country, Cortes had despatched a vessel to Spain with letters to the emperor, Charles V., and a quantity of treasure. Contrary to the instructions of Cortes, the vessel touched at Cuba on its voyage; and a sailor escaping, conveyed to Velasquez an account of all that

had taken place in the expedition, down to the foundation of Villa Rica. The rage of Velasquez exceeded all bounds. He wrote letters to the home government, and also to the court for colonial affairs established in Hispaniola; and not content with this, he instantly began to fit out a second expedition, which was to proceed to Mexico, depose or decapitate Cortes, and seize the country for the Spanish sovereign in the name of the governor of Cuba. The fleet was larger, with one exception, than any yet fitted out for the navigation of the seas of the New World. It consisted of nineteen vessels, carrying upwards of a thousand foot-soldiers, twenty cannon, eighty horsemen, a hundred and sixty musketeers and cross-bowmen, besides a thousand Indian servants—a force sufficient, as it seemed, to render all resistance on the part of Cortes hopeless. Velasquez at first intended to command the expedition in person; but, as he was too old and too unwieldy for such a laborious task, he intrusted it to Don Pamfilo de Narvaez, described as a man 'about forty-two years of age, of tall stature and large limbs, a full face, red beard, and agreeable presence; very sonorous and lofty in his speech, as if the sound came out of a vault; a good horseman, and said to be valiant.'

The fleet anchored off the coast of Mexico, at San Juan de Ulloa, on the 23d of April 1520. Here Narvaez received information which astonished him—that Cortes was master of the Mexican capital; that the Mexican emperor was his prisoner; that the country and its treasures had been surrendered to the Spanish sovereign; and that at present his rival was as absolute in it as if he were its monarch. This information only increased his anxiety to come to a collision with Cortes; and, with singular imprudence, he went about among the Indians declaring, in a blustering manner, that Cortes was a rebel against his sovereign, and that he had come to chastise him, and to set Montezuma free.

Narvaez's first step was to send three messengers, one of them a priest, to the garrison of Villa Rica, to summon them to surrender. The commandant of the garrison, appointed shortly after the death of Juan de Escalante, was Gonsalvo de Sandoval, a young officer, a native of the same town as Cortes, and who had already won the esteem of his general and of the whole army by his valour and services. When the messengers of Narvaez, arriving at Villa Rica, presented a copy of Narvaez's commission, and summoned the garrison to surrender, Sandoval, without any ceremony, caused them to be seized, strapped to the backs of Indian porters, and instantly sent across the country to Mexico in charge of one or two soldiers, who carried a note to Cortes, informing him of what had happened. Cortes, after thoroughly gaining them over by kind words and presents, sent them back to sow the seeds of dissension in Narvaez's army. At the same time he entered into a correspondence with Narvaez, which led to no definite result. As there was great danger

that Narvaez would succeed in alienating the Cempoallans from Cortes, if he were permitted to remain in his present position, Cortes resolved to leave Mexico with a part of his men, march to the sea-coast, and, if necessary, give battle to Narvaez. This was a perilous step; but, in the circumstances, it was absolutely necessary.

Leaving a garrison of a hundred and forty men in Mexico, under the command of Pedro de Alvarado, who appeared by far the fittest person for so responsible a post, Cortes set out with the rest of his force, amounting to less than two hundred soldiers, only five of whom were cavalry, and by rapid marches reached the Totonac territories, where he was reinforced by Sandoval and his small body of men. Altogether, Cortes's army did not amount to more than a fifth part of that of Narvaez. They were veterans in service, however, and, under such a leader as Cortes, were prepared to attempt impossibilities. Narvaez, in the meantime, was in close quarters at Cempoalla, aware that his rival was on his march, but little suspecting that he was so near. On the night of the 26th of May 1520, Cortes and his brave little band, crossing with difficulty a swollen river which lay between them and their countrymen, advanced stealthily towards Narvaez's quarters, surprised the sentinels, and shouting the watchword, 'Espiritu Santo!' dashed in among the half-awakened half-armed foe. The struggle did not last long; for Sandoval, with a small body of picked men, springing up the stairs of the house where Narvaez was lodged, succeeded, after a hand-to-hand fight with the general and his followers, in making him prisoner, after he had lost an eye, and been otherwise severely wounded. On learning the fall of their leader, the rest yielded; and when daylight came, Cortes, 'seated in an arm-chair, with a mantle of an orange colour thrown over his shoulders, and surrounded by his officers and soldiers,' received the salutations and the oaths of allegiance of all the followers of Narvaez. In his treatment of these new friends his usual policy was conspicuous: he plied them with flatteries, and loaded them with gifts, till his own veterans began to be envious. Thus, by a single bold stroke, which cost him but a few men, Cortes had crushed a formidable enemy, and increased his own force sixfold. Fortune favours the brave! His army now amounted to thirteen hundred men, exclusive of the garrison he had left in Mexico; and of these thirteen hundred nearly a hundred were cavalry. With such a force, he might now prosecute his designs in Mexico with every prospect of success, and bid defiance to all the efforts of the Mexicans to regain their independence.

He was disagreeably roused from these self-congratulations by intelligence from Mexico. Some difference had occurred between Pedro de Alvarado and the Mexicans, in consequence of which the latter had risen *en masse*, and were besieging the Spaniards in their quarters. Without loss of time he commenced his march towards the capital, leaving a hundred men at Villa Rica. At Tlascala he

was joined by two thousand of his faithful mountain allies; and the whole army then pushed on for the Mexican valley, anxious to relieve Alvarado, whom the Mexicans were now trying to reduce by blockade. On the 24th of June they reached the great lake, and marched along the causeway without opposition, but amidst an ominous stillness. Alvarado clasped his general in his arms for joy; and now for the first time Cortes learned the origin of the revolt. Alvarado, suspecting some conspiracy among the Aztec nobles, had treacherously massacred a number of them collected at a religious festival, and the inhabitants had risen to take vengeance for the injury. Cortes sharply rebuked his officer for his misconduct; but the evil was already done, and to punish Alvarado would have been attended with no good effect. Moodily and bitterly, therefore, Cortes expended his vexation on the unhappy Mexican monarch, accusing him of being concerned in the insurrection, and calling upon him to check it, and procure provisions for the Spaniards. Montezuma complied as far as lay in his power: Cortes also used his best endeavours to allay the storm; and for a while it appeared as if their efforts were successful.

INSURRECTION OF THE MEXICANS—EXPULSION OF THE SPANIARDS.

The calm was only temporary. The day after the arrival of Cortes, a soldier, who had been sent on an errand by Cortes, returned breathless and bloody to the Spanish quarters. He had been fallen upon by a multitude of Mexicans, who endeavoured to drag him away in their canoes for sacrifice, and he had only escaped after a desperate struggle. The whole city, he said, was in arms; the drawbridges were broken down; and they would soon attack the Spaniards in their stronghold.

The news was too true. The Aztecs poured along the streets like a flood, approaching the square where the Spaniards were lodged, while the terraced roofs of all the houses in the vicinity were crowded with slingers and archers, ready to shower their missiles upon the besieged. And now commenced a struggle which lasted seven days, and to which there is no parallel in history. Day after day the fighting was renewed, the Spaniards either making a sally upon the besiegers, or beating them back when they advanced to storm or set fire to their quarters. The only relaxation was at night, when the Mexicans generally drew off. The Spaniards were always victorious; but their losses were considerable in every action, and the perseverance of the Mexicans alarmed them. Instead of yielding to their first defeats, they seemed to act on the conviction that they must be defeated continually until the Spaniards were all slain. This resolution astonished Cortes, who till now had undervalued the courage of the Aztecs. His soldiers, especially those who had

come into the country with Narvaez, heaped reproaches upon him; although, when they saw his conduct in the fray—the bravery with which he would spur his horse into the thickest of the enemy, the generosity with which he would risk his own life to rescue a comrade from the hands of a crowd of Aztecs—their reproaches were lost in admiration.

Wearied out by his incessant efforts, and perceiving the hopelessness of continuing a contest against so many myriads of enemies—for recruits were flocking in from the neighbouring country to assist the Mexicans against the common foe—Cortes resolved to try the effects of negotiation, and to employ Montezuma as his intercessor. At his request, therefore, Montezuma, dressed in his imperial robes, appeared on a terraced roof, where he was visible to the multitude gathered in the great square. A silence ensued, and Montezuma was parleying with four nobles who approached him, when suddenly a shower of stones and arrows fell on the spot where he was standing. The Spanish soldiers tried to interpose their bucklers; but it was too late; Montezuma fell to the ground, his head bleeding from the effects of a blow with a stone. He was immediately removed, and every means used for his recovery; nor was the wound of itself dangerous. But his kingly spirit had received a wound which no words could heal; he had been reviled and struck by his own subjects, among whom hitherto he had walked as a sacred being: he refused to live any longer. He tore the bandages from his head, and rejected all nourishment; and in a short time the Spaniards were informed that their unhappy prisoner was dead. Cortes and many of the men could not refrain from weeping; and the body was surrendered to the Mexicans with every testimony of respect.

The fighting was now recommenced with greater fury, and prodigies of valour were performed by the Spaniards; but all to no purpose. Another attempt was made to induce the enemy to come to terms. The only answer was the threat that they would all be sacrificed to the gods, and the appalling information, 'You cannot escape; the bridges are broken down.' At last, as death was before their eyes, it was determined by Cortes, and all the officers and soldiers, to quit the city during the night, as they hoped at that time to find the enemy less alert.

Towards midnight, on the 1st of July 1520, they left their quarters secretly, most of the soldiers loading themselves with the gold which remained over and above the royal share, and proceeded as silently as possible towards the western causeway leading to Tlacopan, by which, as being the shortest of the three (two miles long), they thought it would be easiest to effect a passage. In this causeway there were three drawbridges, separated by intervals nearly equal; and aware that these had been destroyed by the Mexicans, Cortes had provided a portable bridge, made of timber, the carriage of which he intrusted to forty picked soldiers. The van of the army

was led by Sandoval, with two hundred foot and a body of horse under his command; the baggage, large guns, and prisoners came next, guarded by Cortes and a band of veterans; and the rear was brought up by Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon, commanding the strength of the infantry.

The night was dark and rainy. The Spaniards reached the causeway without being interrupted. The portable bridge was laid across the first moat or gap, and a great part of the army had gone over it in safety, and were already approaching the second gap, when, through the stillness of the night, there was heard the boom of the great drum from the top of the Mexican war-temple, the rushing of myriads of pursuers along the causeway from behind, and the splashing of the oars of thousands of canoes full of warriors, which were advancing through the lake on both sides of the causeway. Showers of arrows fell on the rearguard as they were passing over the portable bridge; and the Aztecs, clambering up the sides of the causeway, grappled with the soldiers, and tried to drag them into the water. Throwing off these assailants by main strength, Alvarado and his men steadily and expeditiously moved on. Meanwhile the vanguard under Sandoval having reached the second gap, were waiting until the portable bridge should be brought up, to enable them to cross it. Goaded with the arrows which were discharged upon them in clouds from the Aztec canoes, they grew impatient of the delay, and began to cast anxious glances backward along the causeway for the appearance of the bridge. Suddenly the appalling news was passed along that the bridge had stuck so fast at the first opening that it could not be pulled up. The weight of the men and heavy baggage crossing it had fastened it into the earth so firmly as to defy extrication. When this awful intelligence reached the vanguard, order and command were at an end; uproar and confusion ensued; and, seized with the instinct of self-preservation, each man tried to shift for himself. Flinging themselves headlong into the gap, they struggled with the Mexican warriors in the water, upsetting their canoes in their drowning agonies. Rank after rank followed, each trampling upon the bodies of its predecessors, and floundering among the canoes which lay between them and the opposite side. Sandoval and a few of the cavalry swam their horses across; some of the foot also were able to reach the side of the causeway and climb up; but of the vanguard, the great majority were drowned, or slain, or carried off wounded in the Mexican canoes. Meanwhile on came the rest of the army; men, carriages, guns, baggage, all were swept into the trench, which was soon choked up by the wreck. Over this bridge of broken wagons, bales of cotton, and the dead bodies of their companions and enemies, Cortes and his veterans were able to reach the other side of the trench with less difficulty. Here, joining Sandoval and the few survivors of his band, they dashed along the causeway towards the

third and last opening, regardless of the darts and arrows which the Mexicans discharged among them from their canoes. Reaching the third trench, they crossed it in the same manner as the last, but without so much loss, and were rapidly approaching the mainland, when, looking back through the dim morning twilight, they saw Alvarado and his rearguard pent up on the causeway between the second and third bridges, and almost overborne by the Mexicans who surrounded them. Cortes, Sandoval, and a few of the horse instantly wheeled round to the rescue; and, recrossing the third gap, shouted their battle-cry, and interposed between the Spaniards and their pursuers. This timely succour enabled most of the infantry to escape; and at length all had crossed the opening except Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and a few others. Cortes, Sandoval, and the rest soon followed, carried through by their horses; and only one man remained on the Mexican extremity of the causeway. It was Pedro de Alvarado: his horse was slain; and he was standing on the brink, surrounded by enemies ready to drag him off, should he plunge into the trench. Five or six warriors were already advancing from behind to seize him, when, casting one glance at the opposite edge where his countrymen were waiting him, he planted the end of his long lance among the rubbish which choked up the gap, and, rising in the air, cleared it at a bound. The spot where this tremendous feat was executed still bears the name of *Alvarado's Leap*.

The Mexicans now desisted from the pursuit; and the relics of the Spanish army, advancing along the remainder of the causeway, entered Tlacopan. Here they did not remain long, being anxious to place themselves beyond the reach of the Mexicans, and to arrive at Tlascala, the city of their faithful allies. They were now able to count the losses which they had sustained during the night. About four hundred and fifty Spaniards, and nearly four thousand Tlascalans, had been drowned, slain, or made prisoners during the passage along the causeway; a loss which, added to the numbers killed in the battles within the city, reduced the army to little more than a fourth of what it had been when it entered Mexico ten days before. But the most deplorable part of the calamity, in the eyes of Cortes, was the loss of all the artillery, firearms, and ammunition, not so much as a musket remaining among the five hundred who survived. Still, under this accumulation of misfortunes, his heart did not sink; and his resolution was taken not to leave the country till he had regained his former footing in it, and annexed it as a province to the dominions of his sovereign.

His first object was to reach Tlascala, where he might recruit the strength of his men—almost all of whom were stiff with wounds—and arrange his future proceedings. After many difficulties, and another great battle, in which he defeated the Mexicans, he reached it on the 9th of July 1520. They were kindly received by the

generous mountaineers, who withstood all the solicitations of the Mexican sovereign, Cuitlahua, Montezuma's brother and successor, that they would assist him in driving the Spaniards out of the country.

It was early in autumn before Cortes left Tlascala. His intention was first to punish several states of Anahuac which had revolted during his absence in Mexico, especially the districts of Tepeaca and Cachula; and then, after having reduced the whole country east of the Mexican valley, to return to the capital itself, and take it by storm. With a force so reduced as his, without cannon or other firearms, this was an apparently hopeless enterprise; but *hopeless* was a word of which Cortes did not know the meaning. Fortunately, while engaged in subduing the eastern districts of Anahuac, he received reinforcements which he never anticipated. Velasquez, ignorant of the fate of the expedition which he had sent under Narvaez, and supposing that Cortes was by this time a prisoner in the hands of his rival, had despatched a ship with stores, arms, and ammunition to the colony of Villa Rica. The vessel touched at the port; the captain and his men disembarked, suspecting nothing, and were instantly seized by the officer of Cortes; nor did it require much persuasion to induce the whole crew to enlist under the standard of a man of whom they had heard so many eulogies. A second vessel sent by Velasquez soon afterwards shared the same fate; three ships sent by the governor of Jamaica to prosecute discoveries, and plant colonies in Central America, chancing also to land at Villa Rica, their crews joined the army of Cortes; and lastly, a merchant-vessel, loaded with provisions and all the necessaries of war, arrived at the Mexican coast, and was purchased by Cortes—sailors, cargo, and all.

Having completely subjugated all Anahuac to the east of the Mexican valley, Cortes resolved to found a second Spanish colony in the interior of the country, which should form a half-way station between Villa Rica and the city of Mexico. The site chosen was Tepeaca, and the name given to the settlement was Segura de la Frontera. From this spot Cortes wrote a second letter to Charles V., giving an account of the expedition from the date of the last letter down to the foundation of Segura, and announcing his intention of marching immediately to reconquer Mexico.

SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF MEXICO.

It was five months after the date of their expulsion from Mexico before the Spaniards were in a condition once more to march against it. Part of the necessary preparations consisted, as we have seen, in the subjugation of those parts of Anahuac which adjoined the Mexican valley on the east; but another cause of delay was the construction of thirteen brigantines at Tlascala, under the direction

of Martin Lopez, a skilful shipwright, who had accompanied Cortes. These vessels were to be taken to pieces, and transported, together with the ironwork and cordage belonging to the ships which Cortes had destroyed off Villa Rica, across the mountains to the great Mexican lake. At length all was ready, and on the 28th of December 1520 the whole army left Tlascala on its march towards Mexico. It consisted of about six hundred Spaniards, with nine cannon, and forty horses, accompanied by an immense multitude of native warriors, Tlascalans, Tepeacans, and Cholulans, amounting probably to sixteen thousand men, besides the *tamanes*, who were employed in transporting the brigantines. Garrisons had of course been left at Villa Rica and Segura.

No opposition was offered to the invaders on their march, the Mexicans fleeing at their approach; and on the 1st of January 1521 they took possession of the city of Tezcuco. Cuitlahua, Montezuma's successor on the throne, was now dead, and his place was occupied by his nephew, Guatemozin, yet a young man, but the most heroic and patriotic of all the Mexicans. The policy of Cortes was first to subdue all the states and cities on the margin of the five lakes, so as to leave Mexico without protection or assistance, and then to direct his whole force to the final reduction of the capital. For four months, therefore, Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and his other officers were employed, sometimes separately, sometimes in concert, in reconnoitring expeditions into various parts of the Mexican valley —from Chalco, on the banks of the southernmost, to Xaltocan, an island in the northernmost lake. Scarcely a day of these four months was passed in idleness; and it would require far more space than we can afford to do justice to all the engagements in which the Spaniards were victorious, or to all the feats of personal valour performed by Cortes, Alvarado, Olid, Sandoval, and other brave cavaliers. Passing over these, as well as the account of a conspiracy among his men, which the prudence and presence of mind of Cortes enabled him to quash, and of the execution of the Tlascalan chief, Xicotencatl, for deserting the Spaniards, we hasten to the concluding scene.

On the 10th of May 1521, the siege commenced. Alvarado, with a hundred and fifty Spanish infantry, thirty cavalry, and eight thousand Tlascalans, took up his station at Tlacopan, so as to command the western causeway; Christoval de Olid, with the same number of cavalry and Indians, and a hundred and seventy-five infantry, commanded one of the branches of the southern causeway at Cojohuacan; and Sandoval, with a force nearly equal, the other branch of the same causeway at Iztapalapan. Cortes himself took the command of the flotilla of brigantines. For several days the three captains conducted operations more or less successfully at their respective stations, one of Alvarado's services having consisted in destroying the pipes which supplied the Mexicans with fresh

water, so that, during the rest of the siege, they had no other way of procuring a supply than by means of canoes. The brigantines, when they were launched, did immense service in overturning and dispersing the Mexican canoes, and also in protecting the flanks of the causeways on which the other detachments were pursuing their operations. At length, after much resistance on the part of the Mexicans, the two causeways, the western and the southern, were completely occupied by the Spaniards; and Sandoval having, by Cortes's orders, made a circuit of the lake, and seized the remaining causeway of Tepejacac, the city was in a state of blockade. But so impatient were the Spaniards of delay, that Cortes resolved on a general assault on the city by all the three causeways at once. Cortes was to advance into the city from Xoloc, Alvarado from his camp on the western causeway, and Sandoval from his camp on the northern, and the three detachments, uniting in the great square in the centre of the city, were to put the inhabitants to the sword. The plan had nearly succeeded. The vanguard of Cortes's party had chased the retreating Mexicans into the city, and were pushing their way to the great square, when the horn of Guatemozin was heard to sound, and the Aztecs rallying, commenced a furious onset. The neglect of Cortes to fill up a trench in one of the causeways impeded the retreat of the Spaniards in such a way as to cause a dreadful confusion, and it was only by efforts almost superhuman that they were able to regain their quarters. Their loss amounted to upwards of a hundred men, of whom about sixty had been taken alive.

This triumph elated the Mexicans as much as it depressed the Spaniards and their allies. It was prophesied by the Mexican priests that in eight days all the Spaniards should be slain; the gods, they said, had decreed it. This prediction, reported in the quarters of the besiegers, produced an extraordinary effect on the allies. They regarded the Spaniards as doomed men, refused to fight with them, and withdrew to a little distance from the lake. In this dilemma Cortes shewed his wonderful presence of mind, by ordering a total cessation of hostilities for the period specified by the Mexican gods. When the eight days were passed, the allies, ashamed of their weakness, returned to the Spanish quarters, and the siege recommenced. These eight days, however, had not been without their horrors. From their quarters the Spaniards could perceive their fellow-countrymen who had been taken prisoners by the Mexicans dragged to the top of the great war-temple, compelled to dance round the sanctuary of the gods, then laid on the stone of sacrifice, their hearts torn out, and their bleeding bodies flung down into the square beneath.

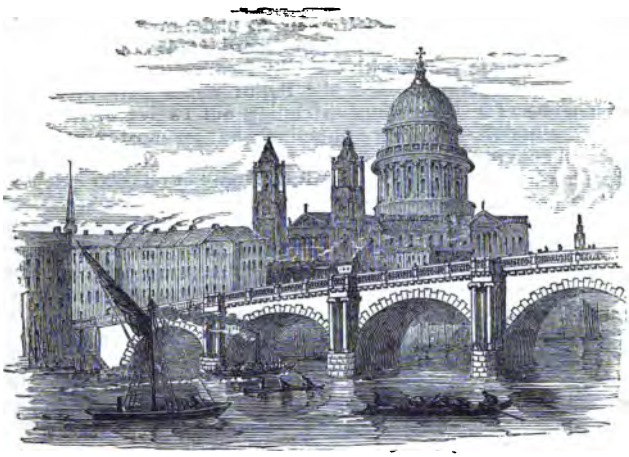
Famine now assisted the arms of the Spaniards; still, with that bravery of endurance for which their race is remarkable, the Mexicans continued the defence of the city, and it was not till it

had been eaten into, as it were, on all sides by the Spaniards, that they ceased to fight. On the 14th of August a murderous assault was commenced by the besiegers. It lasted two days; and on the evening of the second some canoes were seen to leave the city, and endeavour to reach the mainland. They were chased, and captured; and on board of one of them was found Guatemozin, with his family and his principal nobles. Guatemozin's capture was the signal of complete defeat; and on the 16th of August 1521 the city was surrendered to the Spaniards. The population was reduced to about forty thousand, and in a few days all these had disappeared, no one knew whither. The city was in ruins, like some huge churchyard with the corpses disinterred and the tombstones scattered about.

CONCLUSION.

Thus was the ancient and beautiful city of Mexico destroyed, and its inhabitants slain or dispersed. A monstrous act of unjustifiable aggression had been completed. Following up this great blow, Cortes pursued the conquest of the country generally; and in this, as well as in organising it into a colony of Spain, he did not experience any serious difficulty. On proceeding to Spain, he was received with honour by Charles V. He returned to Mexico in 1530; and again revisiting Spain in 1540, for the purpose of procuring the redress of real or alleged grievances, he died in 1547, in the sixty-third year of his age. It is very much to be lamented that, in the execution of his purposes of colonisation, the monuments of Mexican civilisation were everywhere destroyed, leaving nothing to future generations but the broken relics of palaces, temples, and other objects of art, scattered amidst the wilderness. Some of these ruined monuments shew that the ancient Mexicans had made remarkable advances in social life as well as in the arts, more particularly architecture; and what renders all such relics the more interesting to the archæologist, is the growing conviction, that the old Mexican civilisation was of an original type—a thing noway derived from, or connected with, the civilisation of Egypt, or any other nation in the eastern hemisphere.

The Spaniards have not succeeded in making Mexico a perpetual tributary of their monarchy. The cruelties they committed seem to have contained in themselves the elements of retribution. After a career of indolence, oppression, and bigotry, extending to comparatively recent times, their yoke was thrown off; and their feeble and ignorant successors may be said to be in the course of coming under the thraldom of their Anglo-Saxon neighbours.



THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO LONDON.

THERE is not, perhaps, in the whole world a city more difficult to describe than London, the great metropolis of the British empire. This does not arise merely from the vastness of the area necessary to accommodate three millions of people and four hundred thousand houses; it is due also to the fact, that there are no walls, gates, barriers, divisions, visible boundaries—nothing except the Thames. We may go ten or twelve miles east and west, from Stratford or Blackwall to Shepherds' Bush or Hammersmith, and meet clusters of houses all the way, unbroken by any marked lines of separation. Of the ten parliamentary boroughs which represent this huge place in the legislature, we see no boundaries, no sign to shew where one begins and another ends. And so of all other modes of cutting up or dividing the metropolis for practical purposes—the city 'within the walls,' and the city 'without the walls' (words which had at one time a clear meaning), the city of Westminster, the ten postal districts, the twenty police districts, the thirty-seven registration districts, the numerous parishes which elect delegates to the Metropolitan Board of Works, the forty districts of the Poor-law Unions, the districts of the London Fire Brigade—none of the dividing lines between these districts are perceptible; and hence the metropolis becomes every year more and more a gigantic labyrinthine puzzle to strangers.

In size, the City of London, the original London, barely covers

one square mile; but the metropolis, as understood by the registrar-general and by the Metropolitan Board of Works, spreads over nearly 120 square miles, with the City forming a mere kernel in the centre. The Post-office and the Police make *their* metropolis of much more vast dimensions, extending out twelve or fifteen miles from Charing Cross in every direction; but for most purposes it will be found convenient to treat our metropolis as covering 120 square miles, and as containing (in 1870) about 3,000,000 people and 400,000 houses. The *Quarterly Review* (1870) gives some curious statistics concerning the mileage of street and road in the metropolis; but as it is in some places left doubtful whether the area adverted to includes only the registrar-general's metropolis, or comprises the whole of the police metropolis, the figures lose much of their value. Kelly's *Post-office London Directory* contains the names of about 9000 streets, &c.; the editor makes it commercially useful, but it is not certain whether his metropolitan area agrees exactly with any of those above mentioned. The official *Postal Guide* gives about 7500 names of 'principal' streets and places in the London postal districts.

THE THAMES AND THE BRIDGES.

As the Thames is the only visible line of division in the metropolis, a stranger ought to make acquaintance with it as soon as possible. Rising in Gloucestershire, and passing through and between many counties, this noble river enters the metropolis at the western suburbs. Taking Hammersmith as a western limit, and Victoria Docks as an eastern, the windings of the Thames within this metropolitan area extend in length about 16 miles. At Hammersmith is a pretty *Suspension Bridge;* next comes *Putney Bridge,* near which is Fulham Palace (residence of the Bishop of London), and Putney, where the far-famed Oxford and Cambridge boat-race usually begins. Passing Wandsworth on the right bank, and a few remaining market-gardens on the left, we meet the *West London Railway Bridge,* which connects Kensington and the northern lines with Clapham Junction and the southern lines. Next comes *Battersea Bridge* (lately rebuilt); beyond it lie Chelsea on the left, with the old red-brick Hospital for soldiers; and the nicely laid-out Battersea Park on the right. After passing under *Chelsea Suspension Bridge* and *Victoria Railway Bridge,* we proceed eastward to *Vauxhall Bridge,* having the Grosvenor Road Embankment on the left, and Nine Elms on the right. A farther reach of river, spanned by *Lambeth Suspension Bridge,* presents on the left hand the *Milbank Penitentiary* and the magnificent *Houses of Parliament,* and on the right the new *Southern Embankment,* and the noble new pile of *St Thomas's Hospital,* with its seven blocks of building united by corridors. Next, for about two miles, we

have that part of the Thames which is most likely to be seen by visitors. Crossed by *Westminster*, *Waterloo*, *Blackfriars*, *Southwark*, and *London Bridges*, it possesses ample means of communication from the Middlesex to the Surrey shores; while the beauty of all these bridges (those of Westminster and Blackfriars having been recently rebuilt) renders them very attractive. Three other bridges are connected with railways: those at *Charing Cross* and *Cannon Street* belonging to the South-eastern line, and that at *Blackfriars* to the Chatham and Dover. The left shore is crowded with objects of interest the whole way along. Fronting the river, is the grand *Victoria Embankment*, lately finished and opened, with its granite river-wall; its flights of steps and landing-stages for four steam-boat piers; its double line of broad foot-pavements, its row of trees, its low-level sewer (deeply buried underneath), and the Metropolitan District Railway (mostly out of sight). This noble Thames-side improvement ends at Blackfriars Bridge. Backing the embankment are Montague House, the Charing Cross Railway Station, Adelphi Terrace, Somerset House, King's College, and the Temple. Where the embankment ends, wharfs and warehouses begin, dingy enough all the way to London Bridge, but towered over by the world-renowned St Paul's, the thickly congregated city churches, and the huge *Cannon Street Railway Station*. The right hand, or Surrey side of the river, however important in a manufacturing and commercial sense, possesses little to attract a visitor.

THE THAMES BELOW BRIDGE.

Now we come to what is emphatically mercantile London, in its river-side aspects. The term 'below bridge' is a well-understood one in the metropolis, meaning that part of the Thames which is eastward of or below London Bridge, and which allows ships with lofty masts to pass without interruption from bridges. For two miles or so the river is known as the *Pool*, crowded with vessels to an extent barely equalled in any other part of the world. Some of these vessels are waiting their turn to enter docks, or to draw up by the side of quays and wharfs; while others are moored in the river, to receive or discharge cargo by the aid of barges and lighters. Coal-laden vessels from the Tyne, Wear, and Tees, form a considerable percentage of the whole; while passenger-steamers, bound for about sixteen places down the river, and for a vast number of foreign ports, contribute to the bustle of the scene. Immediately below London Bridge, on the left, we espy the *Monument*, commemorative of the Great Fire of London; *Billingsgate Fish-market*, rebuilt a few years ago in a convenient form, but far too small for the immense amount of business transacted there; the *Custom-house*, the headquarters of one of our great revenue establishments; and the far-famed *Tower of London*, the only

fortified place in the metropolis, and the only one presenting the castellated Norman features. Below the Tower we come to *St Katherine's Docks* and the *London Docks*, always crowded with ships trading to and from the colonies and foreign regions, and having five openings into the Thames by means of lock-gates. Immediately close to the river, for a long distance, is the street called Wapping, every inch of which tells of seamen and sea-life. Next come Shadwell and Limehouse, with warehouses and wharfs fringing the river throughout the whole distance. At Shadwell begins the remarkable horse-shoe bend in the river, made up of Limehouse Reach, Greenwich Reach, and Blackwall Reach, and enclosing on the north the peninsula known as the *Isle af Dogs*, which is really converted into an island by the *West India Docks*. The river-side frontage of the Isle of Dogs is becoming gradually occupied by ship-yards and manufacturing establishments on a very large scale, some at Millwall, some at Cubitt Town. Passing Blackwall and the *East India Docks*, we next come to Bow Creek, at the mouth of the river Lea, where is situated one of the largest iron ship-building works in the world, that of the Thames Company. Finally we reach the entrance to the well-arranged *Victoria Docks* —at which point the metropolis may fairly be said to end.

In this busy part of the Thames, as elsewhere, the right or south bank is far less diversified by interesting and important buildings than the north. Commencing at London Bridge, the regions of Tooley Street, Bermondsey, and Rotherhithe form one continuous range of warehouses, granaries, and wharfs, many of them on a vast scale, and occupying the sites of some of the most devastating fires in the metropolis—such, for instance, as that in Tooley Street in 1861, when property to the value of nearly two millions sterling was destroyed. Beyond Rotherhithe lie the *Commercial* and *Surrey Docks*, the great centre of the timber trade. Next comes Deptford, with its *Victualling-yard* still kept up, and its *Dock-yard* lately closed by the government. Lastly, at Greenwich, we find the *Hospital*, certainly the noblest object on the banks of the Thames, not even excepting the Houses of Parliament. The old naval pensioners have recently been removed, consequent on the adoption of the system of out-pensions instead of in-pensions; but the building itself remains in all its imposing grandeur, and is temporarily occupied as a Merchant Seamen's Hospital.

It is a great convenience to strangers visiting London that the whole of this wonderful scene on the Thames is accessible at nearly all hours of daylight. There are about twenty-five steam-boat piers between Hammersmith and Greenwich, visited by steamers which ply every few minutes, and at fares varying from one penny to fourpence. Charing Cross (or Hungerford) Pier and London Bridge Pier, especially, are the centres of an enormous amount of traffic. For crossing the Thames from one shore to the other, there are the

eleven carriage and foot way bridges, and the five railway bridges, already named. But, besides these, there are two arteries of communication *under* the water. One is the *Tower Subway*, from Tower Hill to Tooley Street, opened in 1870. It is an iron tube through which an omnibus or carriage runs on a tram or railway, drawn along by a wire-rope worked by steam-power. The other is the world-renowned *Thames Tunnel*, from Wapping to Rotherhithe; it occupied the best energies of Sir M. I. Brunel from 1824 till 1843 to construct; it had a languid existence as a foot-way for passengers from 1843 till 1869; but now it forms part of the *East London Railway*, to connect some of the lines on the north of the Thames with some of those on the south.

RAILWAYS AND STATIONS.

Most strangers, entering the great metropolis for the first time, do so by means of railways; and it is therefore well that they should possess a general knowledge of these arteries of communication, and the stations for arrival and departure.

Beginning at the north-west, and working round in the direction of the hands of a clock, we find the *Great Western Railway*, the main channel of communication to the west of England and to South Wales, and sharing with other companies the communication with North Wales and the west midland counties. The *Paddington* terminus, a fine structure, is within half a mile of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, with a noble hotel attached to it. The means of intercommunication between the Great Western and certain minor lines we shall notice presently. The next main trunk railway is the *London and North-western*, the greatest of all the lines in relation to communication with the north of England, as well as with Scotland, North Wales, and Ireland. The *Euston* terminus (more than two miles from Paddington) was, until lately, buried in a back street behind Euston Square; but there has recently been made a new opening through the square itself, flanked by neat lodges, and forming a handsome approach to the station, having the *Euston Hotel* on the one side, and the *Victoria Hotel* on the other. Half a mile farther east is the terminus of the *Midland Railway*, one that well answers to its name in giving easy access to all the midland counties, as well as to the north of England. The *St Pancras* terminus boasts of the largest and finest station-roof in the world—700 feet long, 250 wide, and 105 high, unsupported by pillars of any kind; the amount of space beneath this noble roof, for lines of rails and passenger-platforms, is most ample. The station hotel, fronting the Euston Road, is a fine example of domestic Gothic, from the design of Mr G. G. Scott. Almost close to the Midland, indeed separated from it only by a road, is the *Great Northern Railway*, giving a very direct route to Yorkshire, and, in conjunction with

other lines, a favourite channel to Scotland, by what is known as the East Coast Route. The station and the adjoining hotel are convenient, but are quite eclipsed in appearance by the majestic Midland close at hand. Lying far away east in the unfashionable region of Shoreditch, is the *Great Eastern Railway*, once known as the *Eastern Counties*. It commands the traffic of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and shares with the Great Northern in accommodating the counties of Herts, Cambridge, Huntingdon, &c. The *Bishopsgate* terminus is a somewhat ill-arranged structure, with no hotel worthy of the name anywhere near it. The company, however, are forming an extension of the line to a central station near Finsbury Square. The *Fenchurch Street Station*, near the eastern margin of the City proper, once belonged to the *Blackwall Railway Company*, but it is now leased by the Great Eastern, who use it for the accommodation of suburban and river-side traffic to North Woolwich, Tilbury, and Southend.

Having thus noticed six terminal stations north of the Thames, we cross the river, and give a similar glance at the Kent and Surrey section of the metropolis. The *London Bridge Railway Station* is a place of vast trade, belonging to two companies—the *South-eastern* owning the eastern half, and the *Brighton* the western. The station itself is a medley of odds and ends, built up at various times and in various styles. The South-eastern have one line, the Greenwich, to that far-famed place; another, the North Kent, to Woolwich, Gravesend, Rochester, and Maidstone; and the main line, to Margate, Ramsgate, Canterbury, Dover, Folkestone, Tunbridge, Hastings, &c. The company have spent more than four millions sterling in providing termini nearer the heart of the metropolis, crossing the Thames from London Bridge Station by two bridges already named, and constructing vast stations at *Cannon Street* and *Charing Cross*, with elegant hotels attached. In clearing away a quadrangular area of land, measuring nearly 700 feet by 200, from the Thames to Cannon Street, crossing over Thames Street, in a region full of warehouses and large establishments, the company had to pay a heavier sum for property than was ever paid, before or since, for land for one station. The Charing Cross Station, forming the company's west-end terminus, is admirably situated for the accommodation of trade, and takes the lead of all others in regard to traffic to and from the continent. The *Brighton* Company, besides the eastern terminus at London Bridge, have a west-end terminus at *Victoria*, Pimlico, by means of a branch from Croydon, crossing the Thames at Chelsea. This company supply the greater part of the railway accommodation for Surrey and Sussex, and the whole line of coast from Hastings to Portsmouth. Next in order is the *London, Chatham, and Dover Railway*—one which has had a troubled existence in relation to the financial embarrassments of the company. This line has two termini in the metropolis, one at

Ludgate Hill, the other at *Victoria* (Pimlico). A great deal of suburban traffic in Surrey is carried by the company; but the main line extends from the metropolis to Bromley, Sevenoaks, Chatham, Sheerness, Herne Bay, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Canterbury, and Dover. Lastly, we have to speak of the *South-western Railway*, with the *Waterloo* terminus, in rather a dingy neighbourhood, unprovided with hotel accommodation. This company furnish the chief channels of communication to a number of attractive places in the western and south-western suburbs of the metropolis, such as Kew Gardens, Richmond Park, Bushy Park, Windsor, Virginia Water, Hampton Court, Claremont, Wimbledon Volunteer Camp, Epsom, &c. The main lines of the company give unbroken routes to Portsmouth, Gosport, Southampton, Weymouth, Exeter, and North Devon.

Vast as is the accommodation afforded by the above-named nine great companies, it scarcely touches the wonderful intercommunication between one part of the metropolis and another by minor railways. Beginning on the west, we have the *West London Railway*, which, connecting Kensington Junction with Clapham Junction, and crossing the Thames at Battersea, connects the Great Western and the London and North-western with the Brighton, the South-western, and the Chatham and Dover lines; thereby greatly facilitating the transit from one region to another. Then there is the northern belt of railway, which, though known by three different names at different parts, may be called collectively the *North London Railway*. Extending from Kew in the west to Poplar in the east, it has intermediate stations at Acton, Willesdon, Kensal Green, Edgeware Road, Finchley Road, Hampstead Heath, Kentish and Camden Towns, the Cattle-market, Islington, Stoke Newington, Dalston, Homerton, Hackney, Victoria Park, Old Ford, and Bow. At Chalk Farm it connects with the Euston Square line; while at Dalston it throws out a branch southward to Shoreditch and Broad Street, the latter a convenient station for the city near Finsbury Square.

But the most remarkable of these London railways—perhaps the most noteworthy in the world—is the system known generally as the *Underground Railway;* seeing that the greater part of it is in tunnel. It belongs to two companies, the *Metropolitan*, and the *Metropolitan District*, but both sections are worked together as one system. If carried out in its completeness, it would form a continuous belt, somewhat oval in shape, the two ends of the oval being at Tower Hill and Kensington; but the eastern end is not likely to be finished for many years to come, owing to financial difficulties. Let us make a complete tour, and stop a moment at each station. The chief terminus is at *Moorgate Street*, near Finsbury Square. So enormous is the traffic, from five in the morning till past midnight, that *three hundred trains* per day start from Moorgate Station, and an equal number arrive! It is doubtful whether this could be said

of any other railway in the world. Next is Aldersgate Station, convenient for the General Post-office, St Paul's, and Cheapside. Then comes the very busy Farringdon Street Station, which is not only convenient for the new Meat Market, Holborn Viaduct, and Blackfriars Bridge, but also connects with the Chatham and Dover Railway. At King's Cross there are some extraordinary underground communications, between the Metropolitan on the one hand and the Great Northern and the Midland on the other, burrowing beneath the Main Drainage Sewer in a way that taxed the skill of the engineer to the uttermost. The stations at Gower Street and Portland Road are convenient for access to the British Museum, the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, Regent's Park, the Botanical and Zoological Gardens. At Baker Street Station, a branch railway is thrown out to *St John's Wood* and the *Swiss Cottage*, passing close by Lord's Cricket Ground, and very near Primrose Hill. Baker Street Station itself is within five minutes' walk of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. Edgeware Road Station is the nearest to the Marble Arch, the west end of Oxford Street, and Hyde Park. Just beyond this there is a bifurcation of the railway. One branch proceeds to the Bishop's Road Station, where it connects with the Great Western line, and then accommodates a vast suburban population by means of stations at Westbourne Park, Ladbrook Road, Latimer Road, Uxbridge Road, Addison Road, Shepherds' Bush, and Hammersmith. The other branch goes on to Bayswater, the most convenient station for Kensington Gardens; Notting Hill, on the main high road to Oxford; Kensington, near the palace and the church; Brompton, the centre of a rapidly growing district; and South Kensington, in excellent proximity to the South Kensington Museum, the Horticultural Gardens, and the new buildings in which annual International Exhibitions are to be held in and after 1871. By this time we have bent round to the southern side of the belt or irregular oval. We come in turn to Sloane Square Station, not far from Chelsea Hospital; Victoria Station, close to the other of the same name, and convenient for the aristocratic Belgravia; St James's Park Station, within two minutes of Bird Cage Walk, and five of Buckingham Palace. At Westminster Bridge Station we are in the very heart of a district to which the attention of a stranger is sure to be directed. The beautiful Westminster Bridge, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Hall, Westminster Abbey, the new India Office and Foreign Office—all are close at hand. The railway then takes its course behind the Victoria Embankment, where unsightly mud at low-water used to be visible. The stations at Charing Cross, the Temple, and Blackfriars are convenient for various points along the Strand and Fleet Street. At Blackfriars, where the embankment ends, the railway will begin to burrow under the newly formed Queen Victoria Street, and (in 1871) will end at a station excellently placed within three minutes' walk of the Mansion House.

MAIN THOROUGHFARES: OMNIBUS ROUTES.

Although there are at least a hundred and fifty railway stations fairly within the limits of the metropolis, a stranger must have other means of progression afforded to him, before he can acquire anything like a familiarity with this huge place. If he has time to linger, and to marvel at the costly and brilliant displays in the shop windows—where all the luxuries that the world can afford are provided for those who have the money to pay for them—let him select Oxford Street, Regent Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly, the Strand, Ludgate Hill, St Paul's Churchyard, and Cornhill. But if he can only make a rapid general glance, there are certain main channels of transit which ought to be known to him.

Let us begin, for instance, at *Paddington*, towards the north-west limit of the metropolis. Here, where the Marylebone Road joins the Edgeware Road, there is a busy omnibus centre, sending off lines of vehicles all day long, northward to Maida Hill and Kilburn, north-west to Kensal Green, westward to the Great Western Railway and to Westbourne, southward to the Marble Arch and Oxford Street, and eastward to the City, by way of Marylebone, Euston, Pentonville, and City Roads. Another great east-and-west route may be said to begin at the *Marble Arch* (at the junction of Oxford Street with Hyde Park). Fed by streams of traffic from Tyburnia, Bayswater, and Notting Hill, this line of route takes the direction of Oxford Street, Holborn, Holborn Viaduct, Newgate Street, Cheapside, and the Poultry, to the Bank. The omnibuses along this route, at fares varying from two to six pence, are so very numerous, that some or other of them are always near at hand, at every point, from eight in the morning until midnight. Lateral streams of traffic, north and south, we shall speak of presently. Another main artery starts from *Hyde Park Corner*. Fed by suburban streams from Knightsbridge, Kensington, Hammersmith, Brompton, Chelsea, and Fulham, it conveys the traffic eastward through Piccadilly, Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and St Paul's Churchyard, to Cannon Street, King William Street, and London Bridge.

But besides these great streams east and west, there are others nearly north and south, intersecting them at points which naturally become very busy places, useful to a stranger as shewing him his 'whereabouts.' First, at the west, there is the Marble Arch. Here, a line of omnibuses, coming south from Paddington down the Edgeware Road, cross Oxford Street, down Park Lane and Grosvenor Place, to the Victoria Station at Pimlico. Then, near the Baker Street Station is Marylebone Road; the *Atlas* omnibuses, coming down from St John's Wood and Portland Town, run south through Baker Street, Portman Square, Regent Street, Charing Cross, over Westminster Bridge, to the Elephant and Castle. Advancing to the

point where Marylebone Road ends, and Euston Road begins, we intersect the line of the *Waterloo* omnibuses, which, coming down Albany Street from the York and Albany, proceed by way of Portland Road, Regent Street, Charing Cross, the Strand, and Waterloo Bridge, to the Elephant and Castle. *Regent Street* is also a part of the line of route for many other omnibuses, including those that run from Islington to Brompton, from Oxford Street to Clapham, and from Oxford Street to Kensington and Brixton. Proceeding still farther east, we come to the busy corner where *Tottenham Court Road* branches out of Euston Road towards the south, and Hampstead Road towards the north. Here, all day long, and every two or three minutes, run the 'yellow 'buses,' as they are familiarly called. Bringing streams of traffic from Hampstead, Highgate, Kentish Town, and Camden Town, they convey those streams southward to Oxford Street, Charing Cross, Westminster Abbey, and Victoria Station; these omnibuses are very useful to strangers, seeing that they 'tap' the great streams of east and west traffic at many points, and pass very near a large number of theatres, opera-houses, concert-rooms, and picture-galleries. Another advance eastward, and we come to King's Cross. Here we find omnibuses, bearing the inscription *King's Cross*, coming down from Camden Town, and then pursuing a zigzag route by way of Gray's Inn Lane, Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, and Blackfriars Bridge, to the Elephant and Castle. Once again eastward, to the Angel at Islington, and we come to a spot where the *Favourite* omnibuses are in great plenty; these come down from Hornsey Rise, Highgate Archway, and Holloway, and, branching off at the Angel, pursue diverse routes to the east, the west, and the centre of the metropolis.

But of all the places in or near London, of all places perhaps in Europe, the most wonderful for street traffic of all kinds is the great centre where the Bank, the Stock Exchange, the Royal Exchange, and the Mansion House are nearly close together. Here no fewer than eight streets radiate—namely, the Poultry, Princes Street, Threadneedle Street, Cornhill, Lombard Street, King William Street, Walbrook, and the new Queen Victoria Street. It has been found that, at and near this centre, 80,000 persons cross the carriage-way on foot in twelve hours of an average day; that 75,000 persons pass along the pavement of the Poultry alone in the same space of time; while the carriage-way is thronged all day long with omnibuses, cabs, vans, carts, waggons, private carriages, and vehicles of every description. The junctions of other streets in the city likewise exhibit an astonishing amount of traffic. For instance, it has been found that 4000 vehicles pass a particular spot in Aldersgate Street between 8 A.M. and 8 P.M. every day, 4500 at Barbican, 5000 at Eastcheap, 6500 at Finsbury Pavement, 7500 at Bishopsgate Street, 8000 at Aldgate, 9000 at Holborn Viaduct and Farringdon Street, and 12,000 at Fleet Street. At the busiest spot in this wonderful

district the number of persons who pass on foot in twelve hours averages *a hundred per minute!* To crown all, it has been found that 700,000 enter the square mile of the City every day, and as many leave it. A vast omnibus route, eastward of the Bank, takes nearly a north-and-south direction, beginning at Hackney and Kingsland, running south through Bishopsgate and Gracechurch Streets, over London Bridge, and so on to Southwark. Where this busy stream cuts across the junction of Cornhill with Leadenhall Street, the junction of Lombard with Fenchurch Streets, and the junction of King William Street with Eastcheap, the pressure of traffic is almost overwhelming, taxing to the utmost the care and patience of drivers, and the vigilance of foot-passengers in crossing the roadways from side to side.

PARKS AND PUBLIC GARDENS.

Fortunately for London, several open spaces have been secured, laid out more or less as gardens, and allowing fresh air to blow pretty freely. Partly owing to this, and partly to the excellent drainage, London is far from being an unhealthy place.

Hyde Park, lying beyond Oxford Street and Piccadilly, covers about 390 acres. It is watered by the *Serpentine*, an excellent place for skating in winter, and (under certain regulations), for bathing in summer; it is (1870) undergoing cleansing and improving. The old railings round the park, in part destroyed by a mob in 1866, have been replaced by others in very elegant style. The *Marble Arch*, at the north-east corner, with its bronze gates, cost £80,000; there are handsome gates at *Hyde Park Corner*, near Apsley House, and many other entrances. *Rotten Row* and the *Ladies' Mile* are roads which are thronged with the aristocracy, in carriages and on horseback, during the fashionable season. Near Apsley House is the bronze statue of *Achilles*, erected at a cost of £10,000, in honour of the Duke of Wellington.

Kensington Gardens, immediately adjoining Hyde Park on the west, have an area of 380 acres. They originally belonged to the royal palace at Kensington, but are now freely open to the public at all convenient hours. In no other part of the metropolis are to be seen such magnificent rows of trees, such beautiful green-sward glades, as here; while the *Round Pond*, near the palace, and the upper part of the *Serpentine*, near Hyde Park, add to the attractions of the place. The *Palace* is an old red-brick structure, one portion of which is occupied by the Prince and Princess Teck.

The *Green Park*, nearly touching Hyde Park, near *Apsley House* (residence of the Duke of Wellington), covers a triangular area of about 60 acres, and is pleasantly laid out with paths, green-sward, trees, shrubs, and flowers. Numerous fine mansions overlook it on

the north and east; while, on the south or south-west, *Constitution Hill* separates it from the gardens of Buckingham Palace.

St James's Park begins where the Green Park ends. It covers about 90 acres, and is distinguished from the other parks by the beautiful ornamental water in the centre. Wide gravel-roads, parades, and esplanades, surround the cultivated portion of the park, which is within iron railings. The Household Troops are inspected every morning on the parade at the eastern end, and there is much military gaiety and display in the park at other times. *Buckingham Palace* is at the western end; on the northern side, are *Stafford House* (Duke of Sutherland), *St James's Palace* (where some of the levees and drawing-rooms are held), *Marlborough House* (Prince of Wales), the lofty mansions of Carlton House Terrace, and *Waterloo Steps*, with the *Duke of York's Column;* on the eastern side are various government offices, including the *Admiralty*, the *Horse Guards*, the new *India Office*, and the *Foreign Office;* while on the south side are *Bird Cage Walk* and the *Wellington Barracks*.

Regent's Park, covering 470 acres, is the most famous in London for the meetings of Volunteers, who find an excellent manœuvring ground in the north-west section of the park. Facilities are also afforded at three different spots for cricketing. The *Ornamental Water*, the *Inner Circle*, the *Botanical Gardens*, the *Zoological Gardens*, *St Katherine's Hospital*, numerous rows of elegant houses, and beautifully laid out gardens and walks, render this park very attractive. The Zoological Gardens are especially to be noted; for, besides possessing the finest collection of living animals in England, the walks and flower-beds are very pleasant. On Mondays, when the admission for the public is only sixpence (one shilling on other days), the visitors are numerous. The *Colosseum* is a remarkable and striking building, but it has long been untenanted.

Primrose Hill, just northward of Regent's Park, is itself gradually assuming a park-like appearance, by the planting of trees, the laying-out of good paths, the draining and smoothing of the ground, and the provision of convenient seats. The hill is certainly not lofty, but it commands an extensive view of London on a clear day, with St Paul's standing out boldly at mid-distance, and the Crystal Palace in the far distance. A few years ago it was quite open country north and north-west of the hill; but bricks and mortar are extending here, as well as everywhere else around the metropolis.

Battersea Park, on the Surrey side of the Thames, is an agreeable substitute for the once wild and disreputable Battersea Fields. Its area of 180 acres is well laid out with flower-gardens, tropical plantations, groves and avenues of trees, cricket grounds, a circular spot for a musical orchestra and its audience, and an ornamental water on which boats ply for hire. A twopenny sail by steam-boat gives easy access to this park from about a dozen piers, at all hours of the day.

Southwark Park, opened in 1869, is in a part of the metropolis rarely seen by strangers, beyond Bermondsey and Rotherhithe. Until lately, the site was occupied by market-gardens, and it has not yet had time to put on a handsome appearance. Nevertheless, it will soon become a pleasant breathing-spot for the inhabitants of a somewhat poor neighbourhood.

Victoria Park, far away beyond Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, is a fine area of 260 acres, with an ornamental water, boats, flower-beds, groves of trees, clusters of shrubs, paths, and seats in the western half; and an open space for cricketing, kite-flying, volunteering, &c. in the eastern. This park is a valuable boon to an immense population of poor families at the east of London, who would else have very few opportunities for seeing grass, trees, or flowers. The *Drinking Fountain*, erected in this park by the munificence of Miss Burdett Coutts, is the most beautiful and costly in the metropolis. It will serve to give some idea of the enormous dimensions of the metropolis, that the distance from Victoria Park in the north-east to Battersea Park in the south-west is not less than seven miles in a straight line.

Finsbury Park, Upper Holloway, is, like Southwark Park, too new to have acquired much luxuriance of trees or beauty of flowers. The centre of the site was until recently occupied by *Hornsey Wood House;* and, being somewhat elevated, it commands a tolerably good view of Hornsey and Crouch Hill.

If time allows a visitor to extend his perambulations somewhat farther around, he would find much to interest him at *Hampstead Heath*, still (fortunately) open and countrified; *Highgate*, with its wood and its archway; *Muswell Hill*, with the unopened *Alexandra Park; Greenwich Park* and Hill. More distant are the *Crystal Palace*, *Kew Gardens*, *Richmond Hill*, *Bushey Park*, and *Hampton Court Gardens*. The various *Cemeteries* at Kensal Green, Highgate, Brompton, Abney Park, Finchley, Camberwell, Norwood, &c., are as much like parks or public gardens as such places can consistently be made; they are freely open for several hours every day.

THE COURT END OF THE TOWN.

It will only be possible to notice very cursorily the chief objects of interest in this vast 'province of houses.' Perhaps the most convenient way will be to suppose a stranger to find himself on successive days in certain well-known localities, and then to point out to him the chief buildings and places of note within easy reach.

We begin with *Buckingham Palace*, in St James's Park, the residence of the Queen when in London. Strangers are not admitted. It is barely large enough for court ceremonials, the only really regal saloon being the ball-room at the southern end. The grand staircase, however, with the sculpture-gallery, green drawing-room,

throne-room, dining-room, &c., contain some very fine pictures; while in the garden is the Queen's Summer-house, richly adorned with paintings illustrating Milton's *Comus*, by Landseer, Maclise, Leslie, Stanfield, Eastlake, Dyce, Uwins, and Ross. The palace itself is a patchwork of styles, having been built at different times by Nash, Blore, and Pennethorne. Near the palace is *Stafford House*, by Sir Charles Barry, built for the Duke of York, but purchased by the Marquis of Stafford (afterwards Duke of Sutherland) in 1841. It is the finest private mansion in London, in size, arrangement, and luxury. Close to Stafford House is *St James's Palace*, a curious medley of open courts and red-brick buildings. It has not been inhabited by the sovereign for many years past; but there are facilities in it for holding levees. The various suites of apartments are inhabited by officers and ladies of the court; one suite being set apart for the Duchess of Cambridge. All are strangely crowded together, around courts or quadrangles known as *Ambassadors' Court*, *Engine Court*, *Colour Court*, *Marlborough Court*, and *Stable Yard*. In the *Chapel Royal* a choral service is performed on Sundays. Belonging to the palace on the east is the *German Chapel Royal*, and on the west *Clarence House*, which will probably be appropriated to the Duke of Edinburgh. Separated only by a carriage-way from St James's Palace is *Marlborough House*, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It was built by Wren for the Duke of Marlborough in the time of Queen Anne, and was bought by the crown in 1817; after being inhabited by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and then by Queen Adelaide, it was let for various national collections and exhibitions, until consigned to the present heir to the throne.

The mansions of the nobility are spread about the court end of the town; but they are seldom so majestic in external appearance as the analogous buildings on the continent. The real palaces of our nobles are the country mansions, each in the midst of its fine park. *Devonshire House*, *Apsley House*, Mr Hope's, and Baron Rothschild's in Piccadilly, are four mansions rather notable in appearance. And so are *Northumberland House* (Duke of Northumberland), Charing Cross, *Montague House* (Duke of Buccleuch), in Whitehall; *Bridgewater House* (Earl of Ellesmere), *Spencer House* (Earl Spencer), near the Green Park; *Grosvenor House* and *Chesterfield House*, near Hyde Park; and *Lansdowne House*, near Devonshire House.

The *Squares* at the West end, each with its grassy centre surrounded by iron railings, are nearly all occupied by persons in affluence, whether nobles or not. *St James's Square*, near the palace, contains, among others of note, the residences of Viscount Falmouth, Earl Cowper, Earl of Strafford, Marquis of Bristol, Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Cleveland, Bishop of Winchester, Bishop of London, Duke of Norfolk, and Earl of Derby—certainly a glittering array of

peers, although the residences themselves are very dull brick structures. *Belgrave Square*, the most sumptuous in the metropolis, built by the Marquis of Westminster on what were before Pimlico Fields, contains the mansions of the Earl of Ducie, Lord Boston, Duke of Bedford, Viscount Doune, Earl of Essex, Viscount Halifax, Countess of Kenmare, Lord Aveland, Earl Beauchamp, Countess Kinnoul, Viscount Boyne, Marquis of Downshire, Lord Taunton, Lord Carew, Earl of Clanwilliam, Earl of Stradbroke, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Sefton, Lord Digby, Earl of Yarborough, Earl of Bradford, Viscount Newport, Duke of Montrose, Viscount Combermere, and the Duke of Richmond—in short, the finest square in the metropolis contains the mansions of a larger number of titled personages than any other square or street. *Eaton Square*, a little south-west of Belgrave Square, has the residences of the Chelmsford, Ilchester, Minto, Denbigh, Brooke, Galloway, Macclesfield, Erne, Camden, Scarborough, and Eversley titled families. *Grosvenor Square*, situated between Piccadilly and Oxford Street, retains a great hold upon the aristocracy; seeing that it comprises among its houses the residences of the Londesborough, Home, Wilton, Dufferin, Crawford, Lytton, Fitzwilliam, Dysart, Donegal, Shaftesbury, Foley, Stratford, Lindsay, Calthorpe, Hastings, Londonderry, Harrowby, Sandon, Rendlesham, Amherst, Dashwood, Sandwich, and Sherborne families. *Berkeley Square*, near Grosvenor Square, though somewhat shorn of its former glories by the rising splendour of Belgravia, still contains the mansions of the Lansdowne, Bath, Powis, Broughton, Colchester, Wenlock, Anglesea, Brougham, and Osborne families. The squares north of Oxford Street, such as *Cavendish*, *Portman*, *Manchester*, *Bryanston*, and *Montague*, are inhabited by a different class of persons—affluent, but not so high in rank.

The streets at the court end are, except those with shops, dull and uninteresting to strangers, the dusky brick houses being seldom relieved by anything deserving the name of architectural adornment. There are two exceptions to this rule—*Belgravia*, westward of St James's Park, and *Tyburnia*, northward of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens; the houses in these districts are far more cheerful in appearance, and some of them let at very high rentals.

The *Club-houses* at the West end are among the most conspicuous of the buildings for their size and architectural richness. These exclusive establishments are maintained by members ranging from five to fifteen hundred in number, who pay from six to eleven guineas a year, besides an entrance fee. A library, reading-room, billiard and card rooms, coffee-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, are generally the chief apartments. The dinners and refreshments are supplied at a little over cost-price, the general expenses being defrayed out of the annual subscriptions. The buildings are not hotels, chambers, or places of abode, none of the members sleeping there; but many country gentlemen and unmarried members regard their

club as their residence, so far as concerns interviews, the receipt and delivery of letters, &c. So eager is the desire to become members, that most of the clubs have their books always full; and as the system of balloting—even of black-balling—is adopted, admission for new members is by no means easy. The clubs are thickly congregated near one spot. In St James's Street are *Boodle's*, *White's*, the *New University*, *Brookes's*, *Arthur's*, the *Conservative*, the *Civil Service*, and the *Egerton* clubs. In Pall Mall are the *Army and Navy*, the *Guards'*, the *Oxford and Cambridge*, the *Carlton*, the *Reform*, the *Travellers'*, the *Athenæum*, the *United Service*, and the *United University* clubs. In Regent Street is the *Junior Carlton;* in St James's Square, the *Windham;* while in other streets and squares around are the *Albemarle*, *Cavendish*, *East India United Service*, *Garrick*, *Junior Athenæum*, *Junior United Service*, *Oriental*, *Portman*, *Union*, *Westminster*, and some others of minor note. The most influential clubs are the *Reform* and the *Carlton*, the headquarters of the two great political parties. The finest club-houses are the *Reform*, *Carlton*, *Conservative*, and *Army and Navy*, built from the designs of Barry, Smirke, Basevi, and Parnell, respectively.

Supposing a visitor to be near *Her Majesty's Theatre*, at the corner of the Haymarket and Pall Mall, he finds close at hand the *Haymarket Theatre*, the *United University* and the *United Service Clubs*, and the *College of Physicians*. Then, proceeding westward along Pall Mall, he finds, on the left-hand side, six of the club-houses already named, *Waterloo Steps*, the *Duke of York's Column*, three or four statues of eminent public characters, the fine mansions of Carlton House Terrace, the *War Office*, *Marlborough House*, the *German Chapel Royal*, *St James's Palace*, and *Sutherland* or *Stafford House*. On the right are Waterloo Place and Regent Street, the *Army and Navy Club*, the *British Institution*, and (close at hand) *Willis's Rooms*, and *St James's Theatre*. Pall Mall is thus the very headquarters of court and fashionable life. Proceeding south to north, from Pall Mall to Piccadilly, is Regent Street, containing the *Gallery of Illustration*, insurance offices, banks, and elegant shops. Parallel with Regent Street, on the other side of St James's Square, is St James's Street, full of clubs, and having a high-class restaurant called the 'Wellington.'

Let us next suppose our visitor to start from the north end of the Haymarket, and to work his way westward along Piccadilly. He soon comes to *Piccadilly Circus*, a famous stopping-place for omnibuses bound in various directions, and presenting at all times a very lively scene. Then he comes, in succession, to *St James's Hall*, one of the most favourite and frequented concert-rooms in London; the *Museum of Practical Geology* (freely open to the public on most days); *St James's Church;* the *Albany* (where several of our poets and literary men have lived); *Burlington House*, which contains the buildings for the Royal Society, London

University, and several scientific societies; *Burlington Arcade;* the *Egyptian Hall;* and so on to Bond Street and St James's Street. Beyond that point, Piccadilly is mostly bounded on the south by the Green Park, and on the north by handsome mansions. Beyond Apsley House, we find Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens on the right; while to the left lie Belgravia, and *Tattersall's* celebrated horse-dealing establishment.

In the remote West end, in the rapidly growing district of Brompton or South Kensington, are five objects of interest, situated very nearly together. One is the *South Kensington Museum*, a highly interesting place both to Londoners and to visitors from the country. It comprises numerous halls, courts, galleries, and rooms. Raffaelle's priceless cartoons, the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections of national paintings, and the Ellison collection of water-colour drawings, supply abundant attraction for the lovers of pictures; porcelain is well represented by the specimens of Majolica, Della Robbia, Henri Deux, and Palissy ware; various departments of art are represented by carvings in ivory, enamels on metals, Venetian glass, damascened metal, bronzes, mosaics, electrotype reproductions of ancient works of art, &c. Then there are fine collections of medieval furniture, state coaches, French and Flemish tapestry, vestments and personal decorations. There are always, in some part of the building or other, art-specimens on loan, forming a loan collection of great beauty. The Educational Library, the Food Museum, the Patent Office Museum, the photographs, the architectural models, the India Collection—all add to the attractiveness of this most interesting place. The museum is open free on three days in the week. Near it are the *Horticultural Gardens*, beautifully laid out, and having a fine conservatory; occasionally, during the season, the gardens are open to the public by payment, but they belong to the members of a private society. Surrounding the gardens are what may be termed the *Exhibition Buildings;* comprising all that is left of the structure in which the International Exhibition of 1862 was held, together with new rooms and galleries for the accommodation of the contemplated annual exhibitions. Immediately north of these buildings and the gardens is the *Royal Albert Hall of Science and Art;* a vast red-brick structure with terra-cotta enrichments. It is intended for the holding of national and international congresses; musical performances; the distribution of prizes by public bodies and societies; *conversazioni* and *soirées* of learned and artistic societies; agricultural, horticultural, industrial, and picture exhibitions, &c. The fifth of these objects of interest, near the Albert Hall, but really in Hyde Park, is the *Albert* or *Prince Consort Memorial*, an 'Eleanor Cross,' presenting a gorgeous assemblage of marble, polished granite, mosaic, enamel, bronze, gilding, &c.; a statue of the Prince, by Foley; and allegorical groups of sculpture by Macdowell, Theed, Bell, Marshall, Weekes, Thorneycroft, and other eminent sculptors.

WESTMINSTER: GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, Whitehall, and Parliament Street mark a very notable series of public buildings. At the north side of Trafalgar Square is the *National Gallery*, the depository of our chief collection of national pictures (freely open to the public four days in the week). On the south side is the *Nelson Column*, with Baily's statue of Nelson at the top, and Landseer's magnificent bronze lions at the base. Several statues are placed in the square, but without much regularity. In going southward from this point, past Drummond's Bank, the *Admiralty*, the *Horse Guards*, the *Treasury*, the *Board of Trade*, and the *Privy Council Office*, all form a continuous series on the right side, differing greatly in architectural appearance, but all interesting; while on the left are *Great Scotland Yard* (the headquarters of the metropolitan police); and *Whitehall Chapel*, the work of Inigo Jones, closely associated with the times of Charles I. Still farther south is a region which will probably, by-and-by, be occupied by a magnificent series of government offices; two of these are now finished, and are among the most ornate structures in London—the *India Office* and the *Foreign Office*.

Two buildings—the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey—tend to make this district one of the most interesting in London to visitors.

The *Houses of Parliament*, or palace of the legislature, was commenced in 1840, and is not really yet finished (1870). It is from the plans of Sir Charles Barry, and is considered to be the most sumptuous Gothic building in Europe applied to civil or secular uses. Unfortunately, one of the two chief chambers, the House of Commons, is too small; and the building generally is insufficiently lighted and ventilated. The building has 100 staircases, 1100 rooms, and two miles of passages and corridors. The river-front is 900 feet long, magnificently decorated with statues and carved stone; the west front is only in part developed, owing to the position of *Westminster Hall* and the *Law Courts*. This hall, a noble memorial of old times, has been cleverly brought in as an accessory to the great building; but the law courts are an eyesore, which will be removed when the (promised) Palace of Justice is built. There are three grand towers—the *Victoria*, 75 feet square by 340 feet high; the *Central*, 60 feet in diameter and 300 feet high; and the *Clock Tower*, 40 feet square by 320 feet high, carved all over, and in some parts gilt. The Clock Tower contains the largest and finest clock in the world, with four dials each 30 feet in diameter; the great bell, popularly known as 'Big Ben,' is the largest in England, though not so large as some abroad. The *House of Peers*, 97 feet long, 45 wide, and 45 high, is magnificently decorated: it has

six frescoes by Dyce, Cope, Horsley, and Maclise. The *House of Commons*, 62 feet long, and equal in width and height to the House of Peers, is less lavishly adorned, and has been altered more than once for the obtaining of better light and ventilation. The *Poets' Hall* is lined with frescoes, illustrating passages in the works of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Scott, and Byron. *St Stephen's Hall* contains statues of Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Selden, Walpole, Somers, Mansfield, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke, &c. The *Victoria Gallery* contains Maclise's two celebrated pictures in water-glass. The chief portions of this gorgeous building may be seen on most Saturdays throughout the year, by tickets easily obtained at an office near one of the entrances.

The celebrated *Westminster Abbey* is mainly in early English Gothic; while the east end, Henry VII.'s Chapel, is in florid perpendicular; and Wren's two towers at the west end are in a kind of Gothic-Grecian style. The nave and the choir have each of them north and south aisles. In one corner of the south transept, known as *Poets' Corner*, are tombs or honorary monuments of Chaucer, Spenser, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Davenant, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Rowe, Gay, Addison, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, Mason, Sheridan, Southey, Campbell, &c. The last man of note buried there was Charles Dickens. In Henry VII.'s Chapel are the tombs of Queens Mary and Elizabeth; and between that and the transepts are Edward the Confessor's, St John the Baptist's, St Paul's, St Nicolas's, St Edmund's, St Benedict's, and Islip chapels. The celebrity of the preachers and the richness of the choral service bring great numbers of strangers to the Abbey on Sundays.

CENTRAL LONDON.

What may conveniently be called Central London, between the court end and the City, is occupied in a diversified way, places of amusement being thickly interspersed among places of business.

In the narrow belt between the Strand and the Thames we find *Northumberland House*, with its majestic frontal screen; the *Charing Cross Station* and *Hotel*, admirably situated for the convenience of the public; the rooms of the *Society of Arts*, in the Adelphi; and the *Savoy Chapel*, an isolated relic of crown property. *Somerset House*, an open quadrangle surrounded by buildings, and having a fine river-frontage, is now, after many changes, almost wholly occupied by government offices, chiefly those connected with the revenue and the Admiralty. Adjacent to Somerset House, but almost hidden from public view, is *King's College*. Farther east is the *Temple*, a vast cluster of buildings surrounding several open courts, and containing fine libraries and halls. *Temple Church* is one of the finest and most celebrated in London, built between 1185

and 1240; it once belonged to the Knights Templars, and has been restored by the modern Templars in a very sumptuous manner. *Temple Gardens* (occasionally open to the public) form quite an oasis in the busy metropolis.

The Strand and its neighbourhood are rich in theatres—a fact which gives great liveliness to the district. *Drury Lane* and *Covent Garden* theatres are almost close together; near them are the *Queen's*, the *Olympic*, the *Strand*, the *Globe*, the *Gaiety*, and the *Lyceum;* while a little farther to the west are the *Vaudeville*, the *Adelphi*, and the *Charing Cross* theatres. Here, too, is *Exeter Hall*, noted for its May meetings in the spring, and its oratorio performances in the winter.

In the busy region bounded on the south by the Strand and Charing Cross, on the north by Holborn, on the west by Regent Street, and on the east by Farringdon Street, there are several subdistricts each remarkable in its way. Soho and Leicester Squares have in their neighbouring streets a greater number of resident foreigners than any other part of the metropolis—singers, musicians, dancers, skilled artisans, political exiles, patriots out of work, &c. The restaurants, coffee-rooms, and hotels for these persons are numerous. The *Soho Bazaar* and the *Royalty Theatre* are near Soho Square; the *Argyle Rooms* and the *Alhambra* music-halls are near Leicester Square. Seven Dials, seven streets radiating from one centre, is a region largely inhabited by poor Irish; Monmouth Street is a well-known mart for second-hand apparel, and St Andrew's Street for bird and bird-cage dealers. *Covent Garden Market* is the chief wholesale depository for fruit, flowers, and vegetables in the metropolis; and any visitor who finds his way here betimes in the morning will meet with what is really one of the 'sights of London.' *Lincoln's Inn* and *Chancery Lane* are the chief headquarters for lawyers; but the law courts hereabouts are a disgrace to the nation—to be superseded by the new Palace of Justice, which will be situated near the east end of the Strand. Fleet Street, and the streets and lanes leading north and south from it, are the great centre of the newspaper and printing trades.

THE CITY.

What can be said in a few paragraphs of this wonderful spot, the City—*the* City of London? Let us begin with the churches.

St Paul's Cathedral is in many respects the noblest building in the metropolis. No other forms such a landmark from a distance; no other is so well known to visitors from all parts. It is best seen from the south-east, where the grandeur of the whole structure is well developed. The extreme length is 500 feet; breadth (without the transepts), 100; and height, 375 (often erroneously stated to be 404 feet); the campanile towers at the west

end are 222 feet high. What is called the *Dome* is quite separate from the inner *Cupola*, there being a strong conical brickwork between them. At the bottom of the cupola is the *Whispering Gallery;* there is another gallery at the top, and two on the outside dome. The *Ball* at the top of the lantern can be entered, but the ascent is difficult. The *Clock* and *Bell* are exhibited; but they are not so large as those at the Houses of Parliament. The usual cathedral services are performed three times a day; and there is a striking evening service under the dome on winter Sundays, when the reverberations of the swelling peals of the organ, from the interior of the cupola, are surpassingly fine. The fee-system is far too much adopted in this noble building for seeing the crypts, galleries, &c.; but the services are of course free. The monuments to distinguished men, in various parts of the cathedral, are very numerous.

It is worth the sixpence which is charged for admission to the upper external gallery of St Paul's to obtain a view of the City churches. Nothing like it is to be seen in any other part of the British dominions—nearly a hundred church steeples within one square mile. The parishes are so small, and the City so empty on Sundays, that the churches have mostly very scanty congregations; but the structures themselves are in many ways interesting, especially those which were built by Sir Christopher Wren. Among the most interesting are *St Michael's*, Cornhill, lately decorated in the interior with great richness; *St Sepulchre's*, Giltspur Street, containing one of the finest organs in England; *St Stephen's*, Walbrook, sometimes called 'Little St Paul's,' on account of the beautiful cupola with which Wren has graced it; *St Bartholomew's*, Smithfield, with the noble Anglo-Norman arches and pillars lately restored; *Bow Church*, Cheapside, whose 'bells' are the very type of Cockneydom; and *St Lawrence*, Jewry, in which the services are given with much ritualistic ceremonial.

The two principal City buildings belonging more particularly to the corporation are Guildhall and the Mansion House. *Guildhall* was built in 1411; but very little of the original structure now remains except the interesting Gothic crypt. The main part of the edifice is the *Great Hall*, 153 feet long, 50 broad, and 55 high; great outlay has been incurred upon the roof, the walls, and the painted windows, within the last few years, by which the hall has been rendered one of the finest in London. Several statues of distinguished men are placed around the hall. The Lord Mayor's dinner, held in this hall on the 9th of November, is perhaps the most remarkable of all public dinners: seeing that the ministers of the crown are in considerable number invited to it, and the speeches are always regarded with something more of interest than usually attaches to after-dinner speeches. All elections for the City take place in this hall; it is also selected for the more important public meetings held in the City, and for any great special banquets or receptions of royal

personages. Within the entire cluster of buildings are the Guildhall Library, the Guildhall Museum, numerous rooms for the transaction of corporate business, and courts of law and police for the City jurisdiction. The *Mansion House*, the other corporate building mentioned, is situated a few hundred yards distant from the Guildhall; it is the official residence of the Lord Mayor. The great room, known as the *Egyptian Hall*, is the scene of much costly banqueting; for the dinners and entertainments given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in their own names, apart from the corporate festivals at Guildhall, are held at the Mansion House. It is generally understood that the £8000 allowed to the Lord Mayor for his year of office is far from sufficient to cover the expenditure.

The prisons, which were once numerous in the City, have mostly been removed to other localities. *Newgate* is the only one likely to attract a stranger's notice. The heavy gloomy pile, at the corner of the Old Bailey and Newgate Street, assorts but ill with the bustle of commercial life. Criminals, not debtors, are now incarcerated here.

The great banking establishments are among the most notable in the City. At the head of them stands the *Bank of England*. This powerful corporation, founded in 1694, is now the largest bank of deposit and circulation in the world. Most of the present structure was built by Sir John Soane; and the whole occupies an irregular square of four acres, with rather low façades. The interior comprises numerous halls and rooms; such as the Rotunda, Dividend Offices, Transfer Offices, Cashiers' Offices, Note Offices, Bill Offices, Deposit Offices, Discount Offices, Bullion Offices, Cheque Offices, &c. The rooms in which bank-notes are printed, and the vaults in which millions sterling of specie and bullion are stored, are in inner parts of the building, of course inaccessible to the public. Of other banks, the finest buildings are those which belong to companies—such as, the *London and Westminster*, *London Joint-stock*, *Union*, *Alliance*, *London and County*, *City*, &c.

Of the City buildings which may be called commercial, the chief is the *Royal Exchange*. This was built by Sir William Tite, and opened by the present Queen in 1844. The inner quadrangle is attended by bankers and merchants, chiefly for a couple of hours on Tuesdays and Fridays; and here the magnates of the City may often be seen. Up-stairs are *Lloyd's rooms*, and offices of various kinds; around the exterior, on the ground-floor, are shops. The *Stock Exchange*, near the Royal Exchange, is the place in which stockbrokers transact their business; there is nothing to see outside, and strangers are not admitted inside. The *General Post-office*, in St Martin's-le-Grand, is a great place of business, with a frontage among the handsomest in London, built from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke in 1829. Vast as it is, it is far too small for the increasing business; and an additional structure is being raised on the opposite side of the same street. The post-office originally

managed letters only; but to these have been successively added newspapers, book-post, sample-post, money orders, savings-banks, insurances, annuities, and telegraphs: insomuch that a large augmentation of rooms and offices is necessary.

The City Companies or Guilds, and their halls, are worthy of more study than mere visitors can bestow on them. These companies are more than 80 in number, each connected with one particular trade. With three or four exceptions, they have outlived the main purposes for which they were founded; but as they have irrevocable revenues at their command, in some instances very large, they have a surplus, after providing for pensions, alms-houses, and charities, applicable to banquets and other festivities. The twelve 'great' companies, as they are called, and about thirty others, have halls; and some of these halls are places of great splendour. The chief among them are *Mercers*, Cheapside; *Grocers*, Poultry; *Drapers*, Throgmorton Street; *Fishmongers*, near London Bridge; *Goldsmiths*, Foster Lane; *Skinners*, Dowgate Hill; *Merchant Taylors*, Threadneedle Street; *Haberdashers*, Staining Lane; *Salters*, St Swithin's Lane; *Ironmongers*, Fenchurch Street; *Vintners*, Upper Thames Street; *Clothworkers*, Mincing Lane; *Apothecaries*, Blackfriars; and *Stationers*, Ludgate Hill. The political banquets given by the Merchant Taylors are always Tory, and those by the Fishmongers always Whig; the other companies do not associate themselves with party distinctions.

The Markets in the City are of course not numerous, on account of the value of space. In *Smithfield*, where the cattle-market used to be, is now the *Meat-market*, an elegant and very convenient structure, in which country-killed meat is sold. A *Poultry-market* is to be built adjacent to it. *Farringdon Market* is of little account, and will probably some day be appropriated to other purposes. *Newgate Market* has been recently closed. *Leadenhall* and *Whitechapel Markets* still supply the East end with butcher-meat and poultry. *Billingsgate* is the only important fish-market in the entire metropolis. It would scarcely be possible to name any other spot in London where the habitual crowding is so great as here; from five in the morning till eleven in the forenoon, the streets near the market are blocked up with vehicles, while the avenues of the market itself present a busy mass of salesmen, fishmongers, costermongers, and porters. Near Billingsgate is the *Coal Exchange*, a neat building, in which coal-factors transact business for buyers and sellers; and in Mark Lane is the *Corn Exchange*, where the corn-factors have their stands and their little bags of samples.

Three notable buildings in this part of the metropolis belong to the government. One is the *Custom House*, in Lower Thames Street. This large structure, built by Sir Robert Smirke about 1820, has a fine hall, called the 'long room,' 190 feet by 66; and numerous offices for the management of a customs' revenue which usually

exceeds £20,000,000 sterling annually. The second is the *Mint*, on Tower Hill, where all the gold and silver specie for the United Kingdom is coined. This is one of the government establishments to which the public are admitted on certain conditions: a letter must be addressed by post to the Master of the Mint; a reply will be sent by post, naming the day and hour of admission, and the number of persons which the order will admit. This particularity is necessary, because only a few persons can be conducted round the place at one time. Most of the processes, some of which are highly curious and interesting, are freely shewn. The third of these government establishments is the famous *Tower of London*, a sort of little town of twelve acres, within a dry ditch. It is the only fortification in the metropolis; but is more a barrack and military storehouse than an actual place of defence. There is a continuous circuit of wall within the ditch, marked at different points by the *Middle* Tower, *Bell* Tower, *Bloody* Tower, *Salt* Tower, *Brick* Tower, *Bowyer* Tower, and *Beauchamp* Tower; and, outside the ditch, the *Lion* Tower. Within the walls are a large open space, in which is situated the church of *St Peter's in the Tower;* the *Barracks*, where a battalion of Foot-guards is usually quartered; the *Jewel House;* and the *White Tower*. The White Tower is the most interesting structure of the whole, being the real old Norman keep, built by William the Conqueror, with cells and dungeons in which many a notable personage has been confined. Every part of the Tower is associated in some way or other with the great of past ages. The sons of Edward IV., King John of France, the father of Louis XII., the Duke of Clarence ('drowned in the butt of malmsey'), Katherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Catherine Howard, Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, Somerset, Wyatt, More, Raleigh, Essex, Sidney, Strafford, Laud, Russell, the seven bishops, Jefferies, Walpole—all were imprisoned here. The public are admitted to walk about in many open places within the Tower; and they are also admitted to the armouries and the Jewel House, on the payment of sixpence to each building. The armouries are of two kinds. One, the *Horse Armoury*, comprises a handsome gallery, 150 feet long by 33 feet wide. There are between twenty and thirty equestrian figures, habited in complete armour, and a multitude of examples to illustrate the army and arms of old days. *Queen Elizabeth's Armoury* is the name given to another department, in which strange instruments of punishment, as well as weapons used in war, are shewn. The *Jewel House* contains the crown jewels, secured within a glazed iron cage. St Edward's crown, the State crown, the Prince of Wales's crown, the Queen-consort's crown, the Queen's diadem, St Edward's staff, the orb, the royal sceptre, the sceptre with the dove, the Queen's sceptre, the swords of Mercy and of Justice, the armillæ, the royal spurs, the world-renowned *Koh-i-noor*, form a collection the value of which could not be easily estimated. The majestic beef-eaters

or yeomen, who shew the armouries and Jewel House, are themselves among the curiosities of the Tower, in their quaint Tudor hats and tunics.

THE EAST END.

It shews how remarkably the different parts of the vast metropolis are associated in the public mind with grades of life and diversities of fortune, that the 'East end' generally seems to be accepted as associated with hard work and poor living. If a winter is more than usually severe, if an epidemic is abroad, if trade is more than usually bad, we always expect the worst symptoms to shew themselves at the East end. Strangers are seldom invited to bend their steps thither; the West-enders scarcely have a personal knowledge of the district; architects have but few opportunities of displaying their skill in the erection of beautiful buildings there; authors seldom describe and artists seldom depict the region; clergymen and medical men have in few instances large incomes, and have to labour much in their respective vocations. If we draw a line from Shoreditch Church down southward to the Tower, all eastward of this line may in a general way be regarded as the East end, locally divided into Shadwell, Wapping, Spitalfields, Bethnal Green, Mile End, Stepney, Limehouse, Old Ford, Bromley, Bow, Poplar, Blackwall, &c., but forming one continuous mass of streets, in which the number of houses large enough to pay poor-rates is small compared with the number of those inhabited by persons often in need of parochial relief.

Starting from the Tower, and keeping near the water-side, we come at once upon the region of the docks, *St Katherine's* and the *London Docks* being close at hand. These great receptacles for shipping impart a maritime character to the whole vicinity. *Sailors' Homes*, where judicious benevolence supplies the wants of some of the sailors during their temporary sojourn on shore; public-houses by hundreds, where Jack is too often cozened and cheated out of his earnings by disreputable characters of both sexes; labourers, waiting to be hired at the docks when ships have to be laden and unladen; dealers in all kinds of ship-fittings, nautical instruments, and ship's provisions—these are among the characteristics of Wapping and the surrounding streets. Some of Dickens's most characteristic scenes are connected with this strange neighbourhood; and Captain Cuttle is only one among many singular characters with which he peopled it. Proceeding eastward, we come to *Limehouse Basin* and the entrance to the *Regent's Canal*. Beyond these, in the *Isle of Dogs*, are many large manufacturing establishments, the workmen at which find their homes in a maze of small streets in Limehouse and Poplar. And so on to Blackwall and the *Victoria Docks*.

We take another belt, farther from the river. Whitechapel has become almost a name for butchers and a somewhat rough class of

people; but there are, in and near it, establishments of some magnitude—Smith's Distillery, one of the largest in England; sugar-refineries, buildings of vast height; tobacco and cigar manufactories; clothing establishments, in which seamstresses are engaged on what are called 'slop-goods,' &c. The *London Hospital*, in Whitechapel Road, is a fine establishment for the gratuitous cure of the sick. Notwithstanding the density of the neighbourhood, room has been found here and there for several small cemeteries: among which may be named the *East London*, the *Tower Hamlets*, the *Jews*, and the *Victoria Park* cemeteries. In the Spitalfields neighbourhood, and onward to Bethnal Green, lies a colony of silk-weavers, who eke out a scanty existence with the aid of the hand-loom, and whose amusements are favourably marked by a taste for flowers and birds.

Still farther from the river, and up in the densely peopled district of Shoreditch, are the costly buildings, called *Columbia Square* and *Market*, erected at the sole expense of Miss Burdett Coutts, for the accommodation of working-men and their families. They are architecturally so ornate as to accord but ill with the humble streets around. Not far distant are other clusters of workmen's dwellings, in plainer style, belonging to the Peabody trustees. Beyond Bethnal Green, we find ourselves at *Victoria Park*, already mentioned—a real boon to the East end. And farther on still, where the population is less dense, are numerous factories, many of them giving forth odours by no means attractive: gas-works, lucifer-match factories, breweries, candle and soap works, tar and chemical works, artificial manure works, &c.

NORTHERN LONDON.

Northward of all the regions which we have been describing, and stretching something like ten miles from east to west, is that vast belt which, for want of a better collective name, we will call Northern London. Visitors are likely to know many spots in the western half of it, but very few in the eastern.

Westward of the Edgeware Road, are the large neighbourhoods of private residences, comprising Tyburnia and Westbournia (as they are somewhat affectedly called) and Kensington Park. Out this way, too, is *Kensal Green Cemetery*, containing the tombs of many distinguished persons who have died within the last thirty years. Eastward of the Edgeware Road are masses of private streets, leading up to St John's Wood and Kilburn; scarcely diversified by any place of interest except *Lord's Cricket Ground*, the most famous place in England for cricket matches. Between Oxford Street and the Regent's Park, amid a cluster of private streets, are two theatres—the *Princess's* and the *Prince of Wales's*. Another place of amusement in this cluster is the *Oxford* Music-hall, near the east end of Oxford Street. The *Soho Bazaar* and the *Crystal*

Palace Bazaar, also in Oxford Street, are famous places for trinket-purchases; two other bazaars in the same street, the *Pantheon* and the *Corinthian*, have been converted to other purposes. Four other buildings may usefully be named—namely, *Madame Tussaud's Exhibition*, a never-dying display of wax-work celebrities; the *Polytechnic Institution*, where science, entertainments, and Mr Pepper's Ghosts make up an attractive amusement; *St George's Hall* and *Theatre*, nearly opposite; and the *Langham Hotel*, in some respects the finest in the metropolis.

There is one building, between New Oxford Street and Euston Road, which should rather be called in Central than in Northern London, and which is of special note both to Londoners and to visitors from the country. This is the *British Museum*, in the immediate vicinity of Russell, Bedford, and Bloomsbury Squares. This splendid national establishment, a gradual growth from what was originally a private mansion, has been about a century rising to its present importance. It comprises several departments, under separate management. Entering from Great Russell Street, and crossing the vestibule, a passage leads to the new *Reading-room*, one of the finest halls, and unquestionably the finest reading-room, in Europe. It is a circular apartment, 140 feet in diameter, with a domed ceiling rising to a height of 106 feet from the floor, and excellently lighted from the top. Around the walls are 20,000 volumes of books; and numerous tables afford good accommodation for about 300 readers. The privilege of studying and reading in this room can be obtained only by special introduction; but ordinary visitors to other parts of the museum can easily obtain, at the secretary's office, permission to see the reading-room for a few minutes. The vast *Library*, containing nearly a million volumes, is not open to visitors, except a fine gallery containing what is called the *King's Library*. The Reading-room occupies what was once an open quadrangle; and the various rooms and galleries of the museum run round all four sides of it, some on the ground floor, some at a higher elevation. The Galleries of Sculpture and Antiquities contain priceless specimens of art from Egypt, Thebes, Greece, Rome, Asia Minor, Nineveh, &c. Bronzes, carvings, enamels, vases, &c. illustrate other branches of fine art. The *Print-room* has the finest collection of engravings in England (not open to the public except by special ticket). The department of Antiquities is full of illustrations of the manners and customs of various countries. The Natural History department comprises a rare collection of stuffed animals and birds, eggs, insects, minerals, fossil remains, &c. In short, the British Museum is an establishment of which we have reason to be proud; and it is to be hoped that the time will arrive when it will be open to the public six days in the week, instead of four; as at present.

Amongst the other buildings in this part of London are *University College*, with a fine portico, but unfinished wings; the *Catholic and*

Apostolic Church in Gordon Square, sometimes called the Irvingite Church; the *Foundling Hospital*, in the chapel of which there is very fine ecclesiastical music to be heard on Sundays; *Gray's Inn*, the gardens of which form a pleasant oasis in an otherwise unattractive neighbourhood; *St Alban's Church*, in Baldwin's Gardens, noted for its ritualistic services; and the *Free Hospital*, in Gray's Inn Road.

Taking another block of Northern London, south of Pentonville Road and the City Road, we find Clerkenwell, the great centre of the watch and clock and jewellery trades; *Sadlers Wells Theatre*, the veritable house at which 'real water,' derived from the adjacent New River, used to take part in the dramatic spectacles; the *New River Head*, the southernmost reservoir of one of the great water supplies for London; *St Luke's Hospital*, a large but heavy structure; *Bunhill Fields Burial Ground*, characterised by Southey as the 'Campo Santo of the Dissenters;' and the *Artillery Ground*, the headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company. Northward of the Pentonville and City Roads is the *New Cattle-market*, between Caledonian and York Roads. It is a fine area of thirty acres, excellently provided with pens, enclosures, sheds, stalls, abattoirs, salesmen's offices, railway and telegraph offices, and banking-houses; it belongs to the corporation of the City of London, and cost £300,000. Near the market is the *Caledonian Asylum*, an excellent school and home for poor Scotch children. Near this, again, is the *Model Prison*, built in 1842, for the reception of convicts, of whom it will accommodate about 1000; they are kept in separate cells, and are as much as possible occupied in industrial pursuits. In the Camden Road is the *City Prison*, built in 1855, for the reception of the class of prisoners who used to be confined in three or four small jails belonging to the City; it is the handsomest structure in the metropolis devoted to such purposes. At Islington is the *Agricultural Hall*, so called because it was built chiefly to accommodate the Cattle and Agricultural Show held every December by the Smithfield Club; but its noble dimensions render it available for exhibitions of various kinds.

Eastward of Islington, and forming the north-east section of the entire metropolis, is a region difficult to explore, and unattractive when explored. About the neighbourhood of Hoxton and Shoreditch are four large theatres, the *Grecian*, *Britannia*, *Standard*, and *City of London*, to which the prices of admission are low enough to accommodate a somewhat humble class of visitors.

THE SURREY SIDE.

An average Londoner attaches as definite a meaning to the 'Surrey side' or 'Over the water' as he does to the 'East end.'

Beginning up Vauxhall way, we find the *Southern Embankment*,

already mentioned as a great improvement to a portion of the river that was till lately very unsightly. At Kennington is the *Oval*, the headquarters of the Surrey Cricket Club, where some of the best matches are played every year. Near this is *Kennington Park*, a pleasant appropriation of a rough ragged field. At Lambeth, the most notable structure is *Lambeth Palace*, the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury for the last six hundred years. This celebrated structure displays many different kinds of architecture, according to the periods at which the several parts were built. In the *Chapel*, at least six centuries old, the archbishops are always consecrated. The *Lollards' Tower*, at the west end of the chapel, is said to be the oldest specimen of brickwork in England since Roman times: that the Lollards or Wicliffites were ever imprisoned there, according to popular tradition, is doubted by historians; although there certainly is a strong-room at the top inscribed with the names of many unfortunates who were imprisoned there. The red-brick gate-house was built in the time of Henry VII. The *Hall*, 93 feet long by 38 wide, is decorated with many pictures and armorial bearings; it also contains the 25,000 volumes comprising the library, for which no separate room has been provided. The habitable and inhabited parts of the palace are of comparatively recent construction, and are bounded by a large garden. The *Church*, which is scarcely detached from the palace, is the mother-church of Lambeth parish, and contains the tombs of many of the archbishops.

Near Westminster Bridge is one of the three theatres which have long existed 'over the water'—namely, *Astley's*, the *Victoria*, and the *Surrey*. Near here also is *Canterbury Hall*, the first and most celebrated of those types of the modern period, music-halls. Forming a cluster near the Lambeth Road are four buildings of some celebrity—*Bethlehem Hospital*, the largest lunatic asylum in the metropolis; the *Blind Asylum*, also the largest of its kind; the *Female Orphan Asylum;* and *St George's Cathedral*, the chief Roman Catholic place of worship in England, capable of holding 3000 persons. A little south-east of this, and near the spot where six roads radiate from the busy hostelry known as the *Elephant and Castle*, is Mr Spurgeon's *Tabernacle*, the largest chapel in England. In no building has greater attention been paid to those two requisites in a place of worship, that all present should be able to hear the preacher, and nearly all see him; the means of ingress and egress, and the lighting and ventilation, have also received due attention. The chapel can accommodate as many as 5000 persons sitting, and 1500 standing.

In the Blackfriars Road is *Surrey Chapel*, where the Rev. Rowland Hill did, and the Rev. Newman Hall does, attract large congregations. Here, too, are the *Magdalen Hospital* and *Chapel*, established for the reformation of fallen women. In the Borough

Road is the *British and Foreign School*, a large establishment for the training of teachers for schools. Near here are the *Surrey County Jail* and a *Military Prison*—the latter once a jail for civil offenders. Nearer the river, the new Southwark Street forms a fine line of commercial and manufacturing establishments, affording a very useful east-and-west artery in a part of the metropolis which was greatly in need of it. Close to the river is Bankside, memorable as the locality of two theatres in Shakspeare's time. Near Southwark Bridge is one of the most vast and remarkable establishments in London, *Barclay and Perkins' Brewery*. Any visitor who can obtain permission to view this establishment will see what none but the great breweries can display. The tanks for water; the large storehouses for malt and hops; the boilers and coppers for heating the liquids; the enormous vessels for cooling, fermenting, and storing the beer and ale; the tens of thousands of tuns, hogsheads, butts, barrels, and other casks; the regiments of drays and the magnificent horses—all tend to render this one of the sights of London.

St Saviour's Church, near the Surrey end of London Bridge, is not only the finest church 'over the water,' but one of the finest in the metropolis. There was once a Priory of St Mary Overy, to which this church belonged, but for three centuries it has been a parish church. The oldest parts of the present structure, in early English Gothic, are the Choir and the Lady Chapel; the altar-screen in the Choir is very beautiful. Many persons of celebrity were buried in St Saviour's Church or Churchyard in past ages, and some of their monuments are highly interesting: among the number may be named Bishop Gardiner, Bishop Andrews, Beaumont and Fletcher the dramatists, Philip Massinger, Edmund Shakspeare (brother to *the* Shakspeare), and the poet Gower. Close by here, in Borough High Street, are still to be seen some remains of the old inns for which Southwark was celebrated in bygone times, especially the *Tabard* (now called the *Talbot*), so closely associated with Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrimage.

A stranger would find a world, almost unique in its kind, in the river-side region south of the Thames and east of London Bridge. It is one continued series of wharfs, warehouses, and granaries, stored with produce the value of which is almost fabulous, and approached by lanes so narrow and crooked as to render it a marvel how laden waggons can thread their way through them.

Bermondsey, somewhat southward of the river, is remarkable for two branches of industry which are centred there in great force. It would be too much to say that all the hats of London are made, and all the leather tanned, in Southwark and Bermondsey; but it is quite within the mark to say that more of these kinds of work is conducted here than in all the rest of the metropolis combined. Some of the establishments are of great magnitude, and the processes

display great ingenuity; but the tanneries and leather factories, fellmongeries and glue-works, are steeped in slops and odours not very agreeable to visitors. It will tend to shew how far this southern portion of the metropolis is from being unimportant (whatever may be its shortcomings in a holiday-making point of view), that no less than six great classes of produce have their special headquarters here. *Corn* of all kinds, although bought and sold chiefly at the Corn Exchange in Mark Lane, is warehoused on the Surrey side much more largely than elsewhere; *timber* is in a marked degree the produce imported, unladed, stored, barged, and carted at the Commercial Docks; *hats*, as we have said, are mostly made hereabouts; *leather* not only occupies thousands of artisans in the great factories just mentioned, but it is the special commodity for a *Leather-market*, situated near Bermondsey Street; *wool* is warehoused here in large quantities, preparatory to transmission to the woollen districts of the north; and lastly, *hops*, the produce of Kent and Sussex, are warehoused here almost exclusively, the merchants and factors having their warehouses and offices in Borough High Street, or within a short distance of it on either side.

LIST OF EXHIBITIONS, ETC.

Most of the buildings and gardens devoted to exhibitions and amusements have been mentioned in the foregoing pages; but a somewhat fuller list of them may be useful. An asterisk (*) denotes those to which admission can be obtained without payment; but in some of the institutions, &c., a card from a member is necessary.

Theatres and Opera Houses.—Adelphi, Strand; Alexandra, Highbury; Astley's, Westminster Bridge Road; Britannia, Hoxton; Charing Cross, King William Street, Strand; City of London, Norton Folgate; Covent Garden, Bow Street; Drury Lane, Brydges Street; East London, Whitechapel; Garrick, Goodman's Fields; Grecian, City Road; Haymarket and Her Majesty's, in the Haymarket; Holborn and Holborn Amphitheatre, in High Holborn; Lyceum, Strand; Gaiety, Strand; Globe, Newcastle Street, Strand; Olympic, Wych Street; Pavilion, Whitechapel; Prince of Wales's, Tottenham Street; Princess's, Oxford Street; Queen's, Long Acre; Royal Alfred, Lisson Grove; Sadlers Wells, St John's Street Road; St James's, King Street, St James's Square; Standard, Shoreditch; Strand, near Somerset House; Surrey, Blackfriars Road; Victoria, Waterloo Road.

Concert Rooms and Music-halls.—Alhambra, Leicester Square; Canterbury Hall, Lambeth; Exeter Hall, Strand; London Pavilion, Titchborne Street; Metropolitan, Edgeware Road; Myddelton Hall, Upper Islington; Oxford, Oxford Street; Princess's Concert Room (attached to Princess's Theatre); Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square; Raglan Music Hall, near Red Lion Square; St George's

Hall, Langham Place; St James's Hall, Piccadilly; South London, London Road; Islington Philharmonic, Islington; Weston's, High Holborn; Willis's Rooms, King Street, St James's.

Exhibitions of various kinds.—Agricultural Hall, Islington; Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park; * British Museum, Great Russell Street; Crystal Palace, Sydenham; * Dulwich Picture Gallery; Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street; * Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street; * National Gallery, Trafalgar Square; * National Portrait Gallery, Exhibition Road, South Kensington; Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly; Royal Albert Hall of Science, Kensington Road (not finished, 1870); Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington; Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street; * South Kensington Museum; Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, Baker Street; Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park; * Sir John Soane's Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields (open free on about sixty days in the year); * East India Museum, India Office, Whitehall; * Houses of Parliament, principal portions (Saturdays); Gallery of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East; Gallery of British Artists, Suffolk Street; French Picture Gallery, Pall Mall; British Institution, Pall Mall; * Guildhall Museum; * London Missionary Museum, Bloomfield Street, Finsbury; * Flaxman Sculptures, University College, Gower Street; Tower of London, Armoury, and Crown jewels; * United Service Museum, Whitehall Yard; * Patent Office Museum, South Kensington; * Museum of Naval Models, South Kensington.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

BEAUTY OF INSECTS.

OBSERVE the insect race, ordained to keep
The lazy Sabbath of a half-year's sleep.
Entombed beneath the filmy web they lie,
And wait the influence of a kinder sky.
When vernal sunbeams pierce their dark retreat,
The heaving tomb distends with vital heat;
The full-formed brood, impatient of their cell,
Start from their trance, and burst their silken shell.
Trembling awhile they stand, and scarcely dare
To launch at once upon the untried air.
At length assured, they catch the favouring gale,
And leave their sordid spoils, and high in ether sail.

Lo! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,
With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold.
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower,
They, idly fluttering, live their little hour;
Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,
All spring their age, and sunshine all their day.
Not so the child of sorrow, wretched man:
His course with toil concludes, with pain began,

That his high destiny he might discern,
And in misfortune's school this lesson learn—
Pleasure's the portion of the inferior kind;
But glory, virtue, Heaven for man designed.

What atom forms of insect life appear!
And who can follow Nature's pencil here?
Their wings with azure, green, and purple glossed,
Studded with coloured eyes, with gems embossed,
Inlaid with pearl, and marked with various stains
Of lively crimson, through their dusky veins.
Some shoot like living stars athwart the night,
And scatter from their wings a vivid light,
To guide the Indian to his tawny loves,
As through the woods with cautious step he moves.
See the proud giant of the beetle race,
With shining arms his polished limbs enchase!
Like some stern warrior formidably bright,
His steely sides reflect a gleaming light;
On his large forehead spreading horns he wears,
And high in air the branching antlers bears;
O'er many an inch extends his wide domain,
And his rich treasury swells with hoarded grain.

—MRS BARBAULD.

THE ANT.—INDUSTRY.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern:
Yet as wise as we are, if sent to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores;
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time;
When death and old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what shall save me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

—DR WATTS.

TO THE CICADA.

HAPPY insect! blithe and gay,
Seated on the sunny spray,
And drunk with dew, the leaves among,
Singing sweet thy chirping song.

All the various season's treasures,
All the products of the plains,
Thus lie open to thy pleasures,
Favourite of the rural swains.

On thee the Muses fix their choice,
And Phœbus adds his own,
Who first inspired thy lively voice,
And tuned thy pleasing tone.

Thy cheerful note in wood and vale
Fills every heart with glee;
And Summer smiles with double charms
While thus proclaimed by thee.

Like gods canst thou the nectar sip,
A lively chirping elf;
From labour free, and free from care,
A little god thyself!

—ANACREON.

TO A FLY.

PRITHEE, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round my taper, why
Is it that its quivering light
Dazzling captivates your sight?
Bright my taper is, 'tis true;
Trust me, 'tis too bright for you.
'Tis a flame, fond thing, beware—
'Tis a flame you cannot bear.

Touch it, and 'tis instant fate;
Take my counsel ere too late:
Buzz no longer round and round—
Settle on the wall or ground:
Sleep till morning: with the day
Rise, and use your wings you may:
Use them then of danger clear.
Wait till morning; do, my dear.

Lo! my counsel nought avails;
Round, and round, and round it sails—
Sails with idle unconcern.
Prithee, trifler, canst thou burn?
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger, and depart.
Why persist? I plead in vain:
Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this, deny who can—
Is not this a draught of man?
Like the fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution; still
He rebels, alas! and will.
What I sing let pride apply:
Flies are weak, and man's a fly.

—*Anonymous.*

TO THE SAME.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

—OLDYS.

THE BEE-HIVE.

WHAT various wonders may observers see
In a small insect—the sagacious bee!
Mark how the little untaught builders square
Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear!
Nature's mechanics, they unwearied strive,
And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.
See what bright strokes of architecture shine
Through the whole frame—what beauty, what design!
Each odoriferous cell and waxen tower—
The yellow pillage of the rifled flower—
Has twice three sides, the only figure fit
To which the labourers may their stores commit,
Without the loss of matter or of room,
In all the wondrous structure of the comb.
Next view, spectator, with admiring eyes,
In what just order all the apartments rise!
So regular their equal sides cohere,
The adapted angles so each other bear;
That by mechanic rules, refined and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this skill even vie with reason's reach?
Can Euclid more, can more Palladio teach?
Each verdant hill the industrious chemists climb,
Extract the riches of the blooming thyme;
And, provident of winter long before,
They stock their caves, and hoard their flowing store.
In peace they rule their state with prudent care,
Wisely defend, or wage offensive war.

—*Weekly Amusement.*

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;

All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

—COWLEY.

TO THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth;
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good.
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In thy turn thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be exprest,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired and shrill and clear
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day,
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing, then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent,
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

—ANACREON. —COWPER.

TO A BEE

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!
When abroad I took my early way.
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee.

Thou wert alive, thou busy, busy bee!
When the crowd in their sleep were dead;
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower.
Man will not learn to leave his lifeless bed,
And be wise, and copy thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower;
I heard thee last as I saw thee first,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready to burst—
In the coolness of the evening hour
I heard thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy youth in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy age will never enjoy.
I will not copy thee, thou miserly bee!

Thou art a fool, thou busy, busy bee!
Thus for another to toil!
Thy master waits till thy work is done,
Till the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And will murder thee, thou poor little bee!

—SOUTHEY.

THE GLOW-WORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
  A worm is known to stray;
That shews by night a lucid beam,
  Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
  From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
  And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of Might
  That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light
  Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
  By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller as he went
  Be careful where he trod;

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
  Might serve, however small,
To shew a stumbling stone by night,
  And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
  Is legible and plain—
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
  Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
  Teach humbler thoughts to you;
Since such a reptile has its gem,
  And boasts its splendour too.

—COWPER.

BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

THE shades of night were scarcely fled;
  The air was mild, the winds were still;
And slow the slanting sunbeams spread,
  O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
  That drop a short but balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew,
  On every tree and every flower.

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
  Was poured so loud and long a swell,
As echoed with responsive note
  From mountain side and shadowy dell.

When, bursting forth to life and light,
  The offspring of enraptured May,
The butterfly on pinions bright,
  Launched in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
  No infant wretchedness she knew;
But as she felt the vernal air,
  At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal, light,
  Her velvet-textured wings unfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
  And dropt with spots of burnished gold.

Trembling awhile, with joy she stood,
  And felt the sun's enlivening ray,
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
  And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broidered wings,
  Through fields of air prepared to sail;
Then on her venturous journey springs,
  And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields—
  Taste all the joys that spring can give—
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
  And live while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew—
  The lily's honeyed cup explore—
From flower to flower the search renew,
  And rifle all the woodbine's store.

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
  Thy moments, too, of short repose;
And mark thee when, with fresh delight,
  Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark! while I thus musing stand,
  Pours on the gale an airy note,
And breathing from a viewless band,
  Soft silvery tones around me float.

They cease; but still a voice I hear,
  A whispered voice of hope and joy—
'Thy hour of rest approaches near,
  Prepare thee, mortal; thou must die!

'Yet start not! on thy closing eyes
  Another day shall still unfold;
A sun of milder radiance rise,
  A happier age of joys untold.

'Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight—
  The humblest form in Nature's train—
Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
  And yet the emblem teach in vain?

'Ah, where were once her golden eyes,
  Her glittering wings of purple pride?
Concealed beneath a rude disguise!
  A shapeless mass to earth allied.

'Like thee the hapless reptile lived,
  Like thee she toiled, like thee she spun;
Like thine, her closing hour arrived,
  Her labours ceased, her web was done.

'And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
  No happier state of being know?
And shall no future sorrow shed
  On thee a beam of brighter glow?

'Is this the bound of Power divine,
  To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not He, who moulded thine,
  Wake at his will the vital flame?

'Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,
  Enough to know to thee is given;
Go, and the joyful truth relate,
  Frail child of earth, bright heir of Heaven.'

—ROSCOE.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;

When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
'Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
'As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'

The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

—COWPER.

TO THE SPIDER.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture has displayed;
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely, blooming maid!

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom,
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou 'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here mayst thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And, undisturbed, attend thy woof.

While I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confined to lonely garret,
And rudely banished rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortured body
Thou drawest thy slender string with pain,

So does he labour, like a noddy,
  To spin materials from his brain.

He, for some fluttering tawdry creature,
  That spreads her charms before his eye;
And that 's a conquest little better
  Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far, 'tis plain we both agree,
  Perhaps our deaths may better shew it—
'Tis ten to one but penury
  Ends both the spider and the poet.

—SHENSTONE.

THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.

As an ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
A worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cried: 'Bless your good worship wherever you go!
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill;
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will.'
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
'Begone, you vile reptile!' his antship replied;
'Go—go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first, look at me; see my limbs how complete;
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please;
Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way.'
  The reptile insulted, and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress.
  Ere long the proud ant, as repassing the road
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load),
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture in glory a monarch's excelled;
His plumage expanded, 'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
  The ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bowed low with respect, and was trudging away;
'Stop, friend,' says the butterfly; 'don't be surprised;
I once was the reptile you spurned and despised;
But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way.'

—CUNNINGHAM.

TRAVELS OF A BUTTERFLY.

THE woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
  With his air-cutting wings he measured wide;
Nor did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
  Nor the rank grassy fen's delights untried.
But none of these, however sweet they been,
  Might please his fancy, nor him cause abide.
This choiceful sense with every change doth flit;
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstayed desire
  Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprites;
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
  Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
  T' excel the natural with made delights;
And all that fair or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
  From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
  Of every flower and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
  Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder;
Nor with his feet their silken wings deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety
  And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He casts his glutton sense to satisfy;
  Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie;
  Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
And then he percheth on some bank thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

—SPENSER.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hat, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball, and the grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet his friend on his back;
And there was the gnat, and the dragon-fly too,
With all their relations—green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth, in his plumage of down,
And the hornet with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste;
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner looked up to the skies;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the spider with fingers so fine,
To shew his dexterity on the tight line;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle—oh! shocking to tell!—
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glow-worm, came out with his light;
Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

—ROSCOE.

THE SPIDER'S SONG.

LOOK upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine;
If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Creative Wisdom thou mayst trace;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee.

As within the moonbeam I,
God in glory sits on high,
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole:
There, with threads of thousand dyes,
Life's bewildering web he plies,
And the hand that holds them all
Lets not even the feeblest fall.

—*From the Danish of Oehlenschläger.*

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's: he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever;
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—KEATS.

ON THE SAME.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
  Catching your heart up at the feel of June;
  Sole voice left stirring midst the lazy noon,
When e'en the bees lag at the summoning brass:
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
  With those who think the candles come too soon,
  Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass:
Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
  One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
  At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song,
  In-doors and out, summer and winter—Mirth.

—LEIGH HUNT.

THE INNOCENT PILFERER.

NOT a flower can be found in the fields,
  Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
  The bee, never wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored,
  With a diligence truly exact;
Yet steal what she may for her hoard,
  Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
  And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
  Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
  The canker-worm, indwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
  The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
  The pride of the garden devours;
And birds pick the seed from the bed,
  Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill,
  Her pillage so fits for our use,

That the chemist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

—COWPER.

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

THE lowly flower said to the winged butterfly:
'Leave not me.
How different are our fates! here a poor prisoner I,
Thou dost flee.
Yet we love one another, and from men we may
Live afar;
And we are like each other, for we both, they say,
Blossoms are.

'But thou art borne aloft; to earth, O sad despite!
Chained am I.
Alas! with my soft breath I would embalm thy flight
Through the sky.
Ah no! thou flee'st too far; thou all the countless flowers
Fliest to greet;
I stand alone, to see my shadow turn for hours
At my feet.

'Thou flee'st, returnest, flee'st, where bright like thee
Naught appears;
And so with each returning dawn thou findest me
All in tears.
O that with happy, faithful love we both may live,
Charmer mine!
Take thou, like me, root in the earth, or to me give
Wings like thine.'

VICTOR HUGO. —C. WITCOMB.

TO THE WILD BEE.

ONE of my boyhood's dearest loves wert thou,
Melodious rover of the summer bowers;
And never can I see or hear thee now,
Without a fond remembrance of the hours
When youth had gardened life for me with flowers!

Thou bringest to my mind the whitethorn bough,
The blooming heath, and foxglove of the fells;
And, strange though it appear,
Methinks in every hum of thine I hear
A breeze-born tinkling from my country's own blue-bells.

Most sweet and cheering memories are these
To one who loves so well his native land—
Who loves its mountains, rivulets, and trees,
With all the flowers that spring from Nature's hand,
And not at man's elaborate command.
Yet, ah! they are no more than memories:
For I have dwelt perforce this many a year
Amid the city's gloom,
And only hear thy quick and joyous boom,
When thou my dusky window haply passest near.

No longer can I closely watch thy range
From fruit to flower, from flower to budding tree,
Musing how lover-like thy course of change,
Yet from all ills of human passion free.
Though thou the summer's libertine may be,
And, having reft its sweetness, may estrange
Thyself thenceforward from the floweret's view,
No sting thou leavest behind—
No trace of reckless waste with thee we find—
And sweetly singest thou to earn thy honey-dew.

Oft have I marvelled at the faultless skill
With which thou trackest out thy dwelling-cave,
Winging thy way with seeming careless will
From mount to plain, o'er lake and winding wave:
The powers which God to earth's first creature gave,
Seem far less fit their purpose to fulfil
Than thy most wondrous instinct—if, indeed,
We should not think it shame,
To designate by such ambiguous name
The bright endowments which have been to thee decreed.

Hurtful, alas! too oft are boyhood's loves.
The merle, encaged beneath the cottage eaves,
The pecking sparrow, or the cooing doves,
The chattering daw, most dexterous of thieves,
That oftentimes the careful housewife grieves,
And nimbly springs aloof when she reproves—
Happier by far these pets of youth would be,

Had they been left alone,
To human care or carelessness unknown,
Roaming amid the woods, unheeded still and free!

Well, too, for thee, wert thou thus left, poor bee!
In chase of thee and thy congeners all,
How oft have I coursed o'er the fields with glee,
Despite all hindrances of hedge or wall
That in my onward way might chance to fall:
But, ah! though fervently admiring thee,
Thy piebald stripes, perchance, or golden hues,
Too often then did death
Bring sudden pause to thy harmonious breath,
And all for thy sweet bag, so rich with balmy dews!

Nor could the beauty of thy earthen home,
In a green bank beneath a fir-tree made,
With its compact and over-arching dome,
Enveloping thy treasure-stores in shade—
Nor the fine roadway, serpentinely laid—
Nor all thy lovely cups of honeyed comb—
Protect thee from the instruments of ill,
Who forced thy tiny cave,
And made a place of peace and joy a grave,
Killing thy race, though still admiring while they kill.

Vainly against the thoughtless plunderers
Didst thou direct thy poison-pointed sting;
With branches from the super-pendent firs,
They beat thee down, and bruised thy little wing:
Thy queen, although a strangely gifted thing,
Saw ruin fall on all that once was hers,
Nor could the hand of fell destruction check:
Thy cells, of honey reft,
In one confused sod-mingled mass were left,
And thou, thy home and works, lay whelmed in one sad wreck.

Hence, though the wild flowers of my native hills
Before my mind at sight of thee arise,
And though my sense their fancied fragrance fills,
And their bright bloom delights my inner eyes,
Yet painful thoughts the while my breast chastise.
Oh, could poor man accomplish what he wills,
I would live o'er my days of youth again,
If but to cherish thee,
With kindness unalloyed, thou little busy bee,
And have thy memory unmixed with aught of pain!

But still to me thou art a thing of joy!
And the sweet hope is mine, that this new age
Shall see thee saved from all such sore annoy.
Following a path alike benign and sage,
The Man doth now his faculties engage
In teaching early wisdom to the Boy.
Youth now shall love thee, and have no desire
To hunt, or hurt, or kill;
And thou henceforth shalt safely roam at will,
The happiest, merriest member of the summer choir!

—THOMAS SMIBERT.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm:
The frame thy wayward looks deride
None but a God could form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars he made,
To all his creatures free;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive:
Oh, do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!

—GISBORNE.

ON A BUTTERFLY IN A CHURCH.

'Hinder him not; he preacheth too.'
—*Jean Paul Richter.*

NO, no; to hinder him would be a sin;
Let him come freely in!
He bears with him a silent eloquence
To charm each finer sense;
A little living miracle he seems,
Come down on the sun's beams,
To preach of nature's gladness all day long!
Chief of the insect throng—

Tiny patrician, on whose bannery wings
  Are bright emblazonings!
My mind doth image thee a radiant flower,
  Upflown in gladdest hour;
Or a small twinkling star from distant sphere
  Let loose and fluttering here!
Whate'er thou art, thou need'st not fear annoy—
  Welcome, thou little joy!
Yet why beneath this roof disport thyself,
  Mysterious, wayward elf?
Proclaim thy mission! Dost thou come to tell
  Of spangled mead and dell—
Of the rich clover-beds, of humming bees,
  And high o'er-arching trees?
Thou seemest the very colours to have sipped
  From wild flowers rosy lipped;
Hast thou, then, left them pale? and com'st thou here
  In penitence and fear?
Or art thou—sacred thought!—a spirit come
  To worship 'neath this dome—
A soul still laden with an earthly love,
  Finding no rest above?
Or art thou but a wild inconstant thing,
  Heedless where wends thy wing?

Ah, garish creature! thou art now astray,
  And fain wouldst be away!
Hadst thou a tongue, I know thou 'dst ask where dwell
  The flowers thou lov'st so well,
Whose little fragrant chalices are filled
  With dew-drops fresh distilled?
I know thou 'dst ask where shines the blessed sun,
  And where the small brooks run?
This is no place, no temple meet for thee:
  Away—thou shouldst be free!
Go, like a child's thought, to the sunny air!
  Be thou a preacher there!
Preach 'mid the congregation of the flowers,
  Through summer's fleeting hours—
Thyself a living witness of His might
  Who gave thee to the light!

—JAMES HEDDERWICK.

TO THE FRITILLARY:

ON A SABBATH MORN.

ON thy bed of clover playing,
  Pretty insect, why so gay?
Why so blithely dressed this morning?
  'Tis to thee no Sabbath-day.

Giddy trifler of an hour,
  Days to thee are all the same;
Little care hast thou to count them,
  Mindful only of thy game.

And thou dost well—for never sorrow
  Sat upon thy golden brow;
And never storm of earthly passion
  Gathered in thy breast of snow.

Thou hast not sighed at evening's closing,
  For hopes that left thee on its wing;
Thou hast not wept at day's returning,
  With thoughts of what that day might bring.

Nor ever voice of truth neglected,
  Breathed reproaches in thine ear,
Nor secret pang of conscious error,
  Spake of retribution near.

Play thy game, thou spotless worm!
  Stranger still to care and sorrow;
Take thy meed of bliss to-day,
  Thou wilt perish ere to-morrow.

Time has been, when, like thee, thoughtless,
  How unlike in all beside!
Lightly sped, and all uncounted,
  Blithe I saw the moments glide.

Then the world was all of flowers,
  Thornless as thy clover-bed;
Then my folly asked no question,
  What might be when these were dead.

Had not Mercy's sterner pity
  Bent its chastening rod on me,
Dancing still the round of pleasure,
  I had died—but not like thee.

—MRS FRY.

THE BEETLE-WORSHIPPER.

How comest thou on that gentle hand, where Love should kisses bring
For Beauty's tribute?—answer me, thou foul and frightful thing!
Why dwell upon thy hideous form those reverent eyes that seem
Themselves the worshipped stars that light some youthful poet's dream?

'When bends the thick and golden grain, that ripes at my command,
From the cracked earth I creep, to bless with food the fainting land;
And thus no foulness in my form the grateful people see,
But maids as sweet and bright as this are priestesses to me.

'Throned in the slime of ancient Nile, I bid the earth to bear,
And blades and blossoms at my voice, and corn and fruits appear;
And thus upon my loathly form are showers of beauty shed,
And peace and plenty join to fling a halo round my head.'

Dark teacher! tell me yet again, what hidden lore doth lie
Beneath the exoteric type of thy philosophy?
'The Useful is the Beautiful; the good, and kind, and true,
To feature and to form impart their own celestial hue.

'Learn farther, that one common chain runs through the heavenly plan,
And links in bonds of brotherhood the beetle and the man;
Both foul and fair alike from Him, the lord of love, do spring—
And this believe, he loves not well who loves not EVERYTHING.'

—LEITCH RITCHIE.

BEE ECONOMY.

So work the honey bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

—SHAKSPEARE.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

As in the sunshine of the morn,
A butterfly, but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
'What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste designed,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race;
So purge the garden from disgrace!'
'What arrogance!' the snail replied;
'How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provoked my patience to complain,
I had concealed thy meaner birth,
Nor traced thee to the scum of earth,
For scarce nine suns have waked the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life surveyed,
In base and sordid guise arrayed:
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragged a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.

I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and snail shall end.
And what 's a butterfly? At best
He 's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.'

—GAY.

TO THE FIRE-FLY.

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
  Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
  Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
  And sunny lights no longer play;
I see thee, and I bless thee too,
  For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

O let me hope that thus for me,
  When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
  To light, if not to warm, the gloom!

—MOORE.

TO THE VANESSA.

LOVELY insect, haste away;
Greet once more the sunny day;
Leave, O leave the murky barn,
Ere trapping spiders thee discern;
Soon as seen, they will beset
Thy golden wings with filmy net,
Then all in vain to set thee free,
Hopes all lost for liberty.
Never think that I belie;
Never fear a winter sky;
Budding oaks may now be seen,
Starry daisies deck the green,
Primrose groups the woods adorn,
Cloudless skies, and blossomed thorn:
These all prove that spring is here;
Haste away, then, never fear.

Skim o'er hill and valley free,
Perch upon the blossomed tree;
Though my garden would be best,
Couldst thou but contented rest:
There the school-boy has no power
Thee to chase from flower to flower;
Nought is there but liberty;
Pleasant place for thee and me.
Though the dew-bent level dale
Rears the lily of the vale,
Though the thicket's bushy dell
Tempts thee to the foxglove's bell,
Come but once within my bounds,
View my garden's airy rounds,
Soon thou 'lt find the scene complete,
And every floweret twice as sweet:
Oft I 've seen, when warm and dry,
'Mong the bean-fields bosom-high,
How thy starry gems and gold
To admiration would unfold;
Lo! the arching heavenly bow
Doth all his dyes on thee bestow—
Crimson, blue, and watery green,
Mixed with azure shade between;
These are thine—thou first in place,
Queen of all the insect race!
And I 've often thought, alone,
This to thee was not unknown;
For amid the sunny hour,
When I 've found thee on a flower
(Searching with minutest gleg),
Oft I 've seen thy little leg
Soft as glass o'er velvet glides
Smoothen down thy silken sides;
Then thy wings would ope and shut;
Then thou seemingly wouldst strut:
Was it nature, was it pride?
Let the learned world decide.
Enough for me (though some may deem
This a trifling, silly theme)
Wouldst thou in my garden come,
To join the bee's delightful hum;
These silly themes, then, day and night,
Should be thy trifler's whole delight.

—CLARE.

THE COACH AND THE FLY.

UPON a sandy, uphill road,
Which naked in the sunshine glowed,
  Six lusty horses drew a coach.
Dames, monks, and invalids, its load,
On foot, outside, at leisure trode.
The team, all weary, stopped and blowed:
  Whereon there did a fly approach,
And, with a vastly business air,
  Cheered up the horses with his buzz—
Now pricked them here, now pricked them there,
  As neatly as a jockey does—
And thought the while—he knew 'twas so—
He made the team and carriage go;
On carriage-pole sometimes alighting—
Or driver's nose—and biting.
And when the whole did get in motion,
Confirmed and settled in the notion,
He took, himself, the total glory—
Flew back and forth in wondrous hurry,
And as he buzzed about the cattle,
Seemed like a sergeant in a battle,
The files and squadrons leading on
To where the victory is won.
Thus charged with all the commonweal,
This single fly began to feel
Responsibility too great,
And cares, a grievous, crushing weight;
And made complaint that none would aid
  The horses up the tedious hill—
The monk his prayers at leisure said—
  Fine time to pray!—the dames, at will,
Were singing songs—not greatly needed!
  Thus in their ears he sharply sang,
  And notes of indignation ran—
Notes, after all, not greatly heeded.
Ere long the coach was on the top:
'Now,' said the fly, 'my hearties, stop
And breathe—I 've got you up the hill;
  And, Messrs Horses, let me say,
I need not ask you if you will
  A proper compensation pay.'

Thus certain ever-bustling noddies
  Are seen in every great affair;
Important, swelling, busy-bodies,
  And bores 'tis easier to bear,
  Than chase them from their needless care.

—LA FONTAINE.

INSECT EMBLEM.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
  Yet thou wert once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

—ROGERS.

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